PHOTOPLAY

HOLLYWOOD'S FASHION AUTHORITY

25¢

JULY

NN SHERIDAN
By Paul Hesse

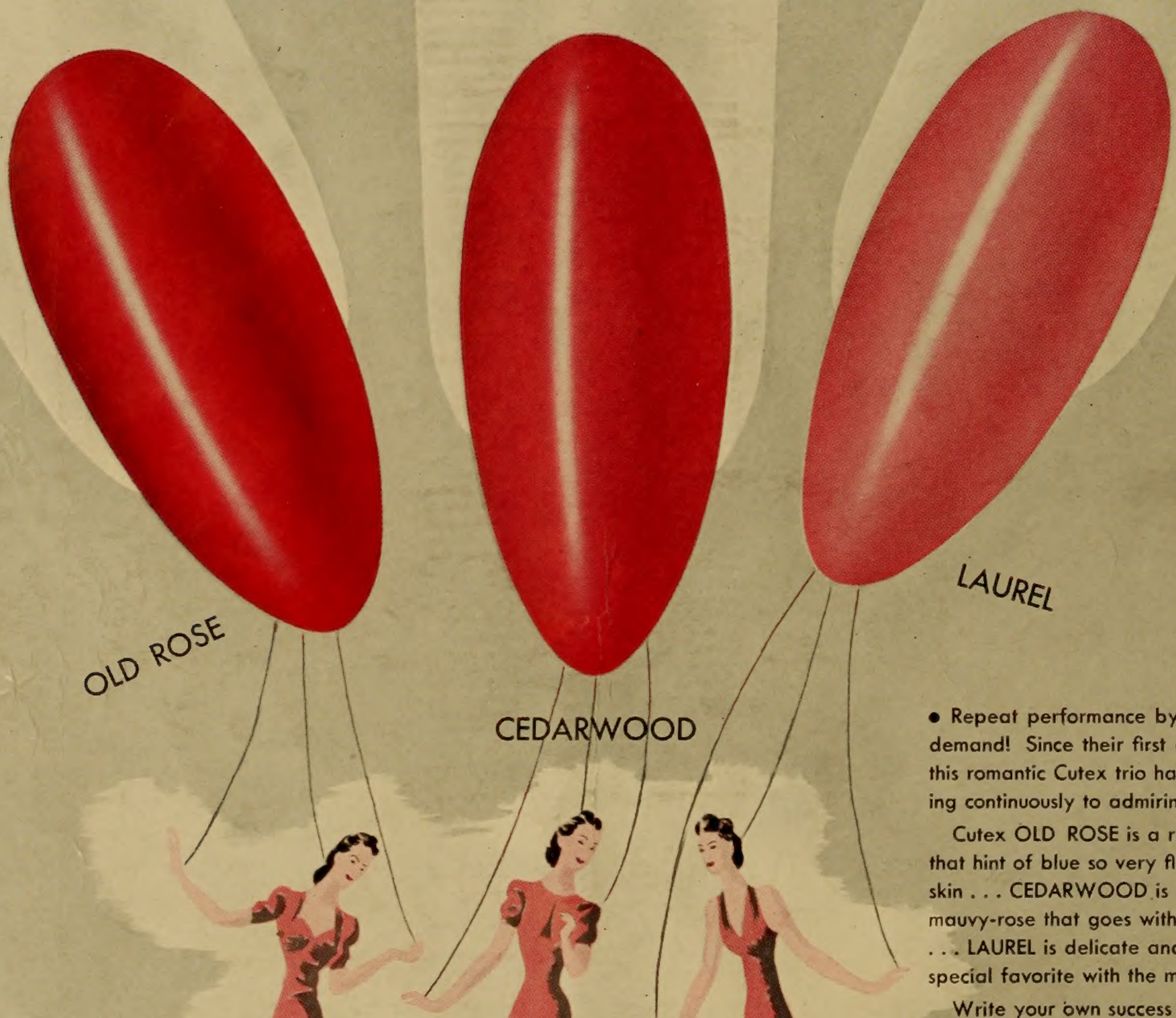
W JOAN FONTAINE and BRIAN AHERNE LIVE Fi ies with
in Swope

WOMEN WITHOUT MEN Why Hollywood Bachelor Girls Fi

Fashions For Fun . . . Gay Star Clothes for Your Own Va

Take a Bow

WITH THE 3 LARGEST-SELLING NAIL SHADES IN THE WORLD



• Repeat performance by popular demand! Since their first appearance, this romantic Cutex trio has been playing continuously to admiring audiences!

Cutex OLD ROSE is a rich rose with that hint of blue so very flattering to your skin . . . CEDARWOOD is a lovely fresh mauvy-rose that goes with everything . . . LAUREL is delicate and feminine—a special favorite with the men in your life!

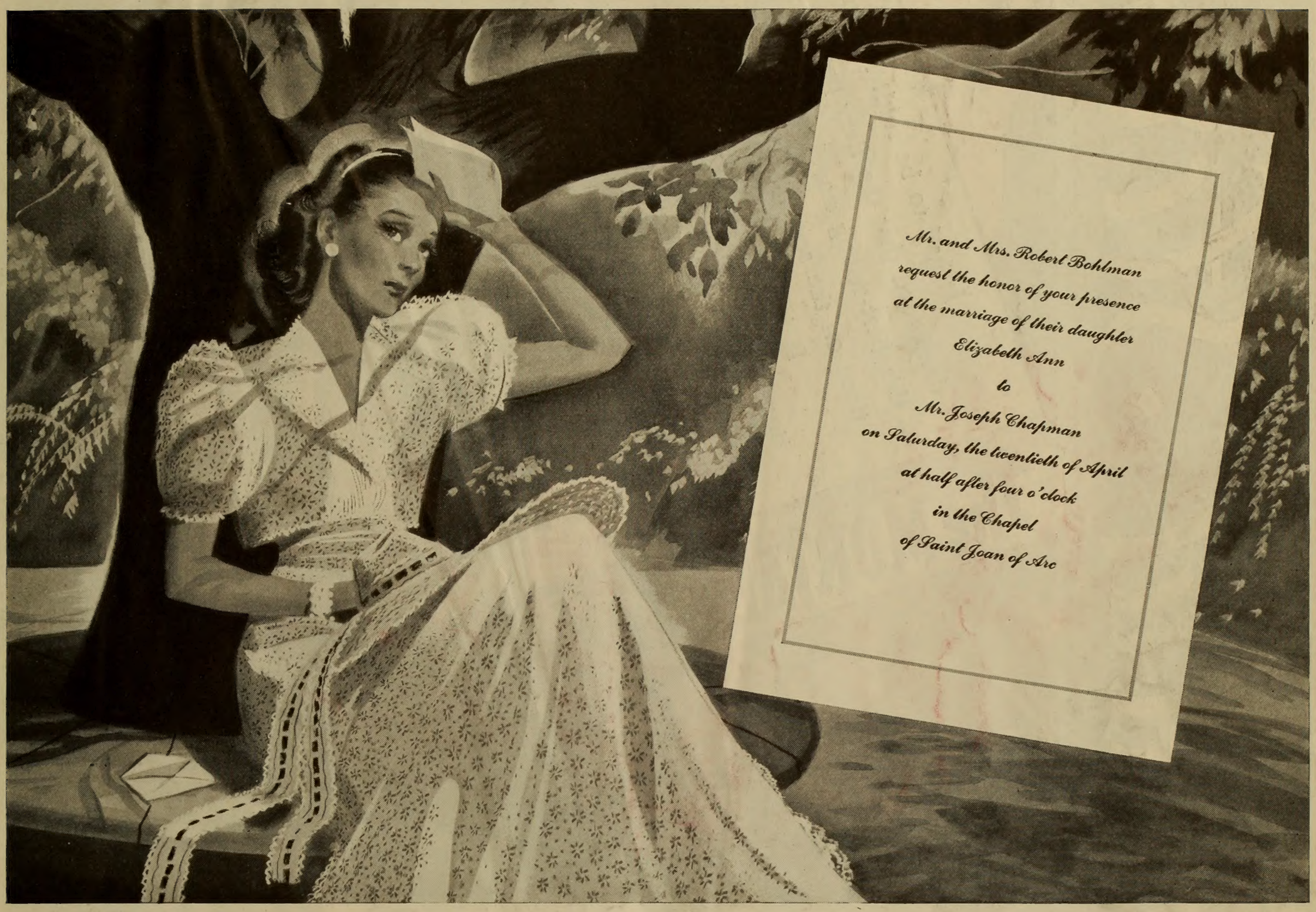
Write your own success story this spring with fingertips in the world's most popular and wearable nail tones—Cutex OLD ROSE, CEDARWOOD and LAUREL!



CUTEX SALON POLISH

Northam Warren, New York, Montreal, London, Paris

It hurts to find another's name where you hoped to see your own!



Helen could win happiness—if she'd learn that Mum each day guards charm!

ANOTHER wedding invitation! "So," thought Helen, "It will soon be over... they will soon be married." Some other girl—no more attractive, no prettier—had won the man that *Helen* loved.

Yes—it happens! And so often, when a girl is left with loneliness—she doesn't even know *why*. It's so easy to blame *circumstances* for such unhappiness... so hard to admit to yourself that *you* may have been to blame! Don't ever forget that usually it's the "small" things that break a man's illusions. A fault like underarm odor—a simple thing like forgetting Mum each day—can spoil even a pretty girl's charm!

Don't expect even a *daily* bath to keep you fresh all day. Bathing—however careful it may be—removes only *past* perspiration. *Future* odor must be prevented each day, if you want to be sure underarms are fresh. Mum after your bath prevents odor. Mum each and every day makes you *certain* you won't offend!

More women use Mum than any other deodorant. They find this pleasant cream so easy to use... so dependable... a "must" in guarding charm!

MUM SAVES TIME! You're all through in 30 seconds with Mum. Just a fingertipful under each arm keeps you fresh all day.

MUM SAVES CLOTHES! Mum won't harm even the most delicate fabric—the American Institute of Laundry Seal tells you that. Use Mum even after you've dressed. And after underarm shaving Mum won't irritate your skin.

MUM SAVES POPULARITY! Mum makes underarm odor impossible—not by attempting to prevent the perspiration—but by *neutralizing the odor before it starts*. Today—get Mum at your druggist's. Once you have the daily Mum habit... you need never worry that underarm odor can spoil your charm... can ruin *your* chances of winning romance!

POPULAR GIRLS MAKE A DAILY HABIT OF MUM







SANITARY NAPKINS NEED MUM—More women use Mum for this purpose than any other deodorant. Mum is safe—easy to use—makes you sure you won't offend.

MUM

takes the odor out of perspiration

"The Mortal Storm"



It had to be told! Millions demanded that the fiery pages of this best-selling novel be dramatized on the screen.

It is an unforgettable motion picture. Tensely it tells of youthful love... the courage of men and women whose brave heritage will never die... the excitement of world-shaking events just as they happened in screaming newspaper headlines... and with powerful performances by a cast as brilliant as the mighty story they tell...

STARRING

Margaret SULLAVAN James STEWART Robert YOUNG Frank MORGAN

with ROBERT STACK • BONITA GRANVILLE • IRENE RICH
WILLIAM T. ORR • MARIA OUSPENSKAYA • GENE REYNOLDS

A FRANK BORZAGE PRODUCTION

Screen Play by CLAUDINE WEST • ANDERSEN ELLIS and GEORGE FROESCHEL • Directed by FRANK BORZAGE

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

PHOTOPLAY

THE ARISTOCRAT OF MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINES

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FRED R. SAMMIS ASSOCIATE EDITOR

On the Cover—Ann Sheridan, Natural Color Photograph by Paul Hesse
Miss Sheridan is wearing a Catalina Swim Suit

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Prophecies

USUALLY prophecies are popular at the beginning, not in the middle of the year. But since I've been immersed in Hollywood's sub strata, talking to producers, directors, stars, photographers and publicity experts, I'd like to share some speculations that grow out of the information I've been fortunate enough to obtain. If any of the prophecies come true you can say, "He had inside information." If they don't, you can say, "He has wretched intuition."

So I prophesy that before the end of 1940:

Laraine Day will be a star of importance.

Public opinion toward Ann Sheridan will radically change; women will decide they like her.

"Boom Town" will rival the box-office success of "San Francisco."

Three new names will become better known: William Orr, Leila Ernst and Betty Brewer.

Joan Fontaine will join the "First Ten."

Joel McCrea will be bigger than ever. So will Paulette Goddard.

Many stars will realize the ever forming public sentiment about "more money than they deserve" and will take a new and more intelligent attitude toward their publicity.

Two famous series will be cancelled. The Western cycle will grow. The war will cause a new type of picture not yet produced. And Greta Garbo will be in headlines.

Other headlines: A feminine star's "successful" marriage will collapse. A great male star will die. A very famous producer will be faced by a jail sentence. A major company will fail.

Charles Chaplin's picture will suffer from bad timing in its release, but it will be a smash just the same.

Ernest V. Heyn

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Brief REVIEWS



Revival meeting: "The Way of All Flesh" takes a 1940 bow with Lester Scharff, Akim Tamiroff, Gladys George

Consult This Movie Shopping Guide and Save Your Time, Money and Disposition

★ ABE LINCOLN IN ILLINOIS—RKO-Radio

It would be hard to improve, technically or artistically, on this exceptional motion picture from Robert Sherwood's Pulitzer Prize play. Raymond Massey is extraordinary as the Lincoln of pre-presidential days, ably supported by Gene Lockhart as Stephen Douglas, Ruth Gordon as Mary Todd, Mary Howard as Ann Rutledge. (*Apr.*)

ADVENTURE IN DIAMONDS—Paramount

Superior jewel-thief story with South African mining background, in which the ingratiating George Brent and John Loder appear to advantage, but which doesn't offer much opportunity to Isa Miranda as the lady crook who goes straight against her will. (*Apr.*)

AND ONE WAS BEAUTIFUL—M-G-M

Alice Duer Miller's story casts Jean Muir as the glamour girl who lets playboy Robert Cummings take a prison rap for a manslaughter job she committed, but it's pretty Laraine Day, her younger sister, who works for his release. If you liked the story, you'll like the movie. (*June*)

★ BAKER'S WIFE, THE—Marcel Pagnol

She ran away with a handsome shepherd and the baker (Raimu) was so upset the villagers had to combine efforts to bring her back. It's farcical, but so true to type it seems a real slice of Provençal village life. It's French, with John Erskine's English subtitles. (*Apr.*)

BEYOND TOMORROW—RKO-Radio

Three lonely businessmen befriend a boy and a girl. The men die but remain in the scene as ghosts. The boy is lured from the straight and narrow by actress Helen Vinson. It's an enervating sermon under the guise of entertainment, with Richard Carlson, Jean Parker and others doing their best. (*June*)

★ BILL OF DIVORCEMENT, A—RKO-Radio

Maureen O'Hara plays the role that sent Katharine Hepburn zooming to stardom in this somber film dealing with hereditary insanity. Adolphe Menjou, as the neurotic father who escapes from the sanitarium; Fay Bainter, as the wife who plans to remarry; and Herbert Marshall round out the principals. Well done, but not for the masses. (*June*)

★ BISCUIT EATER, THE—Paramount

An unexpected treat, this charming, sentimental story of the patient efforts of little Billy Lee to make a capable pointer of the runt of a litter. Promise, the dog, and Cordell Hickman, a little colored boy, are superb. (*June*)

BLACK FRIDAY—Universal

Put Boris Karloff in the role of a doctor who transplants the brain of a criminal into the cranium of his professor-friend, Stanley Ridges, and you'll have a trend of events that will keep you enthralled. Anne Nagel provides the spot of beauty. (*May*)

BLONDIE ON A BUDGET—Columbia

Blondie has a yen for a fur coat, *Dagwood* wants to join a club he can't afford. Toss in a girl friend to make *Blondie* jealous and let *Baby Dumpling* turn on his charm. There you have the latest effort of Penny Singleton, Arthur Lake, Rita Hayworth and Larry Simms. (*May*)

★ BLUE BIRD, THE—20th Century-Fox

Shirley Temple reveals her maturing art in a genuine characterization, as the rather naughty Maeterlinck heroine who sets out on a search for the fabled bird of happiness. Little brother Johnny Russell accompanies her through a Technicolor dreamland which is, on the whole, conceived with imagination and taste. (*Apr.*)

★ BROADWAY MELODY OF 1940—M-G-M

It's a dancing field day for Fred Astaire, Eleanor Powell and George Murphy—and it makes the best screen musical in some two years. Fred and George are a dance-hall team, until George gets a Broadway bid to co-star with Eleanor, and the fun—lots of it—begins. Frank Morgan provides much of the humor. (*Apr.*)

★ BUCK BENNY RIDES AGAIN—Paramount

Put Jack Benny on a dude ranch where he stages a framed holdup to impress his sweetheart, Ellen Drew; toss in an honest-to-Pete robbery; add that valiant valet, Rochester, Phil Harris' music and some snappy dance routines—and there you have entertainment that will have you cheering. (*June*)

BULLET CODE—RKO-Radio

George O'Brien is still galloping over the sage brush and righting wrongs. Virginia Vale plays the girl whose ranch he saves from a gang of rustlers. There's plenty of action. (*May*)

CHUMP AT OXFORD, A—Roach-U.A.

Slapstick comedy within the sacred portals of dear old Oxford, with ex-street cleaners Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy getting their English education the hard way. The humor is forced in spots, but there are some genuinely amusing bits.

COURAGEOUS DR. CHRISTIAN, THE—RKO-Radio

Second in the series, Jean Hersholt is a small-town philanthropist who tries for better housing conditions and meets with civic opposition. He's supported by Dorothy Lovett, Robert Baldwin, Tom Neal and others. (*June*)

★ DARK COMMAND, THE—Republic

That famous "Stagecoach" team, John Wayne and Claire Trevor, take a hand in shaping the destiny of Kansas in this film, which has Walter Pidgeon as the ruthless guerilla leader who terrorizes the country until Wayne steps in. This has the rich flavor of frontier life. (*June*)

DR. CYCLOPS—Paramount

A weird tale of a mad scientist who finds a radium mine and makes people shrink to the size of rabbits. A fascinating novelty, with Albert Dekker doing a fine job in the title role. Thomas Coley, Janice Logan and Charles Halton support. (*May*)

(*Continued on page 6*)

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★ INDICATES PICTURE WAS ONE OF THE BEST OF THE MONTH WHEN REVIEWED

WATCH THAT STORK!!

HIS INTENTIONS are SHADY, HE PASSES UP WIFEY and GIVES HUBBY THE BABY!





❶ "I can't understand it,"
Cried the stork with a shout,



❷ "This amazing young couple
Did a complete TURNABOUT."



❸ "They argued and fussed,
And were bored with their life"



❹ "Until they changed places
As husband and wife."

Hal Roach presents

THORNE "TOPPER" SMITH'S MOST HILARIOUS NOVEL

"TURNABOUT"

Adolphe **MENJOU** ★ Carole **LANDIS** ★ John **HUBBARD**

William GARGAN • Verree TEASDALE • Mary ASTOR

Donald MEEK • Franklin PANGBORN • Joyce COMPTON

Screen Play by Mickell NOVAK
Berne GILER and John McCLAIN
Additional Dialogue by RIAN JAMES

Directed by HAL ROACH • Released thru United Artists



❺ "Now SHE goes to the office,
HE breakfasts in bed,"



1033

❻ "And who's to get Baby?
Makes my face red!"

(Continued from page 4)

★ DR. EHRLICH'S MAGIC BULLET—Warners

Edward G. Robinson takes full advantage of the greatest chance of his career, as the brilliant doctor who fired the first effective shots in the battle against diphtheria and syphilis. It's another of Warners' moving documents of medical history, with Ruth Gordon's work outstanding. (*Apr.*)

★ DOCTOR TAKES A WIFE, THE—Columbia

Another of those risque setups, which has Ray Milland, a doctor, and Loretta Young, a novelist of a best seller glorifying the spinster, thrown into a compromising situation through a "just married" sign on the wrong car. To avoid a scandal they pretend they are married. The picture's fun and worth the money. (*June*)

★ DOUBLE ALIBI—Universal

Wayne Morris, number one suspect, poses as a crime reporter in order to hunt down a murderer. Against City Editor William Gargan's orders, Margaret Lindsay teams up with Morris and snoops, too. The story moves swiftly and you'll have fun dissecting the plot. (*June*)

FARMER'S DAUGHTER, THE—Paramount

A subdued Martha Raye, but still amusing, gets caught up in the cross-fire when a Broadway producer sends his gold-digging girl-friend to a barntheater to get her out of town. You'll get plenty of laughs from Martha, Charlie Ruggles and Gertrude Michael. (*May*)

★ FIGHT FOR LIFE, THE—United Artists Film

Inspired by Paul de Kruif's book of the same name, this Pare Lorenz documentary film about the heroic work of the Chicago Maternity Center in the face of almost insuperable odds is unsparingly realistic, possibly shocking, but undeniably powerful and moving. (*April*)

FLORIAN—M-G-M

A lavish production with sweep and color, but the story is curiously mixed up. It's about *Florian*, champion of the Lippizans (Austrian animals bred for the Royal House), and his influence on the lives of people. Robert Young is his trainer who is in love with a duchess, played by Helen Gilbert. Irina Baronova, the ballet dancer, makes her American debut and dances beautifully. "Florian" will enchant you. (*June*)

FORTY LITTLE MOTHERS—M-G-M

Not the usual Cantor girl show, but there're plenty of them, what with Eddie cast as a sad-eyed prof in a school with forty ingenues. He becomes a father by proxy when Rita Johnson abandons her baby. He hides it in his quarters, but complications end happily. Judith Anderson and youngsters Bonita Granville and Diana Lewis are excellent. (*June*)

FREE, BLONDE AND 21—20th Century-Fox

Like "Hotel for Women," this has a woman's hostelry for background. Mary Beth Hughes gets herself into a murder jam; Lynn Bari holds out on men and lands a millionaire; and Joan Davis is wonderfully funny as a chambermaid. Henry Wilcoxon, Robert Lowry and Chick Chandler make life interesting for the girls. (*May*)

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS—Paramount-British

Once a successful stage play, now a movie of all-right entertainment. It's about a school in France where aspiring English diplomats study French. Enter Ellen Drew—who holds to the theory that all men were created to be her playthings. One of her catches is Ray Milland, who, incidentally, has never done better work. You'll like this. (*June*)

GHOST COMES HOME, THE—M-G-M

Frank Morgan's incomprehensible English and Billie Burke's vaporings are okay for comedy relief, but it's all too much in this story of a man who is nagged by his wife into becoming an unpleasantly dominant person. Ann Rutherford and John Shelton are in the cast, too. (*May*)

★ GRAPES OF WRATH, THE—20th Century-Fox

Steinbeck's unforgettable *Joad* family lives and breathes with startling reality in the screen saga of migratory workers who fled the Oklahoma Dust Bowl in a vain search for jobs among the orange groves. Fine acting of Henry Fonda, Jane Darwell and the entire cast is on a par with the uncompromising newsreel quality of the whole film. (*Apr.*)

HALF A SINNER—Universal

Schoolmarm Heather Angel goes on a glamour spree; finds adventure in the shape of a stolen car, a mysterious corpse and handsome John King. Constance Collier and Walter Catlett add comedy. (*May*)

HE MARRIED HIS WIFE—20th Century-Fox

Joel McCrea, Nancy Kelly, Mary Boland and Cesar Romero are gay as all get-out, but they can't do much to lift this out of the doldrums. Nancy divorces Joel because of his penchant for horse races, alimony trouble sets in, and Mary, as a screwball matron, adds to the confusion. (*Apr.*)

HONEYMOON DEFERRED—Universal

This murder mystery has Edmund Lowe as an insurance-claim investigator who resigns to get married, disappears on his honeymoon to help a



pal. Margaret Lindsay, the bride, follows in a state of high indignation, and the outcome is swell.

★ HOUSE ACROSS THE BAY, THE—Wanger-United Artists

As a gambler's wife, Joan Bennett is whirled from the heights of luxury to the depths of despair when husband George Raft is sentenced to Alcatraz. Then Walter Pidgeon enters the picture. The social problems of a convict's "widow" make for compelling drama. Gladys George is excellent as Joan's friend. (*Apr.*)

HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES, THE—Universal

Hawthorne's famous classic comes to the screen with Vincent Price as the man sent to prison for a murder he didn't commit. Ever-faithful to Price is his sweetheart, Margaret Lindsay, who suffers George Sanders' continuing menace until her lover can return to her. The atmosphere of evil is well created. (*May*)

★ HUMAN BEAST—Juno

Grim and bitter is Jean Renoir's mature direction of a family of drunkards, with member Jean Gabin powerless to conquer a lust to kill. A warped childhood gives the woman he loves, Simone Simon, no strength to help him overcome the curse of his ancestry. Stark realism, but gripping. (*June*)

★ IRENE—RKO-Radio

The famous stage success hits the screen with Anna Neagle as the beautiful salesgirl who is set up in an exclusive dress shop as a model. Ray Milland is her benefactor, but the girl worries you when she seems to prefer his rival, Alan Marshal. The film has a lilting quality and "Alice Blue Gown" will haunt you throughout the unreeling of this. (*June*)

★ IT ALL CAME TRUE—Warners

If you missed Photoplay's March Movie Book, you might think this is another gangster melodrama, with Humphrey Bogart holding a club over the heads of stage-struck Ann Sheridan and composer Jeffrey Lynn in order to buy sanctuary in a boarding house run by their widowed mothers. But the picture ends on a gay musical note, with ZaSu Pitts, Una O'Connor and Jessie Busley adding their individual touches. (*June*)

★ IT'S A DATE—Universal

Here is a great picture, full of charm, good music, superb performances—and Deanna Durbin. She's the precocious daughter of a famous actress (Kay Francis, staging a comeback de luxe), who becomes her mother's rival for a stage role—and the affections of Walter Pidgeon. The unraveling is done in an entertaining fashion. Don't miss this. (*June*)

I TAKE THIS WOMAN—M-G-M

With lesser stars than Spencer Tracy and Hedy Lamarr—cast as a doctor and his wife, for whom he deserts his poor man's practice—this second-rate story might have been passable. As it is, Verree Teasdale contributes the only brightness to a dull film. (*Apr.*)

LION HAS WINGS, THE—Korda-United Artists

Merle Oberon, Ralph Richardson and other British players contributed their services to this, which is frankly war-time propaganda showing what the Royal Air Force can do—but it's well-done propaganda and a lesson in preparedness. (*Apr.*)

LITTLE OLD NEW YORK—20th Century-Fox

Alice Faye and Fred MacMurray do some gallant trouping as a couple of happy-go-lucky waterfront people who help Robert Fulton (Richard Greene) launch his invention, the steamboat, but the net result is an opulent masterpiece of banality about the days when Manhattan was young. (*Apr.*)

LONE WOLF STRIKES, THE—Columbia

Warren William plays the not-too-reformed crook who steps back into his nefarious practices to help Joan Perry recover a string of pearls—and gets mixed up in a murder for his pains. It's the old formula, but it's still good. (*Apr.*)

MAN FROM DAKOTA, THE—M-G-M

There's a Civil War background for drama, Wallace Beery and Donald Meek for riproaring humor, Dolores Del Rio and John Howard for romance, and an exciting dash through the Confederate lines for some bang-up suspense. It's all a bit mixed up, but undeniably interesting. (*Apr.*)

MAN WHO WOULDN'T TALK, THE—20th Century-Fox

In this remake of "The Valiant," Lloyd Nolan does excellent work as the confessed murderer who refuses to reveal either his name or his reason for the crime. Jean Rogers is sympathetic and appealing as the sister who tries to make him talk. (*Apr.*)

MARINES FLY HIGH, THE—RKO-Radio

An overdone melodrama of two marines, Richard Dix and Chester Morris, after the same girl, Lucille Ball, who needs them to save her plantation from bandits. (*May*)

MILLIONAIRE PLAYBOY—RKO-Radio

Guaranteed to tickle the Penner fans. Joe has a complex that results in hiccups when any pretty girl kisses him, and plenty want to do it. Linda Hayes is the one who finally cures him. (*May*)

MUSIC IN MY HEART—Columbia

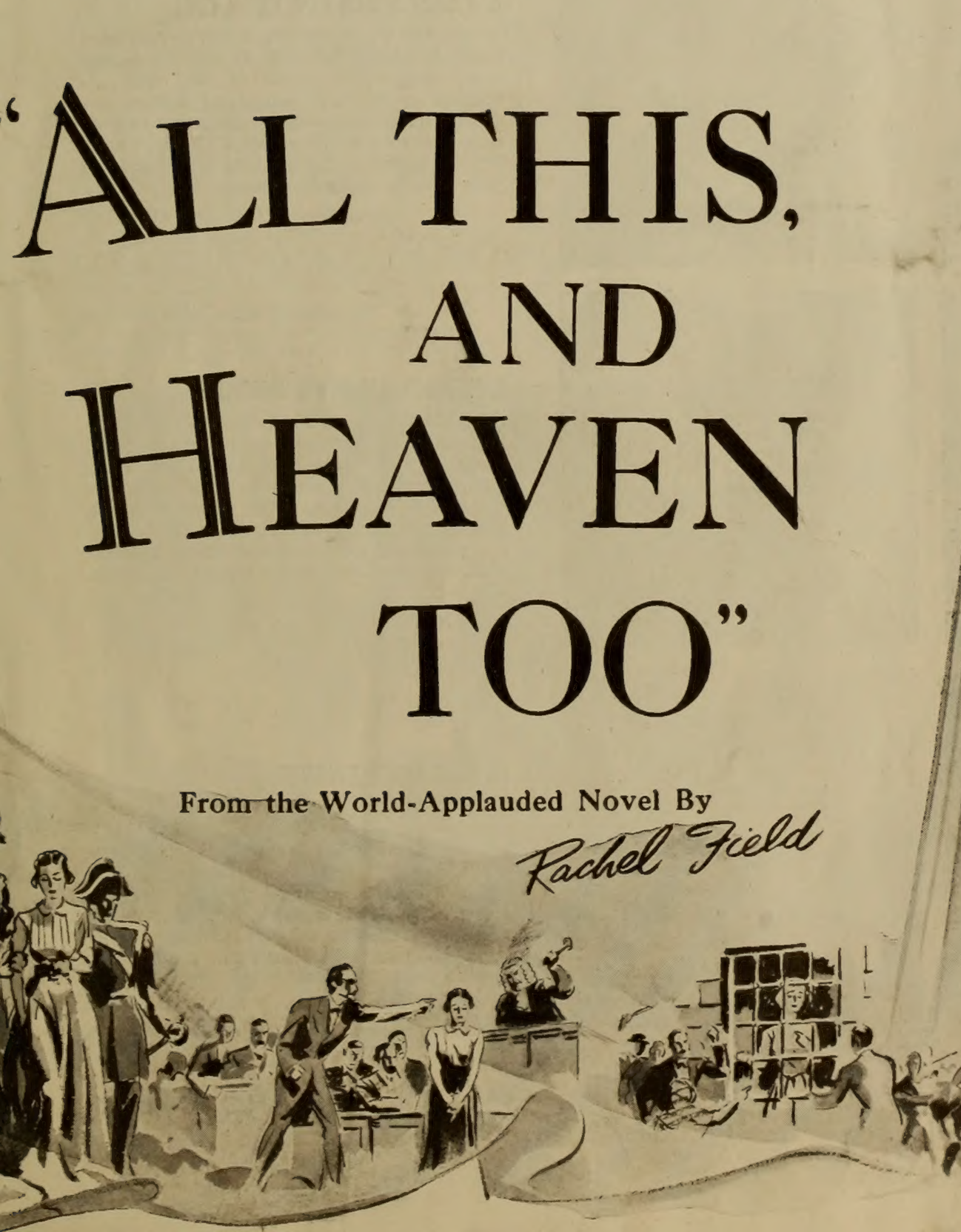
Tony Martin returns to star as a Broadway understudy who's threatened with deportation just as he gets his big chance. He crashes into Rita Hayworth's taxi—comes love—and the result is a pleasant little musical with nice tunes and Andre Kostelanetz to play them. (*Apr.*)

(*Continued on page 9*)

CHARLES BOYER

"ALL THIS, AND HEAVEN TOO"

From the World-Applauded Novel By *Rachel Field*



IN ALL ITS GLORY, with the full fire of its deep-stirring story, this beloved best-seller sweeps to the summit of screen achievement! And *never* have its stars come to you so immeasurably magnificent, or brought you a drama that touches so close to your heart. You will, of course, see it!

Especially distinguished in the supporting cast of this new WARNER BROS. Success, are

JEFFREY LYNN
BARBARA O'NEIL
Virginia Weidler • Henry Daniell
Walter Hampden • George Coulouris
AN ANATOLE LITVAK PRODUCTION

Screen Play by Casey Robinson • Music by Max Steiner
A Warner Bros.-First National Picture

SHOPPING FOR YOU AND THE STARS

BY FRANCES HUGHES

This is the season of brides . . . of sweet girl graduates . . . of birthday children . . . of various and sundry souls who are expecting simply scrumptious presents from you at this time of year. So off we galloped in search of timely treasures. No news in that, of course. But what *is* news is that we made up our mind to do it all for *very little cash.* And did! There's no law, of course, that says you can't pocket these pretty pickings for your own purposes. To find out where to buy them, write to The Fashion Secretary, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 122 East 42nd St., N. Y. City. *Please don't send checks, cash or stamps.* Write, and we'll tell you who gets the money.

1. TRY THIS ON YOUR LOTHARIO!

Summer sirens! How about this pretty carry-over from the sentimental past? Wreathe yourself in the challis roses of this parasol and shawl, and you'll bring any man to terms. Together they are sensational for sports. The shawl alone is tops for evening. Parasol, $8; shawl, $6.





6. TO PERSIA FOR PERFUMES

To ancient Persia—exotic land—went the perfumers, Chevalier Garde, for a passionate scent, "Fleur de Perse," then from it decanted an eau de cologne of pinky-purple color which, they say, has spiritual significance in Persia. It sends spirits soaring. Why not let it uplift **you,** too? 4 ozs., $1.50.

2. WE KNOW A SECRET!

We know for a fact—and no fooling—that the way stars get such lure into their lips is by drawing the contours they crave with a Cinema Sable Lip Brush. Try it yourself. The lip salve's in the barrel and it oozes onto the brush at a slight twist of the cap. Clever? $1 complete. Refills, 35c.





7. THE "STOW-AWAY" ROBE

This "Stow-Away," like every other, leads a life of gay adventure, going with you on your travels everywhere. A good companion too, because it tucks itself up into its own pocket and takes just a speck of room in your bag. In wrinkle-resistant polka-dot rayon crepe; a wonderful buy at $6.

3. TWENTIETH CENTURY CURVE CONTROL

Here it is, the answer to your summer prayer and every other maiden's prayer for a girdle that *is* a girdle, but lets you forget it! This Playtex (liquid latex) miracle seems to melt into your skin yet controls your curves completely. Five ounces of good grooming—in pink, in white, in blue—for the tidy sum of $2.





8. A LAZY SUSAN FOR YOUR TUB!

Where *can* you go native, if not in your own tub?—indulging yourself in all the sensuously satisfactory ritual of hot suds . . . scented creams . . . refreshing lotions . . . even a good book!—all sitting pretty in their proper places in United Wire Goods' handy Vanity Rack. It fits all tubs and comes in your favorite bathroom colors. $2.

4. HOW'S YOUR CROWNING GLORY ?

We want to do missionary work as we ride to our stint each morning and look over the heads ahead of us on the bus. What most gals need to know about (do **you?**) is Ogilvie's "Fifth Avenue Hair Kit," a box full of what it takes to make **your** hair the shining, crowning glory that poets sing about and other women envy. $1.





9. NEW !!! LINGERIE JEWELRY

First the fashion gals decreed lingerie collars and cuffs to perk up our sober black and navy dresses. Then they hit on something new, lacy-looking white acetate jewelry—smarter and ever so much more practical. Smudges come off with a damp cloth, leaving you neat and smart and smiling! Necklace, $2; bracelet and earrings, $1 each.

5. HOWARD GREER AND HATS

Turn Hollywood's Howard Greer to making hats and you've got something—headliners, each and every one! Exhibit A: "South of the Border," Leighton's ten-gallon sombrero of "Tish-U-Felt" in California's blood-curdling colors with Gaucho stripes ringing the folded crown. Pretty pastels, too, if you're the pastel-type. Around $5.





10. NICE NEEDLEWORK!

We're here to lobby for America's new hobby—crocheting. Even **we** have wistfully taken hook in hand to prove that with single and double-crochet and chain stitch, we can turn out the cute little peekaboo sweater you see here. You can make it, too. Write to us for free instructions. Your local store will carry the thread which costs only around 80c.

(For More Shopping News, See Page 71)

(Continued from page 7)

MY LITTLE CHICKADEE—Universal

Mae West is the little flower of the frontier, and W. C. Fields masquerades as a bold bad bandit and shoots Indians with a sling shot. The result is just about what you'd expect—ribald but genuinely comic, with both stars at top form. (*Apr.*)

★ MY SON, MY SON!—Small-U.A.

Adapted from Howard Spring's best seller, this is a superb study of an adoring father who gives his son everything, and of the boy who ruins the lives of all those near to him. Brian Aherne, as the father, and Louis Hayward, as the son, are superb. Laraine Day's performance forecasts stardom for her. Madeleine Carroll, Henry Hull, Josephine Hutchinson, Bruce Lester and Scotty Beckett are all good in their roles. (*May*)

★ NORTHWEST PASSAGE—M-G-M

The first half of Kenneth Roberts' book, the journey of *Rogers' Rangers* through the wilderness to attack the Indians at St. Francis, is filmed in Technicolor to bring you a picture so beautiful that it can be labeled epic. Spencer Tracy has never given a finer performance as the man whose indomitable will conquers all. Robert Young is excellent as his young aide. (*May*)

★ OUTSIDER, THE—Alliance

Tearful but compelling is this story of the hopelessly crippled daughter of a brilliant London doctor who goes to a publicity-mad bone specialist as a last resort. Mary Maguire is the girl, George Sanders the specialist suspected of quackery, and the interplay of character is beautiful to watch. (*Apr.*)

★ PINOCCHIO—Disney-RKO

Collodi's fable of the wooden puppet who learns how to become a real little boy and a kind son to woodcarver *Gepetto* comes to the screen as the finest animated cartoon feature ever made. Characterizations, from tiny voice-of-conscience *Jiminy Cricket* to enormous *Monstro*, the whale, compare favorably with the finest human talent. You can't afford to miss this! (*Apr.*)

★ PRIMROSE PATH, THE—RKO-Radio

Not a pretty story, this, of a family whose nominal head has a weakness for gin, and a mother who supports her family by going on parties with men who can afford the money to buy groceries for her brood on *February Hill*. It's a shock, but a pleasant one to see Ginger Rogers' acting in this simple, honest story, and Joel McCrea is the most convincing he has ever been. (*May*)

★ REBECCA—Selznick International-U.A.

The main character, *Rebecca*, never appears in the film, but dominates the whole. She was the first wife of Laurence Olivier. After her death, Olivier marries Joan Fontaine, brings her to his country estate, *Manderley*, and there she discovers—but we can't spoil the story for its success depends on the surprise twists of the plot. The mood for haunting fear is magnificently contrived, aided by the superior work of Olivier, Miss Fontaine, Judith Anderson, George Sanders and Reginald Denny. (*May*)

★ ROAD TO SINGAPORE—Paramount

One of the gayest, most amusing films of the season has Bing Crosby, son of a rich ship owner, desert his fiancée at the altar, root out his laziest pal (Bob Hope), and head for the South Seas where, when they team up with Dottie Lamour, peace goes chattering out the window. Crosby's grand and Hope has never been better. Don't miss this. (*May*)

SAINT'S DOUBLE TROUBLE, THE—RKO Radio

This latest in the modern Robin Hood series gives you plenty of excitement for your money—at least three murders, and George Sanders in a dual role (because a diamond-smuggler goes around impersonating him). Helene Whitney is the girl in the case. (*Apr.*)

SEVENTEEN—Paramount

Tarkington's famous story of teen-age love, with all the troubles left in—tuxedo, the horrid little sister (Norma Nelson), etc.—gives Jackie Cooper an opportunity to strut his stuff. Betty Field is perfect as the siren from Chicago. (*May*)

SOUTH OF THE BORDER—Republic

Popular singing cowboy Gene Autry breaks into the Big Time as a Federal agent who sets out to foil a foreign-inspired revolution in South America. It's the best picture Gene has ever made. (*Apr.*)

★ STAR DUST—20th Century-Fox

Taken from a portion of Linda Darnell's own life—the story of a girl trying to get a break at the studios. John Payne has a role worthy of his talents. Roland Young, as an ex-star, and Charlotte Greenwood bring hearty laughs. (*June*)

STARS LOOK DOWN, THE—M-G-M-British

A grim subject—coal mines and miners. Michael Redgrave plays the idealistic schoolteacher who tries to combat social injustice. A countertheme is the sordid marriage of Redgrave to Margaret Lockwood. The photography is excellent. (*June*)

STRANGE CARGO—M-G-M

This weird, allegorical preachment has to do with escaping convicts in the jungles surrounding a tropical prison camp. A deglamourized Joan Crawford turns in a superb dramatic performance as a brothel gal who is kicked off the island. Clark Gable seems a little embarrassed with his role, but Ian Hunter is praiseworthy as a Christlike figure who brings regeneration to these unfortunates. (*May*)

★ SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON—RKO-Radio

Towne-and-Baker's first production adds a new opening theme to the childhood classic, with Thomas Mitchell packing up his family (Edna Best, Freddie Bartholomew, *et al.*) and moving them out of the London of Napoleonic days. But their famous adventures on the desert island on which they're shipwrecked are here *in toto*. (*Apr.*)

THREE CHEERS FOR THE IRISH—Warners

Thomas Mitchell plays the blustering Irish cop, ready to fight at the drop of a pin. His beat is taken over by a young Scotchman, who falls for one of *Casey's* lovely daughters. A good homey comedy with plenty of laughs and a dig or two at the politicians. Dennis Morgan as the Scotty, Priscilla Lane as the daughter, and Alan Hale as *Casey's* right-hand man take the other acting honors.

★ 'TIL WE MEET AGAIN—Warners

Remember "One Way Passage"? This time George Brent and Merle Oberon are doomed from the first reel—he's an escaped murderer (Pat O'Brien's his captor), she has coronary thrombosis. After a symbolic beginning, a deathless love develops, each discovers the other's secret, each pretends. See it for a good cry. (*June*)

★ TOO MANY HUSBANDS—Columbia

Jean Arthur, Fred MacMurray and Melvyn Douglas worry over the problem of bigamy when Jean remarries, thinking her first husband has been drowned. But the fun begins when he returns and Jean can't make up her mind which she wants to keep. Full of fairly suggestive slap-happy scenes, played with flair. Dorothy Peterson is swell as the secretary. (*May*)

★ TWO GIRLS ON BROADWAY—M-G-M

A love of a musical—with George Murphy starting things by opening a wedge for his dance partner, Joan Blondell, to follow him on Broadway. But her young sister, Lana Turner, steps in and Joan is relegated to cigarette-girl status. Good music, good footwork, good story. (*June*)

★ VIRGINIA CITY—Warners

A swell adventure film, with Errol Flynn the hero in the traditional manner. There's a chase, an attack on a wagon train, a hairbreadth rescue by the U. S. Cavalry, Miriam Hopkins (a Southern gal who falls for Northern Flynn) and Randy Scott, a Confederate captain. (*June*)

VIVA CISCO KID—20th Century-Fox

Cesar Romero, sideburns and all, spends most of the footage rescuing Jean Rogers, who's pretty and extremely good in her role. The *Kid's* honorable *Robin Hood* attitude remains staunchly the same. (*June*)

WOMEN WITHOUT NAMES—Paramount

Plot revolves around a boy and girl convicted of a murder on circumstantial evidence. Robert Paige and Ellen Drew have top roles and Judith Barrett's a heavy. Plenty of suspense. (*May*)

★ YOUNG TOM EDISON—M-G-M

A biographical film—the story of Thomas Edison during his early youth, up to the time he left home to become a telegraph operator, but with Mickey Rooney playing the role, the character could have been named John Smith, so warm, so sympathetic and completely entertaining is his interpretation of the great inventor. Fay Bainter, Virginia Weidler and George Bancroft are excellent. (*May*)



Crisp white carnations on the hollow-crowned high hat—and white over-collar cut out to reveal the dress fabric of the wide collar beneath—accent Lillian MacMurray's costume, dining with husband Fred at Ciro's

There's Something magnetic about a Jantzen



THERE'S something about a Jantzen that makes the men sit up and take notice. There's a lilt in every line . . . a lift in every color . . . and magic in three wonderful miracle-making, figure-molding fabrics.

Water-Velva, "velvet-ly" lush in or out of water.

Sea-Ripple, sleek, sophisticated all-way stretch at its best, wonderful even for problem figures.

Velva-Lure, suave figure-control with a gardenia finish.

There's glamour . . . there's gaiety in every Jantzen and enough excitement for a lifetime. For illustrated style folder, men's or women's, address Dept. 332.

GLORIA BREWSTER, 20th Century-Fox player, wearing the Jantzen "Sea Panelle" a flattering new model in Satin-Knit fabric that truly slenderizes. $4.95 in U. S. A.

JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS, Portland, Ore.
Vancouver, Canada

Jantzen
SWIM SUITS
AND SUN CLOTHES



THAT'S HOLDEN

FOR YOU

Science was a lost cause when a microbe known as the movie bug bit this newest glamour boy whose hair won't stay down

BY JOHN R. FRANCHEY

IF only life hadn't betrayed him, even as you read this he would have been poring over chemical formulas and worrying about how to make the world unsafe for microbes instead of being destiny's darling.

His name is William Holden, by an act of God one of the cinema's newest and most dazzling comets and a curious addition to Hollywood—a glamour boy with hair that won't stay down.

A year ago at this time he most emphatically had no dream of being the object of all the critical huzzas that came in the wake of his magnificent performance in "Golden Boy."

His heart did not belong to Columbia, where he is currently entangled in "Arizona." His heart did not belong to Paramount, who was to give him the name—and the game—in "Those Were The Days." Nor did it belong to United Artists, for whom he has just finished "Our Town," in which proceedings the Holden talent is displayed so conspicuously.

No, his single allegiance was to the tradition of the eminent bacteriologists —Pasteur, Lister, the Curies et al—and a plague take everything that stood between him and Science.

Fame and Fortune crept up on him, so to speak. He was seduced from Science. He was lured into the Drama.

It all happened when a friend buttonholed him as he sprinted, quite late, for an English class one morning just after the Christmas holidays of 1938 and asked if he wouldn't, "for the glory of dear old Pasadena Junior College," take a small role in a play the campus dramatic society was planning to do.

"Not a chance," said Holden. "Me, I'm a bacteriologist."

His friend pleaded.

"You can't let us down like this. Besides, it's a real small part."

"But I don't care a whoop about acting. And as for dear old Pasadena. . . ."

"You could learn. Come on. Be a pal—just this once."

He stood there on the marge of his Rubicon. Then he demanded, with the caution of a true scientist:

"Just how 'real small' is this part?"

"Eight lines," replied the dolorous one.

"All right. I'll do it. Only there better not be more than eight lines." He paused. "And get this: It's a favor—don't try to rope me in again."

Fatal sacrifice!

Eight lines were all the role called for. The part was that of a seventy-year-old man in an opus called "Manya."

It would be nice to tell you, gentle readers, that the audience gave the actors a tumultuous ovation, that the leading lady was deluged with orchids, and that appreciative playgoers shouted, "Bravo, Holden!"

Nothing of the sort.

The twenty-one-year-old chemist who was an eight-line actor "just as a favor" was in the process of detaching his beard when there came a knock on the door. A gimlet-eyed man wanted to see William Holden.

"I'm he."

"I'm a scout from Paramount," the stranger plunged right in, "and I suggest you call around at our testing department for a screen test. Better make it tomorrow at two."

HOW life threw Holden a curve and snatched him from the bosom of Science is screen history by now.

A fruitless year's search for the centerpiece of Columbia's "Golden Boy" had left Director Rouben Mamoulian numb with frustration and on the verge of dementia.

Head bloody but unbowed, this same Mamoulian was in the projection room inspecting a batch of tests whereby he might solve the relatively trifling problem of who would play *Anna*, G. B.'s sister, when suddenly he let out a whoop.

"Lights!" he yelled.

"Lights," echoed an assistant.

"Anything wrong?" one of his subalterns wanted to know.

"Wrong my eye!" exploded the hitherto disconsolate one. "The kid in that test is our 'Golden Boy.' He's not slick or even sure of himself. But he has everything else. Fetch him."

So it was that the Holden boy became the Golden Boy.

Hollywood's glamour boy 1940 season, sport model, is a well-built, athletic Apollo who is as natural as rain and a delight to all reporters. He's no ad for a collar manufacturer, and he has no use for garters, it would seem. He lets his socks do just as they please.

His eyes are blue; his complexion, bronze. His hair is curly and balks at regimentation.

He has a contempt for glitter and dash and while he is a modern knight, *sans peur et sans reproche*, he's much more at home in an odd jacket, a pair of slacks, and sports shoes. He labors under no delusion that he's a Beau Nash.

"I refuse to be a jelly bean," he warns you.

When he talks, he's apt to lower his head a trifle and the consensus of opinion is that he's shy, a rare commodity in young cinema comets. He's a conversationalist par excellence who turns the tables on his interviewers. He quizzes them.

His sense of humor is tops and he can be a Puck. He was born in O'Fallon, Illinois, with two presidents of the United States listed among his kinsfolk —George Washington and Warren G. Harding. He was four when the family packed up and went west to Pasadena, California, where his father installed himself in a chemical laboratory.

Young Bill's first brush with the drama—a minor skirmish, at that—was at the age of eight when he parked cars for patrons of the Pasadena Playhouse. He acquired an early contempt for the stage—in fact, a contempt for all things which did not pertain to chemistry.

But he did love music. Before he was out of high school he had become a one-man band. He mastered the clarinet, piano, guitar and drums. Then, too, he was a vocalist of parts. He aired his mellow baritone in the church choir.

About himself he's inclined to say little. You have to pry it from him. He insists that "no one's interested." He hates pussyfooting. He admires candor, wishes it had greater currency. He has a flair for nice ties.

He doesn't think he's good-looking. He reads everything he can get his hands on. He devours columns, notably those of Winchell, Bugs Baer and Boake Carter. His movie gods and goddesses are the Messrs. Muni, Menjou and Rains, and Miss Davis (Bette).

Solitude he finds the great uplifter. When he's in the right mood, he loves to get out ancient Gregorian chants (which he collects) and sing them. He is considered quite an expert, especially by his kid brothers, seventeen and fourteen, who think he's nifty and will defend their view against all comers. His family lives in a modest home in South Pasadena. Pomp and circumstance is anathema to all good Holdens.

Is he sorry he's not going to get a chance to save the world from the hordes of germs that beset it?

"Shucks, no. If you're really destined to be a scientist, nothing can shake you."

He grins.

"I'm in pictures for the duration of the public's interest. I love the work."

That's Holden for you.

How Well Do You Know Your Hollywood?



Tie-up in "Turnabout"—John Hubbard and Carole Landis do a quick-change act for Roach's comedy

GRADE yourself five points for every one you guess right. If you get sixty or less, you don't keep up with Hollywood. If your score is eighty, you're doing quite well; and if you have a score of one hundred, you know as much as PHOTOPLAY. Check up on page 75.

1. He got his first big break in pictures as a cowboy:
Robert Taylor *Adolphe Menjou*
Clark Gable *Errol Flynn*

2. She topped the Hollywood salary list for 1938:
Joan Crawford *Claudette Colbert*
Carole Lombard *Bette Davis*

3. Her first picture made Irene Dunne a star. It was:
Show Boat *Roberta*
Sweet Adeline *Cimarron*

4. Two of these actors came to the screen direct from radio:
Ronald Reagan *Joel McCrea*
Roger Pryor *Bill Lundigan*

5. Her next picture will be based upon her own career:
Lucille Ball *Shirley Temple*
Sonja Henie *Anne Shirley*

6. The first speech recorded for talking pictures was made by:
John Barrymore *Al Jolson*
Will Hays *Jack Warner*

7. The American Institute of Voice Teachers voted these two stars the winners of their annual "voice personality" awards for the finest screen voices:
Loretta Young *Margaret Sullavan*
Ronald Colman *Douglas Fairbanks Jr.*

8. What actor did not appear on the New York stage this season?
Paul Muni *Basil Rathbone*
Laurence Olivier *Fredric March*

9. An "Oscar" in Hollywood means:
A drive-in restaurant.
The statuette presented to Academy Award winners.
A bit player.

10. Virginia Cherrill is the ex-wife of:
Walter Wanger *Randolph Scott*
Lew Ayres *Cary Grant*

11. Two of these stars play leading roles in different picture series:
Joe Penner *George Sanders*
Penny Singleton *Betty Field*

12. Which is the newest of the following smart supper clubs?
Victor Hugo *Ciro's*
Clover Club *Florentine Room*

13. He is one of the best polo players in Hollywood:
Spencer Tracy *Tyrone Power*
James Cagney *Fred MacMurray*

14. This star manages her own cosmetic business:
Janet Gaynor *Madeleine Carrol*
Constance Bennett *Hedy Lamarr*

15. Two of these actors own the popular Racquet Club in Palm Springs:
Broderick Crawford *Warren William*
Ralph Bellamy *Charles Farrell*

16. Her real name is Frances Ethel Gumm:
Kay Francis *Judy Garland*
Olivia de Havilland *Frances Farmer*

17. This star's constant escort is an expert on health foods:
Norma Shearer *Ann Sheridan*
Greta Garbo *Rosalind Russell*

18. Two of the following are expectant fathers:
John Payne *Johnny Weissmuller*
Wayne Morris *Don Ameche*

19. The initials in W. C. Fields' name stand for:
Warren Claude *Warner Charles*
Will Chester *William Claude*

20. When Arleen Whelan was discovered for pictures, she was:
Running an elevator
Selling in a candy shop
Manicuring in a beauty shop

"The Summer Sun has changed your skin—why not change the shade of your Face Powder?"

[*FIND YOUR LUCKY SUMMER SHADE— AND GET IT IN MY GRIT-FREE POWDER!*] says Lady Esther



Slowly, subtly—the sun has deepened the tones of your skin. Don't risk spoiling these richer skin tones with a *too light* shade of powder. Change to a warmer, *deeper* shade—a shade that will harmonize with your *skin tones as they are now!*



But the deeper the shade, the more important that your powder be *free from grit! Impartial tests showed many powders costing $2.00, $3.00 and more—contained up to 20.44% grit.* But my powder is GRIT-FREE!



Lady Esther Face Powder is so smooth it clings for 4 long hours. Put it on after dinner—say at eight—and at midnight it will still flatter your skin. For there is no grit to give your skin a harsh "powdery" look.

Get Your Luckiest Shade in my GRIT-FREE Powder! You can't judge powder shades by the appearance of the powder in the box. To find the most flattering shade for the new, warmer tones of *your* complexion... try each shade of my powder *on your own skin*... at my expense!

Simply mail me the coupon, and there will promptly come to you ten thrilling new shades of my grit-free powder—brunette shades, rachels, rose tones. Try each shade on your own face. Find the *one* shade that is just right *for you!*

Try my famous "Bite Test"—see for yourself how fine and smooth my face powder is. Take a pinch of your present powder between your teeth. Make sure your teeth are even, then grind them slowly upon the powder. If your powder contains grit, your teeth can instantly detect it. But how easily—*how surely*—Lady Esther Face Powder passes this very same test! Your teeth will find *no grit.*

Find your lucky shade of my grit-free powder, and wear it confidently. It will cling 4 long hours—flattering your skin. You cannot find a finer, higher quality powder. So mail the coupon now!

★ 10 shades free! ★

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

LADY ESTHER, (57)
7118 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me FREE AND POSTPAID your 10 new shades of face powder, also a tube of your Four Purpose Face Cream.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.

BOOS AND Bouquets

HOPES AND HORRORS

THINGS I have dreamed, hoped—yes, even prayed for:

Katharine Hepburn making the life story of Amelia Earhart;

Joel McCrea with a military haircut;

"If Winter Comes" filmed again with Brian Aherne, Roz Russell and Madeleine Carroll;

A super close-up of Errol Flynn in PHOTOPLAY;

That Leslie Howard would take a bottle of Buck-U-Uppo.

Things I simply could not stand:

Warner Baxter in another *Cisco Kid* picture;

If they removed the cast listing from your magazine;

If Gary Cooper became more rugged (meaning more wooden-faced) or Carole Lombard more nasal;

If my PHOTOPLAY came late, or (appalling thought) didn't come at all!

JEWEL BIGGS,
Ottawa, Canada.

FOOLPROOF FILMS

TO Lloyd Nolan and Jean Rogers (one of the prettiest of actresses, so say we), two large-size Oscars for a whale of a fine performance in "The Man Who Wouldn't Talk," exclamation point!

No, of course, "The Man Who Wouldn't Talk" couldn't get an Academy Award, nor its cast get any "Oscars," because it was not a best seller or a hit play. We all know by now that only actors of best-seller stuff—and by some of it I *do* mean "stuff"—are placed in a position for any real consideration. The play's the thing! Let the same cast from an Academy Award film do an unknown book or play and nothing happens.

Let a fine group of actors produce a swell film, well cast, amusing, with clever dialogue and lots of comedy and, if it isn't a best seller, it isn't eligible. I refer to "The Amazing Mr. Williams"—an all-around, 100% perfectly cast and played evening of film-feast, if there ever was one, and one of the best films of 1939. Guess it didn't dig down into the dirt—and I do mean dirt! The "finer films," it seems, must expose the dirt around the roots of civilization, so that we go away hanging our heads in shame and with a dark-brown taste in our mouths. And yet we go to the movies to be amused, entertained and carried away from everyday realities.

Awards should be made, not for the fine work a good player is capable of in a hit show, but for a convincing presentation of a part in a play which isn't a "natural" in itself, which hasn't everything to offer in plot appeal or apparel, where merit is recognized by the effort put forth by that actor to make the story into something real. Let us give our Oscars for fine action in stories not already recognized hits, blazoned across our vision in neon lights, done up in cellophane and handed to the players on a silver platter—a "sure thing" to begin with. Any jockey could win on Seabiscuit!

MRS. BRYAN HOWELL,
Pico, Cal.

WHO'S A-MUGGIN'?

MORE power to mugging, if Mickey Rooney is a mugger! I have read countless articles directed against Mickey's supposed mugging. Well, here's one that's for it.

I don't think that being funny is mugging and it's a sad error when the comical talent of Rooney is discouraged by too much criticism.



PHOTOPLAY INVITES YOU to join in its monthly open forum. Perhaps you would like to add your three cents' worth to one of the comments chosen from the many interesting letters received this month—or perhaps you disagree violently with some reader whose opinions are published here! Or, better still, is there some topic you've never seen discussed as yet in a motion-picture magazine, but which you believe should be brought to the attention of the movie-going public? This is your page, and we welcome your views. All we ask is that your contribution be an original expression of your own honest opinion. PHOTOPLAY reserves the right to use gratis the letters submitted in whole or in part. Letters submitted to any contest or department appearing in PHOTOPLAY become the property of the magazine. Contributions will not be returned. Address: Boos and Bouquets, PHOTOPLAY, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

Open season: Dottie Lamour, who's on the loose, throws out a line at Catalina. Occasion: Seaside celebration after "Typhoon," the Paramount box-office bait

Maybe he isn't discouraged. I don't see how that could be, however, because every time he makes millions laugh by some antic there is always some sourball that jumps on him like a basketball referee and cries: "You! You were mugging!"

That boy is one of the funniest guys on the screen today and he has the power to make you laugh until you actually cry—just the way Charlie Chaplin does. Also, he's one of the most natural to me. The very fact that he can run, throw, walk and just plain *be* like a regular boy distinguishes him from most of the other Hollywood boys and makes him one of the best.

I am all in favor of these character parts he is doing, such as the Edison portrayal, but don't forget that he is a fine comedian, too. For heavens' sake, don't suppress that strain in him.

JOHN DUBOIS,
Bala-Cynwyd, Pa.

LYRICAL DEBATE

I AGREE with Anna Burbano of Detroit about your taking up fourteen pages or more with a popular novel. Let's have more pictures—preferably candid shots.

Also, I thought your "Lyrical Road to Singapore" in the May issue was very uninteresting. The picture was none too good, without devoting two pages to its lyrics.

IRIS MELROSE,
Streator, Ill.

I JUST want you to know that I liked your "Lyrical Road to Singapore" very much. How about giving us some more articles like that? For instance, you could do "Strike Up the Band," with Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland, when it's released, for I'm sure it'll have some grand numbers in it.

While we're on the subject, why can't we have more pictures of that grand little singer, Judy Garland? She's just as capable of adorning your cover and modeling clothes as Deanna Durbin is and is just as pretty.

So, please—more photos of Judy and more songs.

FERELDAINE FRESHE,
Elmhurst, N. Y.

"NOVEL" SCREEN VERSIONS

NOTICE—All Scenario Writers: The elasticity of your imagination is simply incredible! Why not put your—ah—attribute to use on an original work, instead of distorting some fellow being's literature until it is unrecognizable?

Surely it must be possible to adapt a novel for the screen so that one would recognize the same story he had just read. I am getting so I hate to see the screen version, because I am always so disappointed and angry. Believe me, I am not the only one voicing this opinion.

I don't like sad shows any better than happy ones, but when the book is sad you can't make the picture happy without changing the whole original story. If you think it should be written differently, write your own book; don't meddle with someone else's story.

The most flagrant example of your "art" I have seen for a long time is "My Son, My Son!" You have changed it so completely and so thoroughly that there is no moral left, which is what the book was based on—the bringing up of two different sons, spoiled and unspoiled, and the difference in their characters. "The Citadel" is another book you changed until only the names of the characters were recognizable.

What the author must feel to see the book he has slaved over twisted and changed to the way some other "writer" thinks it should be, I can't imagine!

HELEN LINDSTROM,
Rolla, N. Dak.

MARRIAGE INSURANCE

WHY don't husbands and wives have leading roles together in pictures? For instance, let Annabella pinch-hit for Ty's leading lady and she might have more "Power." I'm sure she could have played *Jane's* part beautifully in Daytime Wife."

Anyway, if asked, probably half the public would say Jeanette MacDonald was Nelson Eddy's wife and Clark Gable is Myrna Loy's husband. After all, it doesn't matter who plays the part; it's the part that's played.

Give the real Mr. and Mrs. a break! Then there might not be so many hit-and-miss marriages in Hollywood.

MRS. WALTER A. BRISTER,
Bunkie, La.

PULSE-BEATER

RICHARD DENNING, who is the most wonderful and handsome actor on the screen, has actually never been mentioned in this column, though he's better than Richard Greene and Clark Gable together. He is just about the only clean-cut young American man left. Why shouldn't he be starred in the same pictures that bring these other young actors fame? The first picture I saw him in was "Emergency Squad," which played second fiddle to "Strange Cargo." I can truthfully say I didn't enjoy "Strange Cargo" a bit, because all the time I was waiting for Richard Denning to come on again. In "Parole Fixer," he had a very small part—too small, for my money, and still he packed the house and kept them there. Show us more of Richard Denning.

DOROTHY, PICKELS,
Evansville, Ind.

TOO-PERSONAL NOTICES

MOST offensive of the entertainment to come out of Hollywood is the idle chatter by the high-tensioned columnists. Doubtless there are some who gloat over the nasty little items dished out, but surely the majority of intelligent persons become disgusted with their continued but hopeless efforts to produce even one sentence of interest. That they flourish and increase by leaps and bounds is appalling and that many of their remarks are inspired by spite and jealousy is apparent.

Unless they are allowed to enter the homes, the confidences and the subconscious minds of the stars, the public is informed through hundreds of newspapers of such devastating tidbits as that So-and-So is wearing a girdle, this one has two wrinkles under her left eye and those two who just got married can't agree on furniture, so it's safe to assume that it won't last a month.

They are certainly overstepping themselves, knowing full well that any denials on the part of the maligned ones can only give them further material on which to elaborate. And, of course, it assures a subject which can be brought into the column from time to time, depending on the extent of the imagination or the ability to color fact.

Verily, gossip—an ugly occupation at best—becomes no fine art as presented by these writers.

ALTA P. GRIMES,
Washington, D. C.





"I'm Diamond Jim Brady . . . and I'd give every jewel I own just to be near her!"

"People love her, people who feel that they know her just by watching her!"

"Her name is in lights! In the headlines! On thousands of lips! You can't forget her!"

"She's beautiful! She's gorgeous! Her voice is like an angel's!"

Bankers, industrialists, Diamond Jim Brady, smart men of the town lost their hearts to her! Every woman envied her, tried to be like her! Her beauty, her glamor brought the world to her feet! The nation echoed acclaim when she sang!

The story of Lillian Russell . . . magnificently produced by Darryl F. Zanuck . . . is one of the really great motion pictures!

Darryl F. Zanuck's PRODUCTION OF

LILLIAN RUSSELL

ALICE FAYE • DON AMECHE • HENRY FONDA

as Lillian Russell *as Edward Solomon* *as Alexander Moore*

EDWARD ARNOLD • WARREN WILLIAM • LEO CARRILLO

as Diamond Jim Brady *as the Famous J. L.* *as Tony Pastor*

Helen WESTLEY • Dorothy PETERSON • Ernest TRUEX • Nigel BRUCE • Claude ALLISTER
Lynn BARI • WEBER & FIELDS • Eddie FOY, Jr. • Una O'CONNOR • Joseph CAWTHORN

Directed by IRVING CUMMINGS • Associate Producer Gene Markey

Screen Play by William Anthony McGuire

A 20th Century-Fox Picture

Hear again Lillian Russell's famous songs, including . . .

"After the Ball is Over"
"Rosie, You Are My Posie"
"The Band Played On"
("Strawberry Blond")
"My Evening Star"

Two new hits you'll remember as long:
"Adored One" by Alfred Newman and Mack Gordon . . . "Blue Love Bird" by Gus Kahn and Bronislau Kaper.



Two high-powered revolutionists in the new Hollywood movement—Tyrone and Annabella Power

Ruth Waterbury

CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS

BY RUTH WATERBURY

A PAIR of very handsome young people flew West from Boston to San Francisco recently . . . their names were Mr. and Mrs. Tyrone Power . . . (if they had wanted to be very society about it they could, quite accurately, have signed their names Mr. and Mrs. Tyrone Power, III) . . . the Powers were flying west from Boston where they had just witnessed Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Lunt in a new play entitled "There Shall Be No Night" . . . to go to San Francisco to see Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier (who aren't, of course, yet Mr. and Mrs. Olivier but who will be just as soon as it is legally possible) in an old and great play, "Romeo and Juliet". . . .

Even as this was taking place, a very little girl was born in Hollywood and named Daphne Fairbanks . . . and leaning over the cradle of Miss Daphne Fairbanks (whose father remarked with that loving originality peculiar to all infatuated fathers that while he didn't know much about babies he did know she was the most beautiful child he had ever seen) was that handsome young man who doesn't, but who could, call himself Douglas Fairbanks, II . . . just behind this father of Daphne's stood her very young step-grandfather, Mr. Jack Whiting, the musical comedy star, together with the baby's adoring grandmothers, the very social Mrs. Epling and the very charming Mrs. Beth Sully Fairbanks Whiting. . . .

From which situation nothing would surprise me less or delight me more than to see in anywhere from eight to ten years hence some theater marquee reading "Twenty-First Century-Television presents Daphne Fairbanks and Joel Dee McCrea in 'Stand Up and Grin' ". . . .

For if two-months-old-Daphne Fairbanks and five-going-on-six-year-old Joel McCrea stay true to what is happening in the film colony today . . . such a theater billing may very well be visible a few years from now . . . and very interesting too, for the movie business and us movie audiences if these progeny follow in the footsteps of their talented parents as examples of the delightful revolution that is now happening in Hollywood. . . .

Because what is happening in the movie colony today is that every month brings new, enchanting names up before the theaters . . . we call them discoveries, yet rarely are they names that haven't background to them . . . a heritage of the theater in the blood that created them. . . .

What charms me even more . . . and what I believe means the most for Hollywood in the future . . . is the way the generations are coming along . . . the way happy marriages with children are becoming a vogue . . . and the constant experimentation with acting for acting's sake that is going on behind the arc lights. . . .

I know that the Powers think of themselves as just that . . . "the Powers" . . . and they are fascinated to go see "the Lunts" doing a play . . . because be it here known that "the Powers" want to slip away from Hollywood for a little while when Ty's next option comes up and go and do a play, too . . . Ty and Annabella want to go out on the road just as Olivier and Leigh are now . . . and perhaps coming into New York for a profitable reign as "the Lunts" do yearly . . . in other words to make an institution of themselves . . . Don Ameche thinks very seriously about the future of the young Ameches . . . they may very well all become actors . . . just as all the Crosby boys may very well become crooners . . . and Gary Cooper makes plans for his daughter . . . Henry Fonda for his children . . . and Noah Berry, Jr., marries Maxine, the pretty daughter of Buck Jones . . . while Katherine and Irving Thalberg, with their heritage of beauty and brains, are growing up . . . and as this happens that

Perfect example of perfection: Four duplicate costumes are ready to replace this wild-and-woolly ensemble Wally Beery sports in "20 Mule Team" with Marjorie Rambeau





oldest crack about stardom . . . "five years is all you can survive" . . . becomes less and less true . . . after all, Lewis Stone and Mickey Rooney are the co-stars of the *Hardy Family* . . . the best producer in Hollywood is David Selznick, son of the poineer Lewis J. Selznick . . . one of the most promising of the younger generation of writers is Budd Schulberg, son of producer B. P. Schulberg . . . and the whole lot of these generations whether actors, producers, writers are restless with ambition . . . restless to do finer things to make movies steadily better. . . .

IT ISN'T necessary to be a star or a producer to get into this mood either. . . . For instance, I went the other day to a demonstration that Douglas Shearer gave of how sound photographs . . . that may sound dull to you and before I went to it I thought I'd find it duller than dirt, too . . . but I give you my word it was one of the most awesome and beautiful sights I've ever looked at . . . there was sound without sound . . . it was the picture of sound . . . and it was so rhythmic . . . so beautifully reflected . . . so true . . that you felt the presence of that Power greater than all of us . . . that Power which has planned this world always in terms of accuracy and beauty . . . of course, neither Mr. Shearer showing it nor the group of us who were looking at it . . . dared to express those emotions . . . you know how we moderns hate to reveal our true feelings . . . yet there was the record . . . of a scientific fact . . . not known to us as science . . . but merely to show what was being done with sound . . . and will continue to be done with sound . . . all merely to give you and me more pleasure. . . .

Shortly before this event . . . I had gone out to Death Valley, California, to see the "20 Mule Team" Company working in those barren lands where so many of our more adventurous forefathers gave up their lives . . . but even more than the actors or the strangely beautiful scenery the stories of Joe Hunt fascinated me. . . .

Of course, you never heard of Joe Hunt . . . but he's typical of this amazing business . . . he's a so-called "production manager" . . . and there are a dozen others like him hidden away in every studio . . . the moment the story of a picture is finished and the cast is set . . . a man like this goes to work . . . if it is a period picture like "20 Mule Team" ("Young Tom Edison" was the picture Joe Hunt was on preceding this) . . . he finds out everything about the clothes, the costumes, the background of that period . . . for "20 Mule Team" Joe haunted Death Valley to get just the right location . . . when he learned Wally Beery had to work in the Bad Water out there . . . he had samples of the Bad Water analyzed to be sure there was nothing harmful in that strange inland lake (which appears in the midst of an otherwise dry land and never disappears even though the rainfall is only about an inch a year and the heat is prostrating). . . .

It turned out that the water was composed of ninety-five percent epsom salt to five percent of water, so Wally was duly cautioned to drink none of it . . . Joe sees to it that the star had five completely duplicated outfits for every scene, so that there can never be any shooting delay due to wardrobe . . . he had to round up Indians, mules, borax, everything that could possibly be needed . . . and with that all set has to tell the studio as nearly as possible how many actual production days the picture will take . . . in other words, a production manager is a general trouble-shooter. . . .

Now think of unsung experts going around watching not alone how sound sounds but if it is photographing well that morning . . . and other unsung experts worrying about the salt content of water . . . and then think of a story like this bobbing up . . . Walter Hampden, the veteran stage star, was cast as an Indian chieftain in De Mille's new production . . . "Northwest Mounted Police" . . . the only trouble was

The man who knows how to answer the poser, "How does sound sound?"—the technical whiz of M-G-M, Douglas Shearer

that the production is in Technicolor and Mr. Hampden has light-gray eyes . . . something somebody decided no Indian ever had, though how they knew that I'll never know . . . however, when you see "Northwest Mounted Police" you will see Mr. Hampden with dark-brown eyes and this is how it was achieved. . . .

The De Mille technicians went to experts . . . in this case the Better Vision Institute . . . and little buttons of glass were made to fit over the cornea . . . or "watch crystal" . . . of the Hampden gray eye . . . they were made of a plastic material to snugly fit the eyeball and colored with a distilled solution of ordinary caramel brown sugar . . . which gave the desired and most beautiful brown lustre to Mr. Hampden's eyes . . . it was wonderful for De Mille and Mr. Hampden but it makes me fear what our glamour girls may be up to next . . . what will we simple home girls do if the Hollywood belles get wise to this trick . . . new colored eyes at will, indeed!

But you do see, don't you, how all this ties together . . . the newly married . . . the newly born . . . the personalities and the technicians . . . and we, the all-important audience . . . all combining to make Hollywood the most exciting town on earth?

In the heart of the jungle . . .
she found her heart's desire!



DOUGLAS **FAIRBANKS, Jr.** MADELEINE **CARROLL**

"SAFARI"

. . LOVE . . . ADVENTURE AND JUNGLE THRILLS



A Paramount Picture with

TULLIO CARMINATI · MURIEL ANGELUS
LYNNE OVERMAN · BILLY GILBERT

DIRECTED BY EDWARD H. GRIFFITH

Screen Play by Delmer Daves • Based on a Story by Paul Hervey Fox

LYNNE OVERMAN as the canny Scot who doesn't give a "hoot" about women!

HOLLYWOOD

At Home



Georgian home of the Aherns. For legal details see page 58

Debut of an excitingly different series of "Living Stories," giving you the significant details of the stars' everydays. With intimate photographs by John Swope

HOW JOAN FONTAINE AND BRIAN AHERNE LIVE

BY ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER



Fine art of living: rare prints are background for this staircase scene of "Joanie" and her "Old Boy"



Bridal touches to a bachelor's house: flowers; a wedding picture—"The dress is for my daughter"; and a new pianist for the old piano

aine: "She rofile com- claims are ey aren't"

Playing to a gallery: sample of Fontaine recreation in the bar, the wall of which is lined with photographs of Brian's and Joan's mutual friends

Editor's Note: *Photoplay says "Open your front doors to us so that for the first time your real day-by-day living." Result: These truly distinguished "Visits from life" by Adele Whitely Fletcher, in which famous star personalities, told in terms of their homes, revealing them by what they do not have as well as by what they have, will appear regularly. Each month in this series we will visit new stars, new lives, new stories—*

ON AN avenue in Beverly Hills, a boulevard in Utah, reached by a street in Nassau, hasn't been a white Georgian house. It isn't especially imposing. It's gracious, rather, and it promises home life and peace. The lawn is wide. Daffodils grow along a little brick walk. It reminds you of England. For men and women put their mark on houses. And it's here Joan and Brian Aherne live.

Joan Fontaine is "Mrs. Brian Aherne" to everyone but her associates in the studios. She wouldn't have it any other way. Neither would Brian.

Years ago Brian said to me: "It's when people forget the old laws that they come to unhappiness. Women, for instance, never should have any interest before their husbands. When they do their husbands are wretched. And they are, too!"

It was this past spring that Joan said to me: "I was putting in the iris bulbs the other day and thinking I'll have to watch out now that I've had this success in 'Rebecca.' There'll be false friends around. I saw them swarm about Livvie (her sister, Olivia de Havilland) when she had her first success. They feed your vanity, false friends do, and slip into your life that way."

She spread her hands and there was no red polish on her nails. She gave up red polish before she married. Brian abhors it.

"I'm so lucky to have Brian!"

Her words always seem to be dancing. "To be thinking of the future in terms of our marriage and our home and the children we hope to be having soon. I need my career only for the joy and satisfaction the work itself gives me. I don't have to depend upon the offshoots of it for my life!"

Joan rarely sits properly in a chair when she talks. She props herself against the arm of the sofa. Or she sits on the floor beside your chair. Or she stands in the center of the room with her arms full of the books or records or Ping-pong bats she was about to put away and which she has forgotten completely.

Among the many things that are important to the Ahernes—which include acting, talking, sun baths in a canvas enclosure that's been rigged up on the south side of the house, Joan's puns, intimate dinner parties, Ping-pong, golf, the new cabin plane Brian just bought in exchange for his open Waco, music, and the desert which they *positively adore*—there's their garden.

This spring when they were away on a belated wedding trip they kept sending telegrams and cables—from New York, from Florida, from Nassau—suggesting that a new fertilizer be used in the soil, that a border of bricks be set in, that the flowering shrubs be transplanted to make a background for the perennials.

When Joan was a little girl her mother used to say, "Joanie, when *will* you stop dreaming and raising those cosmos flowers and face reality? *When, Joanie?*" Joan wasn't strong. She couldn't play as other children played. The garden in Saratoga, in northern California, where they lived, was her retreat.

Now it seems likely that Joan faced reality in her garden then just as she does today. Her life has shaped itself into such a satisfying pattern that it must have been well planned along the way.

"I feel," Olivia says, "that Joan and Brian have every chance of remaining as happy as

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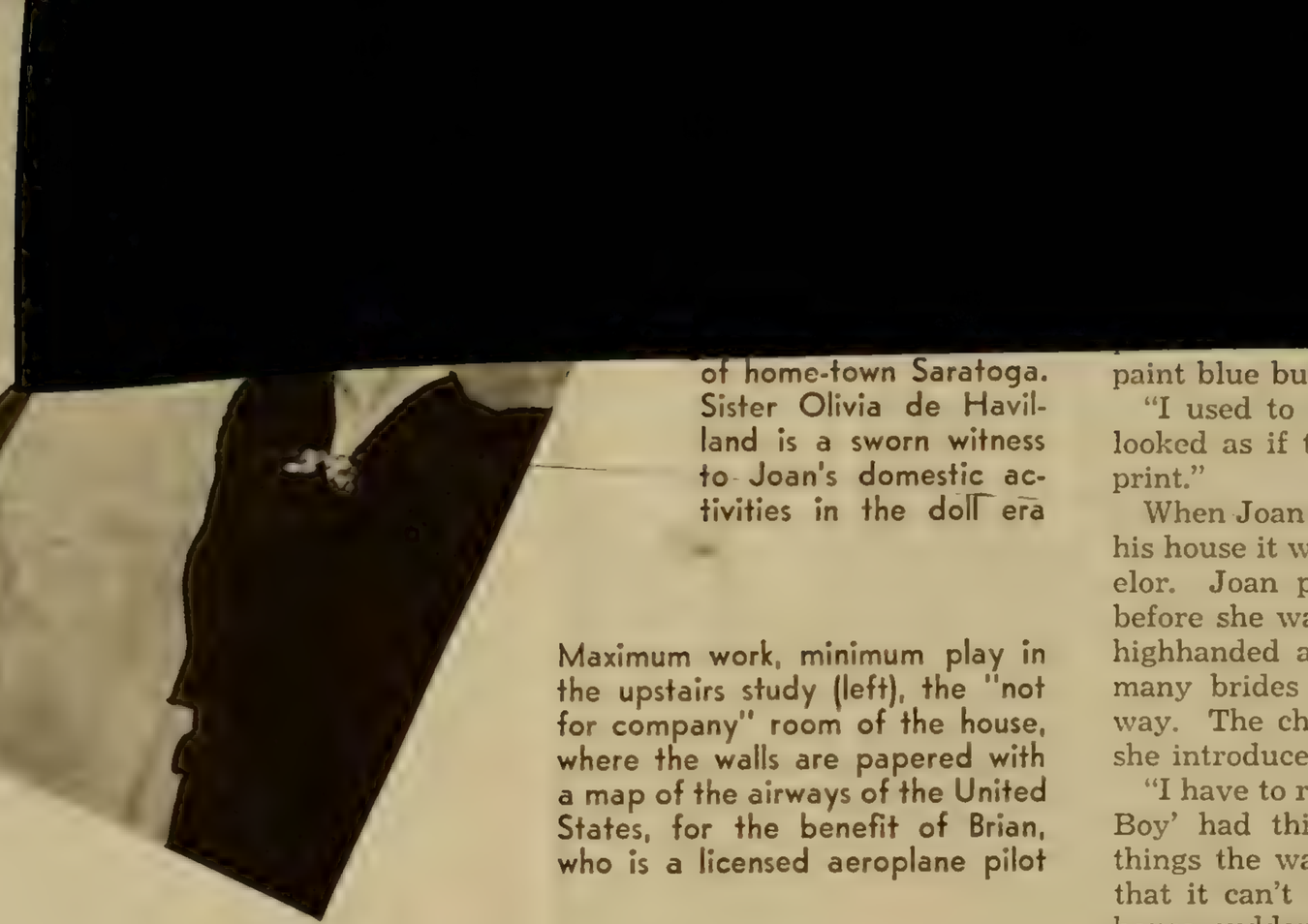
Mrs. Brian Aherne, who is noted for never sitting up straight in her chair



-flying Ahernes: Sunday sched-
e ménage alternates between
of golf and a trip to Palm
for lunch in their own plane



Maximum work, minimum play in the upstairs study (left), the "not for company" room of the house, where the walls are papered with a map of the airways of the United States, for the benefit of Brian, who is a licensed aeroplane pilot



of home-town Saratoga. Sister Olivia de Havilland is a sworn witness to Joan's domestic activities in the doll era

they are today—*because they're so alike.* They even have the same reasons for liking people. So, of course, they have the same friends!"

Pictures of Joan's and Brian's friends stand on racks in the little bar. They're the same pictures that stood on those racks when Joan came to that house as a bride. Not one picture has been added. Not one picture has been taken down.

Many of their friends are English—Reggie Gardiner and Heather Thatcher and David Niven, who's a soldier of the King's now, and Basil and Ouida Rathbone and Nigel Bruce—which accounts for all the coins in the big glass bowl that stands on the bar. It has a slit in the top, this bowl, and on its face there's a sign explaining that the coins deposited in it will be used to buy cigarettes and chocolate and other comforts for the British soldiers on the new Front.

Life in the Aherne household runs smoothly. Tea appears. Fires burn. Ice is ready in a vacuum jug when Scotch and soda is poured. Cigarettes and matches and ash trays are convenient everywhere. Flowers disappear before they spill their petals and new ones come in from the garden or the little open flower stand round the corner.

"Miss Joan's a born housekeeper, the effortless kind," says Alma, engaged originally by Joan to run the house she and Olivia used to share. "She keeps lists of maids who'll come in and serve when there's company, lists of electricians and plumbers and all the other workmen you always need in a hurry, and lists of special markets for special things.

y-day supplies she always says to
borhood market, that you can't do
doesn't operate on a budget. But
about things! She goes over bills.
ocery lists. She wants to be satis-
g's as it should be.
suggest menus, too. She's really
cooking and food. For company
squabs or a rack of lamb or roast
shire pudding, and she's sure to
ssert. Her favorite is big straw-
glasses with champagne poured

ll you Joan showed promise as
even when she was a little girl.
particularly tidy children, as
rs it, but every so often Joan
clean out their closet.
everything we owned on the
. "We would dust the closet
We would scrub the floor
ere white and my hands were
nd then Joanie would decide
have white paper ruffles. I
roll of paper and she would
d borrow my paint box and
paint blue butterflies on them.

"I used to envy her those butterflies. They looked as if they had flown out of a Japanese print."

When Joan married Brian and went to live in his house it was, naturally, the house of a bachelor. Joan proved then that she was a wife before she was a housekeeper. For she wasn't highhanded about the changes she wanted, as many brides would have been in their sweet way. The changes she made were limited and she introduced them slowly.

"I have to remember," she says, "that the 'Old Boy' had this house to himself and ordered things the way he liked them for a long time; that it can't be too easy for him to share his house, suddenly, and compromise with my ways at every turn."

Joan's twenty-two. Brian's thirty-eight. "Old Boy" in her speech is a gay term of endearment.

She hasn't changed the dining room, dignified with Eighteenth Century mahogany. She hasn't changed the hall, where zinnias from the garden stand on an old table, in an old brass bowl, where fine prints climb the wall beside the stairway and where a grandfather's clock that has beat like a pulse through many years stands on the landing and still ticks the present off into the past.

The front bedroom, which is her room, she did over, of course, together with the adjoining dressing room and bath. The bedroom is lovely with furniture of simple design and with silver paper laid in panels on the walls and painted with apple blossoms. Her dressing room is pink

(Continued on page 78)

MORMON MAID

The Story of Fascinating LARAINE DAY

BY

JAMES HILTON

Author of
"Lost Horizon"
"Good-bye, Mr. Chips"
"We Are Not Alone," etc.



Hiltonesque description of Laraine: "She has a Hepburn eagerness of profile combined with eyes her studio claims are 'deep green'—fortunately they aren't"

LARAINE DAY was born in Utah, reached California eleven years ago, hasn't been away since . . . and oh, what a relief! For that excuses us from the long saga about how she won the Prix de Something-or-other at the Paris Exposition, or how she ran off with all the diplomas at the École Normale or the Hochschule or the Conservatoire at some place you can't spell, or how her father performed before the Czar and her great-aunt was a pupil of Leschetizky . . . not that I've anything against any of these boasts and accomplishments, mind you, but, goodness, after hearing them so often what a relief to meet a girl who says: "I was born in Utah, I came to California, I've never been anywhere else, and here I am."

Moreover, it is possible to spell Utah.

As a matter of fact, Laraine Day goes even further by knowing less about Utah—except for the fact that she is still a Mormon and her best beau is a Mormon missionary—than anyone I have ever met who was born there, and by having been nowhere in California beyond a hundred-mile range of Hollywood.

And she is nineteen. Life and the world are before her, both in time, space and the strong probability of success; she knows that and is excited about it, as who wouldn't be who had been given a leading female role in one of last year's best pictures and who, after that, had progressed immediately to the leading female role in a Hitchcock picture.

After all, why should a nineteen-year-old girl go any further than Hollywood and Hitchcock? There are many worse places and persons in the world today.

I wanted to meet Laraine because I liked her portrayal of an English stage actress in "My Son, My Son!" and because the book from which the pictures was made is the work of a friend of mine (Howard Spring) in England, and because I wrote a few lines of dialogue in "Foreign Correspondent" (the Hitchcock film in which Laraine is playing another English girl), and because I like meeting pretty girls of nineteen. If these are not enough reasons for my having met Laraine Day, then—well, I once saw Utah in the distance from an aeroplane over the Grand Canyon.

We met after her morning's work at the Walter Wanger Studio, and I suggested lunch and she said yes and I said where and she said anywhere out of the studio, a drive-in if you like, but I thought the weather was too warm for a drive-in (she had her acting make-up on), so we went to Sardi's, which is air-conditioned, on Hollywood Boulevard, and the first thing she did (which charmed me into this Arlen-Saroyan-Baby Snooks prose style) was to take a dainty little nugget of chewing gum out of her mouth and park it in an ash tray. I may add that I found both the gesture and the action wholly delightful and that a piece of gum that has been chewed by a pretty girl looks far nicer throughout lunch than an olive stone that has been rather inefficiently scraped by the artificial dentures of some Elderly Eminent Personage whose doctor has told him he musn't have more than one dry Martini.



Two-way tribute to Day: she remains true, via the Bell system, to a Mormon missionary; and she gets a laurel-wreathed "Hello, you old bag" greeting from Alfred Hitchcock, her director in "Foreign Correspondent"

Laraine Day didn't have any cocktails at all. She had—if I remember correctly—a cup of coffee and a chicken sandwich.

We talked about dogs—which is a good way to

(Continued on page 76)

WOMEN

A gay exposé of Hollywood's bachelor girls who combat single blessedness with a plan that's sound procedure for every woman facing a husbandless future



A bachelor girl with her heart in the business: Pat Lane, who gets heavy male dividends out of an evening alone with a book



Other half of the Lane single duet: Sister Rosemary, best little analyzer of the difference between love and a wedding ring

BY ROBERTA ORMISTON

"GOOD night—and thank you so much!" Olivia de Havilland told the friends who had brought her home from a party. She sounded calm, but her heart was swinging like a flying trapeze. She had noticed a familiar car parked down the block. That made it reasonable to suppose the gentleman-about-town who drove that car was in the neighborhood, too. It was exciting!

He was indeed in the neighborhood. He was, Olivia discovered, in her living room. The lights were low, a fire was burning, the radio was tuned to soft music, champagne cooled in a silver bucket and there were biscuits and caviar.

"Hel-lo!" he said, getting up from a low chintz chair, coming towards her. "So glad to see you!"

Olivia coughed, an elegant little cough. "You *were* expecting me then?" she asked. She could play, too. While she played she learned he had borrowed a house key from her sister, Joan Fontaine, explaining that he wanted to arrange a little surprise. He really had gone to no end of trouble.

They danced. Olivia's favorite band was on the air and the way it harmonized singing the new songs was thrilling. Besides, the caviar was beluga, big as robins' eggs. And the champagne was pink, pink as the dawn.

They had a time. Then, quite suddenly, Mr. Champagne and Caviar found himself on the way out.

"You have the right technique but the wrong house," Olivia told him, smiling. "Sorry!"

Olivia admits that once upon a time—meaning all of a year ago—she would have been so frightened to find that man in her house, with the stage set as it was, that she would have had no fun out of the adventure. She knew about his intentions. She isn't nearly so Victorian as she looks sometimes. But she also knew about her intentions; and that made everything all right.



Advocate of the "never marry a man before the ink on his diploma is dry" school: Roz Russell, who still says, "I'd die if I didn't think I'd marry!"

WITHOUT MEN

"It took a certain amount of experience—and some pain—" she said, "before I learned to live alone. The first thing I had to do was decide exactly how I felt about the men I knew. So I could establish my friendships along the lines I wished them to take and thus keep free of those emotional jams it's so easy to get into when you don't have the emotional security of marriage."

We were in Olivia's living room, having tea. Rain fell gently against the windows. Over by the fire stood the low chintz chair in which Mr. Champagne and Caviar had waited for Olivia to come home. There were American Beauties in a silver tankard and there were tulips and stock and snapdragons . . . all white . . . in a crystal bowl. The latter may sound simple, but none of the flowers was the kind a girl buys for herself.

"There may have been a time," Olivia says, "when girls couldn't have men for friends and rely on them for things like companionship and understanding unless there was an emotional quality between them. But that time has gone.

"The other evening, for instance, I asked a boy to come over and take me for a walk in the rain. When we got home I dried my hair before the fire. You don't even have to have company manners when you're with boys any more. It's wonderful.

"There always will be predatory men like Mr. Champagne and Caviar. And I'm in favor of them because they're exciting. But they're the exception, not the rule. Fortunately for girls like me who live alone you can call on most men for simple acts of friendship and only those men with whom you have an emotional friendship will even think of making personal advances."

Had Olivia lived in England long ago she would have had to wear green stockings. Green stockings were a stigma that told the world you remained a spinster and your younger sister was married. Today it's no disgrace if a younger sister is first to catch a gold, platinum or diamond ring on the marriage-go-round. But many girls still find this hard to take. Not Olivia, however. She thinks it's grand her sister, Joan, one year her junior, is married to Brian Aherne and divinely happy. Because, without a man she can call her own, Olivia's divinely happy, too.

YOU wouldn't expect to find women without men in Hollywood. Hollywood women are the loveliest, the cleverest, the most sought-after in the world. There are, however, many women in Hollywood who live alone. And they like it. They don't think years spent as a bachelor girl or a divorcee are anything to cry about. They find them something to rejoice over. They make them pay dividends that, in time, will lead to happy and successful marriage.

Sometimes the Hollywood girls remain single because they have responsibilities. Take Rosemary and Priscilla Lane. Romantic gossip about both of these girls is practically incessant. But those who know the Lanes never take this gossip seriously. They know Rosemary and Priscilla have two more years to go before they can even think about getting married. It will take them that long to make their mother independent.

Independence isn't anything Cora Lane asks of her daughters; it's something they have promised themselves to give her. They say, ardently, that their mother always has been such a swell person they wouldn't think of having her dependent on anyone but themselves—meaning, of course, on the men they might marry.

Rosemary and Priscilla face the next two years with equanimity, even with good cheer. Rosemary was spokesman during this particular interview, for Priscilla was away on a dude ranch, having a holiday financed out of her allowance of twenty-five dollars a week. No fooling!

"Priscilla and I have been in love before," Rosemary said, "and we'll undoubtedly be in

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...rcee but not dar-
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Livvie de Havilland, not so Vic...
torian as she looks: "It t o...
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About as icebound a New Englander as a bonfire is Bette Davis, disciple of how to make, not mark time





With the author—Ann Sothern and Roger Pryor, two of the many stars whose kindness has helped a courageous woman wage a thrilling fight

BED'S-EYE VIEW OF HOLLYWOOD

BY VIVIAN COSBY

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joined in the chase. Deciding he had done something wrong, Joe started running. Unfortunately though, he tripped and did a typical Joe E. Brown fall. Hopelessly he waited for whatever was going to happen. To his amazement, the pursuers only surrounded him and continued yelling. Luckily an American friend came to Joe's rescue with the information that the Japanese were calling Joe "Home-Run," which was the Japanese title for his picture, "Elmer the Great."

In the midst of Joe's story a sweet voice said, "Will you let me in on the joke?"

It was little redheaded Anne Shirley. Upon learning that we were verbally traveling around the world, she was terribly interested. She and her husband, John Payne, pick the places they would like to see from the newsreels.

After Joe left, Anne and I settled down to some woman talk over a cup of tea. I think Anne is one of the happiest and most contented



Una Merkel was a willing subject for the camera she brought to her friend



Did you know that Warren William is an inventor? He is—to the undying gratitude of Miss Cosby



Cesar Romero had an enthusiastic audience when he discussed plans for the home he is building

young women I have ever met. She never frets over losing a part, and is grateful for whatever success is hers.

THURSDAY: Two telephone calls and a telegram this morning. Barbara Stanwyck called to inquire if there was anything she could do. She certainly is a grand pal.

The other call was from Charlie Ruggles who chatted with me about my dog, Jock, who is living at his See-Are Kennels.

The telegram contained well wishes from Lily Pons.

It's strange how people's lives can intermingle and yet they may go for years without meeting. This is the case of Warren William and [illegible] and I used to be neighbors [illegible] in New York, and I [illegible] Mind Reader." To- [illegible]e. Repeatedly I [illegible]nself, but it was [illegible]ested in what [illegible] could help. [illegible]e a minia- [illegible]othes and [illegible]eep the [illegible] desk. [illegible]as an [illegible]s of [illegible]ent [illegible]be



A Greek bearing gifts? Hugh Herbert turned up with a platter of grapes, but in return Miss Cosby had to put on her thinking cap to help him out of a jam

MAN

OF MANY MOMENTS



THE UNCONVENTIONAL LIFE AND TIMES OF CHARLES BOYER

BY HOWARD SHARPE

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He is not symbolic of any era, or of any type, or of anything under the sun; because his kind usually lives only in fiction or in the more unlikely films. He is a little like a Debussy melody; you know how it makes you feel but you don't know what motivated Debussy when he wrote it. This account is Boyer's own, given to me in four days of conversation when he sat and, with honesty and deep curiosity, stared back into his forty years, examining and testing, wondering at some things he had done and being amused at others, searching for origins and causes and reasons.

It was the first time he had done that, starting at the beginning and showing himself no quarter. He reached into his memory and observed, first, the shy, almost neurotic brown-eyed little boy he had been so many years ago. . . .

YOUNG Charles woke because of the strong sunlight in his face and let his healthy ten-year-old body bounce out of bed after its usual fashion, before he remembered. He stood quietly for a moment in the middle of the room, and then he walked with dignity to the window.

Men of ten did not hop about like *children.*

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From the family album of Louise Boyer comes this priceless pictorial record of a son who was to win fame in a city far from the little town of Figeac, France (right), where he was born. Above left, Charles at eight months. Above, at four years, with his parents (far left)







At the age of twelve (above and left) Charles was already feeling the growing pains of adventure, romance. School plays at College Champollion furnished an outlet for his energy. Far left, at seventeen, playing Metternich in "L'Aiglon"

HAWAIIAN honeymoon

Only one thing can happen when two women choose the same man, one with her heart, the other with her head

BY HAGAR WILDE

WHEN they went back in, conversation seemed to have died a sudden and natural death. Alastair was standing alongside the window staring out at the sea as though he were trying to figure some way of outwitting it. Trying to smile, Ann said, "It's like having the brake go out on your car, isn't it?"

Randy lifted his nose from a glass. "On a mountain road."

Caroline was still lying on the bunk, but her eyes were open now. "Eight people drowned in catastrophe off Molokai coast," she said. "One was drunk."

Randy halted a lifting motion midway and stared at her. "One blonde went down for the third time making smart cracks about the man who loved her better than anything in the world," he said. "She was a very clever woman. She thought."

"It's the first time you've told me." Caroline didn't move or look at him.

Randy completed the lifting motion and drank before he spoke. "It's the first time you've been quiet long enough." He added, "It's also the first time I've ever been in a marine volcanic eruption without something going put-put-put to keep me from feeling lonesome."

"Keep her nose right into them, Willi," Angus said.

"I am," said Willi.

Laurel stared straight ahead. "Isn't there a chance that it will calm down?"

"Not before morning," Angus said.

David sat on the bunk at Caroline's feet and made a place for Ann beside him. "If we drift ashore," he said to Angus, "where will we hit?"

"Makapuu Point, I should think."

"Reef?"

"Oh, sure. But we might wash over nicely."

"Sure," David said.

Angus was silent.

David said, "Too bad to wreck a nice little craft like this."

"I'm not thinking about the boat." Angus got himself a glass and poured some whiskey into it. He drank it in one swallow and went over to the window to look out. Laurel looked up at him. Her voice was not hard, but it was not pleasant. It had a horrid kind of self-preservation and separateness in it. "If you'd been thinking about us before," she said, "you'd have had your motor checked before we came out."

He seemed to bear no resentment for the implication, but said only, "It was." His fingers thrummed a sharp tattoo on the window frame. "Why don't you all lie down and get some rest? It's no good sitting around here worrying about where you're going to have breakfast."

"That's not what we're worrying about," Caroline said. "What do you think we are, half-wits?"

"I think you're a bunch of champion wisecrackers," said Angus fondly. "I hope you can keep it up all night."

"I hope the *Humuhumunukunuku* can keep us up all night," Caroline said. "There's room for two of us here, Randy."

"Can I bring my whiskey?" Randy said.

"Yes, and your morphine if you must," Caroline looked at him then and they smiled at each other.

Angus said to Alastair, "You take the first cabin and Miss Crane can take the second. David, you and Ann tuck into the other one. I'll take the wheel and let Willi get some rest." He pulled a cushion from the wicker chair and threw it on the deck. "Here you are, Willi."

"I'm not going to stay in a cabin alone." Laurel looked at David.

David said, "You can stay with Ann."

Laurel said, "I want to be in the same cabin with you. I'll feel better if there's a man there. Couldn't the three of us. . . ."

Ann spoke up. "Of course."

Laurel lay, straight and tense, beside Ann. David, in the opposite bunk, had his arm over his eyes shielding them from the light. Sleep was out of the question. Suddenly Laurel struck her fist against the bulkhead. "Can't we talk about something? Do we just have to lie here thinking about having our backs broken or . . ." She broke off, shivering.

"Are you afraid to say drowning?" Ann asked.

David said, "What do you want to talk about? Money?"

"David, don't joke." Laurel was close to hysteria.

"I'm not joking. Money's a fascinating subject. They say you can buy anything with money except love. It's a very old saw, but interesting." David took his arm away from his eyes. "Seriously," he said, "I've been giving the details some thought. What I thought was, we'll give Ann everything. I've pretty well messed up her life with my stupid behavior. I owe her something in return."

Ann rolled over on her side and faced him. "David, don't talk that. . . ."

"You keep still," David said. "Laurel wants to talk." He went on, addressing Laurel. "We'll have each other, Laurel. We can start over. Then there's that hundred and fifty thousand I gave you in cash and securities when we separated. We'll be able to manage even if I don't get a picture for a while. I'm free-lancing now, you know. The Tower contract is over."

Laurel said, "What do you mean, give everything to Ann?"

"Isn't it a good solution? Ann gets my property and my money, what there is of it, and you get . . . me."

Laurel sat up and looked from him to Ann. "But David . . . I don't think Ann would want you to start all. . . ."

A wave hit them amidships and the *Humuhumunukunuku* wallowed for a moment which seemed endless in the trough. They could hear Willi shouting, "Keep her just this side of sixty!" and Angus yelling back, "What the hell do you think I'm doing, experimenting?"

After rolling recklessly from side to side she righted herself and went back to pitching up and down, groaning and shivering and wrenching at the seams, slapping down into the trough as though she were going into battle and each time she rose on the crest moaning as though it were her last.

David said, "How much is left of the hundred and fifty thousand? A hundred thousand?"



"Why do you harp on something so unimportant when we're apt to tip over any minute?" Laurel moaned.

"How much do you have left, Laurel?"

"You mean you want me to give it to you?"

"To me? No. But we might possibly need it, you and I," David said.

Laurel's voice was nervous. "Your salary...."

"Can't count on picture salaries without a contract," David said pleasantly.

Laurel was almost in tears. "I can't think about money now."

"You can remember how much you have left." David sat up and leaned forward grasping the edge of the bunk. "Can't you?"

Laurel was breathing a little faster. "None," she said finally. "There isn't any of it left."

"Oh," David said. He lay down again and put his arm over his eyes.

"Why?" Laurel said then.

"I just wondered," said David.

After that nobody spoke for a long time. Presently Ann whispered, "David?" and he didn't answer. She turned to look at Laurel, whose eyes were closed. She said, "Laurel, are you asleep?"

"No," Laurel said.

"I'm going above," Ann whispered. "I can't stand just lying here."

"All right."

Ann sat up. Then she leaned back and whispered, "I think you've been very foolish."

"I don't need your advice," Laurel said without opening her eyes.

"I haven't finished," Ann whispered. "I think you're very foolish to think that you can have David without a fight. Because now you can't. I didn't fight because I didn't think I should try to fight love. But I can fight greed and cowardice and I'm going to, if we get ashore. You just try and patch this up, Lucrezia Borgia. *Just try.*"

"If you're going, go," Laurel said. "Don't sit there hissing in my ear. I don't like it."

If Ann's back hadn't been turned and she hadn't been so busy trying to keep her feet she would have seen one of David's eyes open cautiously as she pitched through the doorway and fell on one elbow. But nursing the elbow took all her attention and she wasn't aware of the eye or of the tender gleam in it. Rubbing the elbow, she clambered into the main cabin and fell down again immediately. Angus turned his attention to her briefly. "I would suggest," he said, "that if you have some place to go, you crawl."

"I was thinking of it," Ann said. "But I think, if I'm not in the way, I'll just sit here."

Caroline turned her head and said, "I'm sick, Ann, but I'm very happy." Randy's head was pillowed on her shoulder and he was sound asleep.

Ann said, politely, "I'm glad, Caroline."

"I thought you would be," Caroline said. She turned her head back again.

Ann said, "I'm not as unhappy as I was, Caroline."

"That's good," Caroline said.

"As far as I can make out," said Angus, wrestling with the wheel, "I have a boatloadful of very happy and optimistic people."

Alastair's voice, from the first cabin, was hollow. "No you haven't."

Then nobody spoke for a long time. Ann braced her back against the long table and the *Humuhumunukunuku* rolled and crashed and groaned and shivered and Angus sat grimly holding the wheel and perspiring. Caroline apparently went to sleep because her breathing grew deeper and more even. An hour and a half later by Ann's watch, Willi started up from what had seemed to be a deep and dreamless sleep. He went over to the wheel. "We're about in," he said.

Angus silently turned the wheel over to him and lurched through the cabin to the afterdeck. He stood there in the wind and the dark for a moment and then came back in. He said to Ann, "Go down and wake your husband and the others. Tell them there are life preservers under the bunks. You put one on, too." He woke Randy and Caroline and thrust two life preservers into Caroline's arms. As Randy struggled to his feet Caroline thrust a life belt at him. "We're dressing tonight, dear. The studs are all in. Put it on."

"Just what I've always wanted," Randy said, taking it, "a strait-jacket. Where are we?"

"I don't know," said Angus. "Off Makapuu somewhere, I believe."

Randy was struggling with the fastenings of Caroline's life belt. Caroline, quite white, said, "Well, it's been nice. The pretzels were wonderful. You must give me your recipe."

Angus said, "I want to say I think you're swell, both of you."

Caroline shuddered. "Don't say swell. The word carries memories."

Below, David tied Ann into a life belt and took her face between his two hands, leaning down to kiss her on the mouth. "Stay close to me," he whispered. "And I don't mean just now, Ann, I mean always." He turned to help Laurel. She was holding her breath. Her eyes were big with fear. Clearly, she wasn't giving a damn right then about anybody but Laurel. She said,

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ILLUSTRATED BY BRADSHAW CRANDELL



Ann was holding David's head. "He'll speak to me," she said. "From now on, I'm the only one he will speak to!"



Big-business girl who works on a budget: coffee-drinking Rita Johnson



Scotchman born in Mexico: Nigel "Willie" Bruce, synonym of a happy man



Self-supporting—by determined choice —since her English teens: Virginia Field

Round-Up of PACE



One-man band in the thespian parade, actor on and off stage: Claude Rains



Normal, overtalkative, life-is-wonderful seventeener: Bonita Granville



Beloved hypocrite, actor with a writer's talent and income: J. Carrol Naish

Make this "get acquainted month" and add eight more deserving names to your list of film friends



John Hubbard: he went fishing in his own back yard and got a screen nibble

SETTERS



Jean Cagney: she markets with a paper bag and acts with the family flair

BY SARA HAMILTON

VILLAINS, heavies, heroines, leading ladies, character men and heroes! These are the trusty folk who form the perfect setting for the stars that rate top billing. And yet, the villain, the heavy, the leading lady and the character actor are so often the ones we remember the longest, because we grow to know and love them as old friends who never let us down with a mediocre performance.

Year after year they impress themselves on our visual memories, always faithful to their roles and to us. Where stars may fail, they never do. So—to them—we offer a salute, first to a very heavy heavy—

Mr. Joseph Patrick Carrol Naish:

The dark curling hair, the soft dark eyes and swarthy skin are the last things you'd expect of an Irishman born and raised in Harlem, of all places. Yet they've enabled Naish (pronounced Nash) to play every type of role—Arab, Frenchman, Hindu (who does the best he kin do), and well, everything but an Irishman, begorra. In his last three pictures, "Typhoon," "Golden Gloves" and "Queen of the Mob," Naish uses three different lingos that sound so authentic you begin to doubt the Irish story.

Born Joseph Patrick Carrol Naish and baptized in the rear of a Lexington Avenue saloon, for want of a handy church, he streamlined his name to Carrol Naish when he became an actor and then decided the whole thing sounded too sissy for any good. So he stuck a "J." on the front to give it manliness.

He claims environment actually taught him the rudiments of acting, for the toughness of his Lexington Avenue neighborhood forced little Joey Naish to fight and swear with the best of them, while inside his home he was a lambie-pie from heaven.

Thus he became a hypocrite at a very tender age and still is, at an age not quite so tender; for on the screen Naish is either the last word in a louse de luxe or next door to it, while off screen he is having published the serial story of *Roxnox*, the lizard, he made up himself to amuse his beloved little daughter, Elaine.

The war interrupted any plans he may have had for further education after high school. In 1917 he was in France and either didn't pay any attention to the fact the war was over, or didn't care, for it was 1927 before Naish came home again to America. For ten years previous he had been an adventurer throughout the towns and cities of Europe and Asia, living by his wits, poker and luck.

An accident brought him to Hollywood. An oiler en route to Shanghai, with Naish as a member of the crew, met with an accident off the coast of San Pedro and, having heard of Hollywood, our roamer decided to investigate while the ship awaited repairs. He never left. Joining the cast of "Shanghai Gesture," with Florence Reed in Los Angeles, he fell in love with actress Gladys Heaney, got himself married, landed a job in pictures and has been here ever since—a recognized top character actor who by sheer knowledge and artistry, and not through make-up, is acclaimed the tops.

He's proud of his County Limerick forebears. Hollywood is prouder of a good citizen, a gentle husband and father, and a great actor.

Bachelor Girl—In Hollywood

Rita Johnson, the girl with the laughing eyes, has finally come into her own as *Mrs. Edison*, Spencer Tracy's wife in, "Edison, The Man." Rita has waited a long, long time for that chance, but things always come the long, slow, tedious patient-waiting way for Rita. Only once did something happen to her suddenly out of the blue. That was when John Stahl asked her to read for him out at Universal; the next day there she was in "A Letter of Introduction." Since that, she has made more than a score of pictures, boom, one right after another. In fact, she was finishing "Congo Maisie," working with Eddie Cantor in "Forty Little Mothers" and rehearsing for "Edison" all at the same time.

Rita's attempts to become an actress would have broken the spirit of a less determined young lady. Attending high school in Worcester, Massachusetts, where she was born, she tried desperately—and futilely—to get just one little role in a class play. The play director kept explaining he was afraid Rita would never learn to be an actress. Her prize possession is a telegram of congratulations from the play director after she signed with M-G-M.

After high school she went to work in her mother's tearoom in order to get money for dramatic lessons. Then, glory be, a stock company came to Worcester and Rita was promised a job if she'd sell so many subscriptions. In the company were Rosalind Russell, Lynne Overman and Madge Kennedy. Roz and Lynne were unknown to Hollywood then, and vice versa, we may say. Anyway, Rita sold the season subscriptions and in two weeks the stock company folded when someone ran off with all the money.

Back to the tearoom went Rita, this time to earn money to pay back the season ticket holders. The stage seemed farther away than ever. But at last—a long hard at last—after her debts were paid, Rita joined a stock company in Milwaukee with Florence Reed and Conrad Nagel and later toured New England with Louise Galloway, playing in town halls and schoolhouses. More stock company training, more disappointments, more days of getting down to the last red cent; and then a job on Broadway in a Theater Guild show and finally Hollywood, where she failed completely in a test for Sam Goldwyn's picture, "Dead End."

"Why not just make one test for us while you're here?" M-G-M insisted, so Rita made the test, finished at seven, and at eight was on the plane bound for New York. They wired her to come back; she did; and the picture flopped. A whole long year, packed with more waiting, rolled around before "A Letter of Introduction."

She has no particular heart interest. Is modern, smart, keeps her skin smooth and clean with soap and water, likes to go dancing at the smart spots once in a while, writes to her family regularly, mother, brother, father in Worcester, wears good-looking clothes, keeps within a budget, has a part-time maid and drinks entirely too much coffee. In the studio commissary they just automatically bring coffee, cup after cup, to her table.

She'll get a run on food, ordering the same thing over and over. This month it's filet of sole. Last month it was chicken curry.

Her wedding scene to Spencer Tracy in "Edison" was barely over before Assistant Director Red Golden began screaming for her to change costume for the scene with their two children.

"What a honeymoon that turned out to be," Rita sighed.

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Love HAS WINGS





FREE as air is the Twentieth Century woman, no longer earthbound, but with all the sky for her playground. And typical of young moderns is Ginger Rogers, now legally free from Lew Ayres after four long years of separation. Like others of her generation—whether for sheer love of adventure, or for love itself—Ginger has taken to the air! More fortunate than most, however, she has for her almost inseparable companion one of the world's finest aviators, Howard Hughes. And what does a first-magnitude star wear, as partner of an internationally famous millionaire flyer, on a quick plane hop for lunch many, many miles away or a lazier trip through the wine-clear atmosphere above the California valleys? New as this cloud-life is, fashion has not had time to catch up and dictate wardrobe demands. Yet airplanes have progressed so far toward comfort and ease that flying femininity has already discarded the heavy wool and leather costumes of pioneer days, in favor of the practical slack suit. That's why noted portrait painter Neysa McMein pictures Ginger in grey gabardine, as loose and unconfining and light of weight as her new freedom, with a one-button cardigan jacket and a crimson ascot as vivid as the color of love itself! Imagination carries the printed page a step further and we see Ginger turn expectantly toward the incoming plane, her new emerald with its flashing baguette diamonds winking like a prophecy from her engagement finger—for this is Twentieth Century courtship, the modern prelude to marriage. Today, the poetic prophecy has come true and love has wings!

As Ginger Rogers takes flight from loneliness toward romance, Neysa McMein—one of our most famous women artists—offers her conception of Howard Hughes' fascinating new flying companion



G stands for the Glitter of sequins on a smart summer robe . . . for Miss Goddard herself . . . for "The Ghost Breakers," Paramount picture with which she and Bob Hope follow up their "Cat and Canary" success . . . and "The Great Dictator," eagerly awaited Chaplin production in which she also appears. Whether or not Paulette is Mrs. Charlie in private life—a question long dying of its own weight—she's asserting her independence as one of the most promising new stars by making more and more films for other producers . . . and more and more rounds of Hollywood night spots with other escorts

Richee

Illustration of the "lovingly re-created" nursery setting in the Warner screen version of "All This, and Heaven Too"

Author and heroine: Rachel Field and Bette Davis

Personifying Miss Field's proud duke and unassuming governess: Charles Boyer and Bette Davis

BY RACHEL FIELD

THERE is a queer pattern of inevitability in our lives that may appear at intervals like some colored thread in a design. Perhaps it crops out in one place only to disappear before it shows again in another. It has been like that for me in the case of a certain book which had been on my mind to write long before writing was to become my profession. That book finally appeared in print in October, 1938, and that same year was bought by Warner Brothers because it seemed peculiarly fitted to the qualities and personality of Bette Davis.

If you have read "All This, and Heaven Too" you will know why it has a rather unusual significance for me, for the novel is based upon actual fact that is stranger than fiction and it happens to tell the true story of a woman whose tragic and triumphant experiences have haunted me from childhood.

I shall not attempt to retell that story here—it is between covers for anyone to read and before long it will be brought to the screen for motion-picture audiences to see. I suppose the book will always be a special favorite of mine since the heroine, Henriette Desportes, whose French surname was later changed by marriage to Field, happened to be my great-aunt.



As victims of a tragic marriage: Boyer and Barbara O'Neil

Boyer greets his studio-chosen family: Virginia Weidler, Ann Todd, June Lockhart and Richard Nichols (left to right)

SURPRISE ENDING

Film versions of best selling novels have been known to take strange twists—but let the noted author of "All This, and Heaven Too" tell what happened to her brain child!

Out of scattered anecdotes and family myths; out of history books, worn and yellow newspapers and Paris police records this novel was pieced together and written. Now, nearly a hundred years later, in a medium undreamed of by those who actually lived the drama, it will be re-created again by artists of such fine and recognized ability as Bette Davis, Charles Boyer, Barbara O'Neil, Harry Davenport, Fritz Leiber, Jeffrey Lynn, Janet Beecher, Helen Westley, Walter Hampden, and many others.

I shall have more to say of them later, but first I must return to that strange pattern of circumstance that takes me back to a fall journey some years ago before a single word of "All This, and Heaven Too" was put on paper.

I was taking a train from à New England coast town to New York and the day was very warm and the cars overcrowded. I climbed aboard loaded down with a heavy suitcase and a large black dog box containing a pet Scottie who couldn't possibly be banished to the baggage car. Down one aisle after another I bumped my way, hunting in vain for an empty seat. But all were filled and it looked as if there would be no place for us anywhere. At last a handsome woman, blue-eyed and smiling, took pity on my plight, moved two bags to a rack and beckoned me over with my load. I sank down beside her gratefully, the dog box stowed under my feet, and after I had recovered my breath we fell into conversation. It seemed that the lady was going to New York to visit her daughter and her daughter was very fond of dogs. That was the reason she had been so sympathetic when she saw me struggling with the big box with its telltale wire ventilators at either end for a black nose to sniff through. It was pleasant to show the Scottie and talk about dogs to such a congenial seat mate and somehow the lady's daughter kept creeping more and more into our conversation. She was an actress, it seemed, and though she was very young she had already played a number of roles. Indeed she was just about to open on Broadway in a play with Richard Bennett. A play called "Solid South."

"What is your daughter's name?" I ventured when I heard this.

"Davis," the lady told me, "Bette Davis. You pronounce it Betty, not Bet."

I repeated the name and promised to remember and watch for it in the future. It was a promise that hasn't been at all difficult to keep!

IT SEEMS strange to recall that fall journey in the hot, crowded train and to think of all the varied parts that Bette Davis has created for us in the years since then: *Mildred* in "Of Human Bondage"; *Gabby* in "The Petrified Forest"; the Southern flirt of "Jezebel"; *Louise* of "The Sisters"; Carlotta, the tragic Empress of Mexico; Elizabeth, the Queen of England; the high spirited *Judith* of "Dark Victory"; and the thwarted and bitter *Charlotte* of "The Old Maid," to mention a few of her outstanding characterizations. Certainly it never entered my head as I left that train at the Grand Central Station and said good-by to my traveling companion that someday I would write a book that would be bought for her daughter (who still loves dogs) to play the heroine's role.

Not all beginnings have been so pleasant or have continued to bring me such good fortune as that one did. But when I met Bette Davis last year I knew that I could entrust my heroine to her hands with perfect confidence. Whatever role she has undertaken bears the authentic mark of her own intelligence and integrity plus her uncanny power to project herself into the emotions of the characters she has portrayed.

(Continued on page 68)



1. You'll stock up on the world's most precious commodity, laughter, when you see this hilarious full-length melodrama of poor Mary Wilson (Anita Louise), who learns from nasty lawyer Cribbs (Alan Mowbray) that she and her widowed mother must leave the little home where they were once so happy. "Unless," he smirks, "Mary prefers to consider a profitable occupation I could suggest—?"



2. But Mary takes to the woods, carrying their winter coal money as part payment to the wealthy young mortgage-holder, Edward Middleton (Richard Cromwell). Comes the dawn of love at first sight



5. Alas! Even this gem of purest ray serene is powerless to help Edward quench the fiery thirst which sears his body. 'Tis the last bitter pill for Mary's mother, and she dies. Stricken with remorse, he deserts poor Mary and their child



9. Bitter Dregs. Having taken the helpless waifs under his wing, William enlists the aid of Frederick Healy, beloved Temperance leader, to save Edward. And they find him (in a barn) about to take the coward's way out—poison!



THE VILLAIN STILL PURSUED HER

RKO revives a famous Temperance play (vintage 1844)—and invites us all to hiss the black-hearted gent with the curling mustachio!



11. At last, the missing will! What will? Sh—the very one William's sister (Joyce Compton) saw Cribbs bury years ago. Poor child, she has only now recovered her wits—as well as her memory—from the unkind blow he gave her



3. Let the wedding bells ring out! Yet Mary will rue the day she crossed the path of Silas Cribbs. As keeper of the skeletons in the Middleton family closet, the wily lawyer knows all too well the curse young Edward's heir to! Craftily, he leads him to the kitchen just before the ceremony and inveigles him into drinking a toast to his lovely intended—with Demon Rum



4. Betrayed by a Breath. As her mother (Margaret Hamilton) bows her head in shame, his loyal bride enfolds him in the calm strength of her love: "Please do not raise your voice to me, Edward; if you have fallen, I will raise you up"



o liquor money left—and yet some waning spark anhood resists Cribbs' temptation into crime. etched as I am," cries Edward, "I would sooner h than give cause to my dear child to blush!"



7. Meanwhile, his angel daughter languishes with her mamma in a cold and comfortless garret. Will no one come to save them? Hark. A step. Horrors! It is Cribbs. At last he has Mary in his power



8. To the rescue! It is honest William, the family friend (Buster Keaton). Virtue is triumphant, and he taunts the fallen fiend: "Be off, you vermin—before I play 'Yankee Doodle' on your breeches!"



0. Foiled! But not for long, though Healy has persuaded dward to sign The Pledge. Perhaps—yes—if Edward were jail, Cribbs can gain possession of the Middleton estate! everishly, he forges Healy's name in Edward's handwriting



2. The Wages of Sin, or The Villain Unmasked. Confronted by his perfidy, under the sternly moral eyes of Healy Hugh Herbert) and William, Cribbs confesses all before he prison gates close behind him and his baleful influence



Final Tableau (to the haunting strains of "Home, Sweet Home"): Safe in the bosom of his family, among his pious friends—for Edward is cured. All of which goes to show with what fond fidelity "The Villain Still Pursued Her" follows that hundred-year-old melodrama once known as "The Fallen Saved"!



1. $55,000 was paid for film rights to a story in which Philadelphia foibles will be revealed by this star—who reveals enough to make any plot exciting!



2. There are two excellent reasons (and you can see for yourself that they merit attention!) why this lithe little lady continues to tap out new figures for box-office records. Recognize them?



3. "Body by ———." Can you fill in the blank with the name of the most widely-publicized legs in all the decades of Hollywood history?

4. Not since Fritzi Scheff introduced "Kiss Me Again" has any girl been so closely identified with a song as this one, whose "Heart Belongs to Daddy"!

5. Any doubt of the popularity of this comedienne was speedily settled by a recent record-breaking personal appearance tour. The fans proved they'd like to see a lot more of her. Do you blame them?

6. Once there were two traveling salesmen who didn't use the name of this charmer in a funny story—oh, well, we don't believe it, either!







7. Remember that one about: "If you were going to be cast away on a desert island, what ten books would you take along?" Along came this Southern belle—and took the place of all TEN books in masculine imaginations



8. One reason this star has set more styles than any other actress—her dress designers really have something to design for! Any doubt who she is?



9. She's now the dancing star of a Broadway hit—so Hollywood will have to postpone its college films until its favorite co-ed comes home

10. This mother of two was co-starred, not so very long ago, in a film called "The Perfect Specimen"—which seems a fitting description. Any arguments?



I'D KNOW THAT FIGURE ANYWHERE!

Presenting a new kind of "InFORMation, Please" quiz! It has nothing to do with mathematics, but it does prod your knowledge of figures. Often, admiring a screenlined beauty, you've probably murmured: "I'd know that figure anywhere!" But WOULD you? Can you recognize these masked marvels of feminine pulchritude? There's no time limit—who wants to hurry over such a provocative problem? Yet even a Santa Monica lifeguard or a Hollywood masseuse might have to turn to page 70 to identify every one!

11. We know now where they got that title with which they labeled this glamour girl. One look at this picture knocked the breath right out of us and we automatically said—



Banner year for the gifted namesake of the John Payne who wrote "Home, Sweet Home"! Past professional wrestler, future heir to a family fortune, he's now the 1940 star hope of 20th Century-Fox, where he heads the "Maryland" cast. As though that were not enough good luck, he and Anne Shirley expect their first-born this summer

Myrna's back from Montana—from a visit with Mother to childhood scenes, back to husband Arthur Hornblow and their quiet home among a wilderness of flowers in Hidden Valley Lane, Cold Water Canyon. And back to work on a new Loy-Bill Powell picture—no "Thin Man" this time, but the romantic "I Love You Again." P. S. Her huge straw sombrero is the latest film craze for wear with dark summer cottons

Willinger

WE COVER THE STUDIOS



"South of Pago Pago" digs up the old sarong for Jon Hall and Frances Farmer—but offers them a new plot



Ralph Murphy has unearthed a very diverting secret about the Powell-Blondell private life, in directing Dick and Joan for "I Want a Divorce"

Showing how scenes from their pre-Hollywood life can return to haunt the biggest stars in the new films!

BY JACK WADE

THERE'S no doubt about it—if you're a Hollywood star with a private life or a past, sooner or later it will crop out in a picture. This month, for some reason, the studios are dipping into the pasts of our favorite stars and serving them up dripping with drama. Out at Warners in "The Life of Knute Rockne," for instance, Pat O'Brien is charging around on Notre Dame football fields, as he did in his college days. Clark Gable in "Boom Town" is back in the Texas oil fields (Hollywood style) that gave him his start twenty years ago. And at Paramount, we discover, the entire cast of "I Want a Divorce," including Dick Powell and Joan Blondell, has told it, at one time or another, to the judge!

The picture of the month for us is "Boom Town," with Clark and Claudette Colbert, Spencer Tracy and Hedy Lamarr on one set. M-G-M's writers have made Gable a reckless, lucky "wild-catter," one *Big John,* who strikes it rich in a Texas oil-boom town. He takes an oil field from his pal, Spencer Tracy *(Square John),* with a flip of a coin and also Spence's girl, Claudette, with a wink of his big blue eyes. When he takes his millions to Manhattan for a spree, Hedy Lamarr takes Clark.

That's a pretty stingy way, we admit, to sum up a story that has Clark almost as excited as "Gone With the Wind" and every other of that big-time star quartet likewise pleased as punch—a neat trick in these temperamental times. A long-suffering part for Tracy, a sexy siren for Hedy, a virtuous Claudette and a virile Gable—what more could any one of them ask?

Clark is wearing that china grin when we find him down on the back lot at Metro. One reason, he says, is that "Boom Town" slips him back into rough-and-ready he-man clothes again. High-heeled boots, Stetson, corduroy coat and bandana—that's the Gable style we see, though later in the picture Clark gets to be a flashy Beau Brummel. "I've got more costume changes than Claudette and Hedy put together," he grins proudly.

"That," says Claudette, "is perfectly all right with Claudette—considering the snappy fashion ideas of the

(Continued on page 72)



"Foreign Correspondent" gi
actors Joel McCrea and Herb
Marshall and director Alfr
Hitchcock plenty to worry ab



Donald Crisp and Charles Brown have their hands full, trying to re-form the famous screen gangste Eddie Robinson, in "Brother O

Photoplay's Vacation Fashions



VIRGINIA BRUCE . . .
takes a holiday after Warners' "Flight Angels." Her frock is the country casual requisite for a well-dressed vacation: snow-white jersey shirt-frock with striped-knit midriff, blazer and ascot. Virginia's costume is from Harry Cooper, Hollywood. Try wedge-heel ghillies this summer. You'll find them as comfortable as Virginia does

Welbourne

GWENN WALTERS
Fashion Editor
Associate Fashion Editors:
Frances Hughes, June Smith, Peggy Sweet

Prices quoted on these pages may vary in different sections of the country

BE A LITTLE INDE

Pardon the pun, but be as literal as you like about its meaning. This is "your" summer, to be pert or pretty . . . sophisticated or ingénue . . . to wear coats short or long . . . printed dresses or plain . . . skirts siren-slim or frivolously full. When Fashion finally says, "It's up to YOU!" make the most of your new-found independence



THIS SHORT-COAT ENSEMBLE stars a bright red brass-buttoned jacket that combines with day or evening dresses and separate skirts. The dress is a pleated shirt-frock of star-checked gingham. If you're the sophisticated type like Patricia Morison of Paramount's "Untamed," choose "this"

Around $15. Franklin Simon, New York; Carson, Pirie Scott, Chicago.



THE LONG-COAT ENSEMBLE—if you're like Fay Wray, will suit you to a T—"T" for twin prints. A flared-skirt frock of brown and white daisy-print Crown Tested rayon crepe, and long fitted coat of twin-print chiffon, collared and cuffed in eyelet-piqué. Dress and coat lead useful lives on their own

$25. Jordan Marsh Co., Boston; Wm. Block, Indianapolis; and Myer Siegel & Co., Los Angeles.

THIS SUMMER'S DIRNDL—bold about stripes but restrained about fullness, keeping it all in front. Two tones of pink Oxford crepe, woven of Celanese rayon and silk, with pockets, pearl buttons and a high-low neck. Worn by Rita Hayworth, Columbia starlet appearing in M-G-M's "Susan and God"

Lord and Taylor, New York. $29.95.

PENDENT ★ ★ ★



FUN WITH A FLARE—a frock of transparent black silk marquisette, posed over a layer of white, and then over a black taffeta sheath. The perfect frock for twilight dining and dancing. The organdie frosting is a delightful feminine touch. So becoming to the blonde beauty of Phyllis Brooks, RKO star, that all other blondes will want to copy — and can

Around $23. Lord & Taylor, New York; Forester & Co., Waterbury.

Tom Kelly



THE NEW SLIMMER FROCK of navy Crown Tested rayon sheer introduces its slimness by easy stages, adding the flattery of hip-pockets and a fluffy collar of organdie and lace. Such fullness as there is clusters smack in front. A bright red belt is electrifying. Marsha Hunt of M-G-M's "Pride and Prejudice" wears it beautifully. Perhaps this suits you, too

$19.95. Albert Steiger, Springfield, Mass.; Addis Conrad's, Boston. Addis Company, Syracuse;



THIS SUMMER'S SHIRTWAIST DRESS makes a striking point of long full sleeves—of grey and white stripes and of buttons from neck to hem—in Jersanese, a Celanese rayon jersey fabric. It suits the perky personality of June Storey, leading lady for Gene Autry in Republic's "Gaucho Serenade"

$22.95. Bonwit Teller, New York; I. Magnin, Los Angeles.





If you have any dashing dude-ranch vacation plans be sure to copy this costume worn by little Anne Baxter, now appearing in M-G-M's "20 Mule Team": a blue denim flaring skirt and loose bush jacket; and a gay red bandana shirt that even a hardened cowboy would envy. Costume designed by Wanda; selected from Nobby Knit, Beverly Hills

More of Anne Baxter (upper right), having herself a time in blue linen slacks and jacket from Louella Ballerino, and a blue and yellow plaid shirt that puts all the boys to shame. Note the jacket's big patch pockets and the sleeves that will push up casually or button tightly at the wrist. Anne chose her outfit from Nancy's, Hollywood

Here at the right is vivid little Judy Garland of M-G-M's "Strike Up the Band." On sizzling summer days Judy whips around in a crisp white linen jacket-frock from Lanz of California, bordered in hoot-mon plaid. She wears her heart on her shoes and gloves—in bright red on navy, with an upside-down bowl of red felt for a hat

YOUNG FUN

LET COLOR *Go to your head*



There's a deeper and more tender gleam in Ginger Rogers' eyes, at work on the set of "Lucky Partners." There's a deeper and more dramatic tinge to her once red-golden hair. Perhaps the eyes confirm the romance rumors flying about her head, but the hair's a result of a conspiracy with her hairdresser!



That the tinge of your tresses can strongly influence both your love life and career is demonstrated by Joan Bennett, whose switch from naive blonde to sophisticated brunette heralded stronger characterizations in her pictures—and the role of Mrs. Walter Wanger in private life (no pun—by this time!)

Feel dull and drab and depressed?

Feel like a bore—even to yourself?

Get a brand-new beauty philosophy!

Let your slogan be: "Do AND Dye"

HEADS are coming out from under cover! Oh, you'll be wearing silly hats and big hats and wispy turbans that are no hats at all, but there'll be plenty of times, during this pleasant outdoorsy weather, when your whole head of hair will be exposed in what we can only hope will be its full glory. If you succumb to the current fancy for ultrafeminine parasols, it will be exposed even more than usual for this time of year.

Coiffure styles are much simpler than in more formal seasons. They need careful design to be flattering, but it's true functional design that offers you the greatest comfort and convenience. The softer, looser waves necessary for the quick change from daytime sports to moonlight waltzes are easier to handle than the more elaborate hairdresses of springtime. Yet that means added emphasis on sheen and color. Particularly color!

If you haven't thought that question of color can make all the difference in the world just consider the case of Joan Bennett, who changed overnight from a little blonde ingénue into a sophisticated brunette. Actresses have always known how important the color of one's hair can be—not only for characterization, but for personality. As your horizons broaden and your experiences deepen in significance, your outlook changes, your temperament takes on a different tinge. Unfortunately, nature takes little outward cognizance of these changes. The mousey little girl with drab tresses may turn into a flaming personality almost overnight, but does her hair turn Titian? The baby-faced blonde of school days may develop into a mature, sophisticated woman, but does her hair assume a raven hue?

We change our make-up as our personalities change. The flamboyant high-school girl softens her shades of rouge and lipstick as she settles down to a more serene life. The quiet little scholar learns to use cosmetics with a free but expert hand as she adapts herself to her first important job. They aren't actresses, but they are every bit as much aware that their make-up stamps their personalities and sets the keynote for their charm. Then why shouldn't they change the color of their hair as well?

After all, tints and rinses are cosmetics, too, and every woman (particularly at "heartbreak age," when those first telltale gray hairs appear) should feel free to avail herself of the dramatic color range they offer.

(Continued on page 76)

PINS and NEEDLES

PHOTOPLAY-McCALL PATTERNS

plus a few yards of smart fabrics and you are well on your way to owning this varied trio of frocks for summertime



3792—A WHITE BASIC frock designed as foil for your gayest accessories and jackets. You'll love its bloused back, surplice V-neckline and flaring skirt

3806—A DARK SHEER destined to make you beautiful and keep you cool when you must be dressed up. The blouse and skirt fullness are gathered into a waist yoke

3796—AND A PRINT, of course. The tricky apron front of this design is very new and the little ruffle edging to match the sleeve trim is very feminine indeed

The symbol (Ph) *identifies these* PHOTOPLAY-McCALL PATTERNS *available at leading department stores throughout the country*



DOTTED SWISS DUET—a shirtwaist and skirt as quaint as your grandma's daguerreotype. The bodice is tucked, the skirt billows out over a crisp taffeta petticoat, and there's a trailing black velvet sash and bow. A sweet dress for bridesmaids or for graduation. You'll borrow the blouse for summer suits, too. The shirtwaist, $3; the skirt, $7.95, at Marshall Field's, Chicago



Marian Stephenson

THE ROSE MAIDEN—pert little rose-print organdie duet. The bodice—a blouse you'll wear with other skirts—has a ruffled neck, velvet bows and cute puffed sleeves. The waltzing skirt has ruffled flounces and a rustling taffeta underskirt. The blouse, $4; the skirt, $10.95, at Marshall Field's, Chicago. Helen will next appear in Universal's "I'm Nobody's Sweetheart Now"



Helen Parrish interviews Cynthia, famous wax mannequin who presides over the house and heart of Lester Gaba, renowned sculptor. In her demure white dotted Swiss, Helen makes Cynthia look like a hussy

We photographed a radiant young Helen Parrish on her recent visit to New York. Helen was literally bubbling over like champagne, but what girl wouldn't bubble on the day her best beau flew 3,000 miles to present her with his heart—to say nothing of a whopping engagement ring (an aquamarine, her favorite stone)!

We were "shooting" Helen in the crisp summer "separates" you see here (shirtwaists and skirts to you), and it's a wonder to us that she was able to keep her agile young mind on her work.

We took her to the penthouse apartment of Lester Gaba, famous soap sculptor and creator of Cynthia, the world's most publicized wax mannequin. In no time at all Helen had turned this photographic sitting into a lesson in fine arts, for the state of California requires its minors to spend three hours a day in schooling. So Helen fairly badgered Lester Gaba with questions, till she learned more about art in that one morning than most of us can pick up in weeks. Needless to say, she convulsed her host when she thanked him, on leaving, for being her lesson for the day.

SUMMER DUETS

Penny

PARTS 1, 2 & 3—grey and white striped seersucker skirt; patch-pocket cardigan jacket; tailored red Diagonese crepe shirt. Red felt Breton by Betty Betmar. Samsonite Streamline Luggage

PARTS 4 & 5—convertible-neck shirt, new smart longish shorts complete with a patriotic belt, and Betty Betmar's "little boy" cap with a visor. A blue-ribbon outfit guaranteed to take any tennis court by storm

PARTS 4 & 6—selfsame shirt that distinguished itself at tennis plus cuff-bottom slacks with sports-belt. They'll go hiking, golfing, beach-combing, fitting like an English country gentleman's

Julius Garfinckel, Washington; Wm. Taylor & Co., Cleveland; The Manhattan Shop, Hartford, Conn. Claire Angrist, Elizabeth, N. J.



VACATION VARIETIES ON $36

You guessed it! Miss Penny Wise, the little glamour girl who lives on a budget, is going on her vacation—a challenge to any purse, however fat or flat. But it didn't faze Miss P. This little lass knows how to balance her budget. Hers is a simple sleight of hand. She buys two costumes altogether. The rest is teamwork. You start with a 6-part Luxable seersucker suit, "The Country Gentleman," and a 2-part piqué evening dress, "The County Queen," and then turn into a juggler. Conquests follow. Miss Penny Wise leads the way

Wise fashions

(Trademark)

PARTS 7 & 8—"THE COUNTY QUEEN"—a white piqué evening dress and bolero that will stagger the stag line. For dancing, wear the seductive bra-top evening gown, outlined with Irish crochet for false modesty. For dinner, add the crochet-bordered bolero jacket. $10.95

Marian Stephenson

Mandel Brothers, Chicago
Claire Angrist, Elizabeth, N. J.

GAIL PATRICK . . .
dressed, not for a role in a picture as you might well suppose from her cowgirl costume, but for the far more pleasant role of a girl at play in her own back yard. Gail, you see, has just finished her featured role in RKO's gay comedy-romance, "My Favorite Wife," and she's reveling in her new-found leisure and the chance to bask in the sun. Play the cowgirl yourself, why don't you, on your vacation? All you need is a fringed blue denim skirt, a white silk shirt, and a hobnail-studded cowboy belt—a Florence Gainor original from I. Magnin, L. A. You'll find Gail's Mexican sandals as comfortable as they are dashing



Bachrach



Box Fifteen at the Ambassador Hotel tennis matches for British war relief: Mrs. Lewis Milestone, Paulette Goddard, Charles Chaplin (Junior AND Senior)

Floor space at Ciro's for dancing: Loretta Young with Tom Lewis, currently favored by Film Belle No. 1

OTOGRAPHS
HYMAN FINK

Cal York's GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

Laugh with the stars by sunlight—

dance with them by moonlight—live

the Hollywood way with Cal York!

CAL has a soft spot in his heart as big as a watermelon when it comes to romance, so you can imagine our condition (at our time of life, too) when this story of our modern Dante and Beatrice—we mean, of course, Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier—reached our ears.

The pair was performing nightly in "Romeo and Juliet" up San Francisco way, when Hollywood discovered it needed Olivier for one or two retakes on "Pride and Prejudice" and hastily communicated the fact to Mr. Olivier.

"Very well," he agreed, "I'll fly down on a Sunday, but only if you'll pay the flying expenses of Miss Leigh as well."

Studio officials were stumped.

"But Miss Leigh isn't in the picture," they phoned back, thinking to themselves that much balcony-climbing hath driven *Romeo* slightly batty.

Alas, poor *Romeo* knew it only too well, but the ultimatum still stood. He would not be separated from his beloved for the space of even



Appliqued white piqué enlivens the black sheer of Merle Oberon's fashion-wise summer frock; husband Alexander Korda's smile enlivens their table at Ciro's



Roz Russell protects her hair with a snood but shuts her eyes against the sun (and the smiles of Ralph Morgan and John McClain) at the Midwick Country Club



Tongues out—in concentration, not contempt, Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney divide attentions between rival tennis aces at the Ambassador



Country Club family: Jovial Walter Connolly, daughter Anne, and wife Nedda Harrigan (in veiled flower topper with corsage to match)

a few hours. It was either *Romeo* with *Scarlett* or *Romeo* not at all.

They paid Miss Leigh's way. Both ways.

Incidentally, we hear firsthand that Mr. Olivier's *Romeo* leaves something to be desired. On the other hand, we hear Vivien is a dream of a *Juliet.* With Miss Leigh in "Gone With the Wind" also outshining Mr. Olivier's histrionic ability as displayed in "Rebecca," we begin to wonder if love, even such as theirs, can take it.

Could you "took it" if you were in Olivier's place, Cal rises to ask.

Her Heart Did Not Belong to Daddy

MARY MARTIN, who recently became the bride of Richard Halliday, gave Hollywood its biggest jolt. Right when Mary was supposed to be in the throes of a romance with Frederic Drake of Harper's Bazaar, who had flown out to be with her, she threw all the columnists into a dither by calmly—well, no, not calmly—eloping to Las Vegas, Nevada, and marrying Mr. Halliday, story editor of Paramount Studios where Mary is making her second picture, "Ghost Music," with Bing Crosby.

On the very day after her wedding, we talked to the girl who set Broadway on its ear with her "Heart Belongs to Daddy" song. "This," she said, her brown eyes shining, "is the happiest day of my life. Our elopement wasn't a surprise to our families, however, as we discussed it with my mother and telephoned Richard's mother in New York. Our mothers seemed happy about it and so, instead of waiting until I'd made several more pictures as we'd planned, we decided to marry right away. We left at two on Saturday afternoon and drove to Las Vegas." She threw back her head and laughed—"I studied my script all the way there!

"Yes," she went on, in answer to our question, "I have known Richard over a year and a half and I think we knew long ago there was no one else." That took care of Mr. Drake, we thought. This is Mary's second venture into matrimony and Richard's first. Her young son is now eight years old. All Hollywood, who knows the story of Mary's struggles to win fame, wishes her and her bridegroom the best.

'Scuse Photoplay's Red Face, Please

WE apologize, Mr. John Swope. Never in our wildest dreams did we imagine our little commitment would land you in such a dire predicament.

It all happened when we asked Mr. Swope to photograph the exterior of the Brian Aherne-Joan Fontaine home, which picture you see on page 18 of this issue. Mr. Swope, an amazingly fine photographer, consented. But, just as he had his camera set up, he was approached by an officer of



Polo-playing stepdad, with his brood of railbirds-for-the-day: Walter Wanger and his wife, Joan Bennett (in many-stranded necklace and high-peaked turban to match the Paisley print beneath her plain dark redingote), and Joan's two daughters—Melinda (perched upon the post) and Diana (standing)—who are dressed in sister suits and upturned hats of pastel lightweight flannel

the law who demanded to know what the—er—well, what was going on. Mr. Swope explained.

The next thing he knew, everything went black. He found himself being reprimanded by a Hollywood officer who explained that professional photographers are not permitted to shoot pictures on the street.

To think we should do this to such a fine gentleman and photographer covers us with shame. Again we say, 'Scuse it please, Mr. Swope.

In the Swim

ON THE night "The Biscuit Eater" was previewed in Westwood Village, the pets of various stars were displayed in the foyer of the theater.

In the midst of the excitement, one of the publicity men in charge of the show noticed a little cocker spaniel sitting demurely on the floor at the end of the row of kennels.

Whereupon, thinking one of the "invited guests" had gotten loose, he put her into a kennel, where she preened herself as enjoyably as any other canine guest of the evening.

Afterward, when every other pet had been claimed, the little cocker was left alone. The publicity man took her home and it wasn't until four days later that through frantic advertising by Kay Griffith, he discovered that the dog belonged to her.

Seems Kay lives close to the Village theater and while she herself didn't attend the preview, the dog, whose name is "Dreamer," simply entered the dog show on her own.

Elderbloom Chorus

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Not one member is under fifty, but every one of them is as spry as a girl in her teens. They had an elegant time while they were working at Warners and according to Director Louis Seiler they were a lot easier to handle than certain cutie choruses he has worked with.

ANDY HARDY MEETS DEBUTANTE—M

Pacific-Coasters endorse the snood: Like Roz, Ursula McGowan wears one to the Producers vs. Stars charity polo game at the Midwick, escorted by Jackie Cooper

Snobbery or Jobbery?

NO other community, we're sure, adheres so strongly to the caste system as Hollywood. Call it snobbery or jobbery or what you may, it's here, and all this talk of "so kind to the extras" fails to offset the fact the star is not always so friendly with the feature player. We once heard of a star who wouldn't look directly *at* Walter Pidgeon at a party because—well, Walter, who had always had breeding, background and money, hadn't yet achieved stardom. A little conversation at Ciro's, overheard by Cal's prying ears, confirms our statement. On opposite sides of the room sat Garbo and Dietrich.

(Continued on page 66)



Appliqued white piqué enlivens the black sheer of Merle Oberon's fashion-wise summer frock; husband Alexander Korda's smile enlivens their table at Ciro's



Roz Russell protects her hair with a snood but shuts her eyes against the sun (and the smiles of Ralph Morgan and John McClain) at the Midwick Country Club



Tongues out—in concentration, not contempt, Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney divide attentions between rival tennis aces at the Ambassador



Country Club family: Jovial Walter Connolly, daughter Anne, and wife Nedda Harrigan (in veiled flower topper with corsage to match)

a few hours. It was either *Romeo* with *Scarlett* or *Romeo* not at all.

They paid Miss Leigh's way. Both ways.

Incidentally, we hear firsthand that Mr. Olivier's *Romeo* leaves something to be desired. On the other hand, we hear Vivien is a dream of a *Juliet.* With Miss Leigh in "Gone With the Wind" also outshining Mr. Olivier's histrionic ability as displayed in "Rebecca," we begin to wonder if love, even such as theirs, can take it.

Could you "took it" if you were in Olivier's place, Cal rises to ask.

Her Heart Did Not Belong to Daddy

MARY MARTIN, who recently became the bride of Richard Halliday, gave Hollywood its biggest jolt. Right when Mary was supposed to be in the throes of a romance with Frederic Drake of Harper's Bazaar, who had flown out to be with her, she threw all the columnists into a dither by calmly—well, no, not calmly—eloping to Las Vegas, Nevada, and marrying Mr. Halliday, story editor of Paramount Studios where Mary is making her second picture, "Ghost Music," with Bing Crosby.

On the very day after her wedding, we talked to the girl who set Broadway on its ear with her "Heart Belongs to Daddy" song. "This," she said, her brown eyes shining, "is the happiest day of my life. Our elopement wasn't a surprise to our families, however, as we discussed it with my mother and telephoned Richard's mother in New York. Our mothers seemed happy about it and so, instead of waiting until I'd made several more pictures as we'd planned, we decided to marry right away. We left at two on Saturday afternoon and drove to Las Vegas." She threw back her head and laughed—"I studied my script all the way there!

"Yes," she went on, in answer to our question, "I have known Richard over a year and a half and I think we knew long ago there was no one else." That took care of Mr. Drake, we thought. This is Mary's second venture into matrimony and Richard's first. Her young son is now eight years old. All Hollywood, who knows the story of Mary's struggles to win fame, wishes her and her bridegroom the best.

'Scuse Photoplay's Red Face, Please

WE apologize, Mr. John Swope. Never in our wildest dreams did we imagine our little commitment would land you in such a dire predicament.

It all happened when we asked Mr. Swope to photograph the exterior of the Brian Aherne-Joan Fontaine home, which picture you see on page 18 of this issue. Mr. Swope, an amazingly fine photographer, consented. But, just as he had his camera set up, he was approached by an officer of



Polo-playing stepdad, with his brood of railbirds-for-the-day: Walter Wanger and his wife, Joan Bennett (in many-stranded necklace and high-peaked turban to match the Paisley print beneath her plain dark redingote), and Joan's two daughters—Melinda (perched upon the post) and Diana (standing)—who are dressed in sister suits and upturned hats of pastel lightweight flannel

Pacific-Coasters endorse the snood: Like Roz, Ursula McGowan wears one to the Producers vs. Stars charity polo game at the Midwick, escorted by Jackie Cooper

the law who demanded to know what the—er—well, what was going on. Mr. Swope explained.

The next thing he knew, everything went black. He found himself being reprimanded by a Hollywood officer who explained that professional photographers are not permitted to shoot pictures on the street.

To think we should do this to such a fine gentleman and photographer covers us with shame. Again we say, 'Scuse it please, Mr. Swope.

In the Swim

ON THE night "The Biscuit Eater" was previewed in Westwood Village, the pets of various stars were displayed in the foyer of the theater.

In the midst of the excitement, one of the publicity men in charge of the show noticed a little cocker spaniel sitting demurely on the floor at the end of the row of kennels.

Whereupon, thinking one of the "invited guests" had gotten loose, he put her into a kennel, where she preened herself as enjoyably as any other canine guest of the evening.

Afterward, when every other pet had been claimed, the little cocker was left alone. The publicity man took her home and it wasn't until four days later that through frantic advertising by Kay Griffith, he discovered that the dog belonged to her.

Seems Kay lives close to the Village theater and while she herself didn't attend the preview, the dog, whose name is "Dreamer," simply entered the dog show on her own.

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(Continued on page 66)



SATURDAY'S CHILDREN—Warners

YOU who are in love and have the banns out should avoid this anti-marriage propaganda film as you would the plague. It is by no means a cheerful portrait of the marital state; John Garfield, as the young husband tricked into proposing by Anne Shirley, interprets his character in terms of bewilderment and frustration. Claude Rains is cast as Anne's father, who is convinced of life's futility and attempts a melodramatic sacrifice to save his daughter's marriage. All Garfield wants to do is go to the Philippines and invent something, which doesn't make things any better. This is the picture both Jane Bryan and Olivia de Havilland turned down; perhaps you will understand why. Nevertheless, it does have a wealth of human quality.



ALIAS THE DEACON—Universal

HERE'S a new, very corny version of the *Saint—Robin Hood* character, with Bob Burns starred. He operates a crooked card game at a carnival, is discovered and run out of town by the local police. At the next place people think he's a preacher—and, taking his cue, Bob pretends he is while he steals money from the Haves and gives it to the Have-nots. The running gags and dusty jokes are so hoary only Grandpa will remember them, so in a sense they are adequate to the film, which is simply straight hokum anyway. Because of vague direction, the performances get out of hand occasionally. Burns meanders along in an unexciting fashion; Peggy Moran and Dennis O'Keefe serve to provide romance; and Mischa Auer plays a barber.

The Shadow Stage

A REVIEW OF THE NEW PICTURES

THE NATIONAL GUIDE TO MOTION PICTURES



TURNABOUT—Hal Roach-United Artists

THE ineffable Thorne Smith forte was a kind of rollicking hedonism; in "Turnabout," he evolved his series of escapist incidents from one notion: that a married couple, each envious of the other's role in life, might change places with each other. This, of course, created all situations in reverse and made for fine comedy. As screen fare all this is very slaphappy indeed. There is really not a great deal of solid meat. Alluring Carole Landis ("One Million B.C.") plays the wife, John Hubbard the husband. They wake up one morning to find that change we mentioned has taken place; whereupon John minces off to the advertising agency he owns, talking in Carole's voice. Carole stays home and does exercises, climbs a flag pole to fix an aerial and receives the catty wives of John's business partners. The resulting complications are amusing enough. She almost ruins his business life and he does the same by her domestic affairs. Carole and John, in their respective roles, do excellent work—their mannerisms are perfect. An interesting technical point is the smoothness with which the change in voices is handled. Good production and direction are not so important here as the exact casting, which includes Mary Astor, Adolphe Menjou, Bill Gargan, Verree Teasdale, Donald Meek and lots of other first-rate troupers. While "Turnabout" may not be expected to do as good business as Thorne Smith's "Topper," it provides novel entertainment. There is a slight straining for comedy, but, on the whole, seeing this film will give one plenty of laughs.



LAST month it was "Too Many Husbands" and now we have the natural evolution of the sequence—it's a man with two wives, instead of Jean Arthur with two legal mates. There is a startling similarity in story setup. It was Fred MacMurray, in "Too Many Husbands," who got shipwrecked, was pronounced dead and returned to find his wife married to Melvyn Douglas. This time Irene Dunne appears suddenly from a seven-years sojourn on a desert island to find Cary Grant, her spouse, married that day to Gail Patrick. Cary and Gail have just left on their honeymoon, so Irene follows them; she takes a suite at the same San Francisco hotel and then the fun starts. Cary has a dreadful time trying to tell his second wife what has happened and the whole thing is complicated by the fact that Irene and Cary have two children. Oh, yes, there's "Adam." It seems Irene wasn't alone on that island; there was a fellow mariner, and she called him "Adam," and he called her "Eve." In a word. She tries to make Cary think "Adam" is a simple little *Babbitt* who wouldn't hurt a fly, but it turns out to be Randy Scott. You can imagine Cary's feelings. Well, the whole piece, a Leo McCarey-Garson Kanin effort, is superb, with every performer working at capacity talent and with ineffable touches of humor and everyday reality. The sophistication of the theme is evident and the producer lost no chance at slipping blue dialogue past the Hays Office. Granville Bates is a fine judge and the two children, Scotty Beckett and Mary Lou Harrington, are swell.



I WAS AN ADVENTURESS—20th Century-Fox

THE stunning Zorina is presented here in a slightly better light than in previous pictures. The improvement is discernible. Zorina often responds to direction well and, of course, does a beautiful ballet number, most exciting sequence in the film. The action is photographed against a background of pre-war resorts on the Continent and the story, while not very original, is a professionally turned-out tale having to do with glamorous jewel thieves. One is allowed to watch two of their successful efforts and then, during the third, the girl in the gang falls in love with the man she is supposed to rob. Zorina and Richard Greene—he's the intended victim—rush madly into matrimony and she's just relaxing into her new and honest way of life when up pops her past. Her old buddies think she might pay them a little something to insure their silence. That ballet scene we mentioned is brought into the picture as a device and is for sweet charity. It is the Black Swan dance, and worth the price of admission alone. Gregory Ratoff has directed with determination to make the best of his material and often rises above it; the production leaves nothing to be desired. Greene does not have to do much except look handsome, which he manages without effort; however, ugly little Peter Lorre does a magnificent acting job as the apologetic pickpocket. Among the large cast are Cora Witherspoon, Fritz Feld, Roger Imhof and Erich Von Stroheim. The latter gives an excellent portrayal, one fitting to mark this, his return to the Hollywood scene.



WOMEN IN WAR—Republic

WAR-TORN Paris, lovesick nurses looking for men, women in war, women *at* war . . . this is the setup which gives Wendy Barrie a chance to be charmingly insolent and to stand out like a bright light against the colorless cast. Elsie Janis, as a tight-lipped feminine soldier of fortune, is in charge of a hospital. Into it pours a scrapping bevy of nurses. They're all nagging at Wendy who, without malice, is alienating the affections of all the handsome young officers. One of the jilted girls, in a suicidal mood, manages to plop the whole chorus of magpies into heavy shellfire. Miss Janis braves the big guns—she has to, because she knows all along that Wendy is her daughter by one of her marriages a long time ago. Altogether it is a rather stupid picture.



★ OUR TOWN—Sol Lesser-United Artists

LIKE an animated newspaper, this unusual film shows a series of events in the growth and development of a small town, Grover's Corners. Its story principally concerns two families who live in adjoining houses. The daughter in one, Martha Scott, and the son in the other, William Holden, eventually get married and start a home of their own. Frank Craven, drugstore owner, is the narrator of the tale. A mythical death scene, which occurs when Miss Scott is having her second baby and is believed to be dying, changes the tempo of the whole picture from one of rural serenity to one of dramatic tenseness. Fay Bainter, Beulah Bondi, Stuart Erwin all do good work, but the picture often is as slow as Mr. Erwin's drawl.



THE SAINT TAKES OVER—RKO

GEORGE SANDERS has given so many good performances as a revolting bad-man in pictures that his charming portrayal as *The Saint* makes him seem like two other guys. You've undoubtedly read many of the adventures of Leslie Charteris' modern *Robin Hood;* this is one of the best in the film series. In it *The Saint* comes to New York and finds his friend, *Inspector Fernack,* out of office because a gambling syndicate has framed him. Subsequently two of the meanies die miserably and it so happens that *Inspector Fernack* is right on the spot at the time of accident—whereupon everyone decides he is guilty. But not *The Saint.* Helping him plant the crimes where they belong is Paul Guilfoyle. Wendy Barrie plays the girl.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

My Favorite Wife

Our Town

Andy Hardy Meets Debutante

Johnny Apollo

BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Cary Grant in "My Favorite Wife"

Irene Dunne in "My Favorite Wife"

Mickey Rooney in "Andy Hardy Meets Debutante"

Judy Garland in "Andy Hardy Meets Debutante"

Tyrone Power in "Johnny Apollo"

Lynne Overman in "Safari"

Roy Seawright, for technical work in "One Million B.C."

Akim Tamiroff in "The Way of All Flesh"



★ ANDY HARDY MEETS DEBUTANTE—M-G-M

METRO gives us above-average entertainment in this new adventure of *Judge Hardy's* average American family. The reason why this is not just a kids' picture, or just a family problem picture, is that Lewis Stone, Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland are three very talented people. The fun begins when *Judge Hardy* takes his family along on a business trip to New York. However, Mickey is as woebegone as only Mickey Rooney can be, because his school paper insists on his sending back photographic confirmation of his non-existent love affair with Diana Lewis, much publicised glamour girl of the big city. *Judge Hardy* suffers business setbacks and Mickey suffers, too, in his pursuit of young Mrs. Bill Powell. The *Judge* tries to instill some of his philosophic resignation into Mickey's troubled touseled head, but it is Judy Garland, worshipfully tagging Mickey along all this time, who suddenly sets all the world at rights for him. And that takes some doing, since Mickey has got himself into trouble from hot-spot night clubs to fashionable drawing rooms. There is an infinitesimal change in Mickey's usual performance; he does not mug quite so monumentally as in previous *Hardy* films. But mugging or no mugging, he's still Mickey Rooney, one of the top favorites with audiences, sixteen or sixty, right across the nation. Judy Garland does marvelous work; and, of course, everyone will be interested in Diana Lewis, Bill Powell's wife. Altogether, this is one of the best "Hardys" to come along. You'll go home with a warm feeling in your heart after seeing it.



TYPHOON—Paramount

SOME time ago you may have seen a picture in which Dot Lamour was a white girl living alone on a lush tropical island, having been cast away there from a shipwreck when she was little. Then along came Ray Milland and Lynne Overman; and while Overman, obviously impressed by Miss Lamour's exotic beauty but aware of his shortcomings, consoled himself with a friendly monkey, Milland and Dot mooned about under the palm trees. She wore a sarong and Ray took his shirt off and so both sexes in the audience got their share. The thing was called "My Jungle Love" and made pots of money.

Now why Paramount bothered to refilm a single sequence of this for "Typhoon" is a mystery to us. Certainly there is no change in the plot, except Robert Preston replaces Milland and takes off not only his shirt but his pants. Oh, and instead of an earthquake you get a typhoon at the finale. The rest is all the same, even to Overman's coy scenes with the monk. Miss Lamour, it must be added, has improved in appearance. Her sarong has been restyled; the effect is guaranteed. There are a lot of natives, some of whom steal Overman's submarine and some of whom set fire to the island, just before the typhoon comes along. Preston is drunk the first half of the picture and looks terrible, but his jungle love breaks all the rum bottles and thus saves him from an untimely drunkard's grave. In the film's behalf: beautiful color and Miss Lamour—the way she looks—and Overman's humor.

(Continued on page 79)



"A million dollar find"—the critics call her



Baby Bonnie visits Gloria Jean and Bing Crosby on the "If I Had My Way" set



Confidentially, Gloria's dad, here with his wife and four daughters, is getting a kick out of Gloria's success



Since babyhood Gloria's been singing—in local entertainments, radio, now films

BABY Skylark

A personal version of Hollywood's newest success story—Gloria Jean's short and amazing route to stardom

BY DIXIE WILLSON

IT has happened again in Hollywood. As unheralded as the first robin of springtime, twelve-year-old Gloria Jean, with delphinium-blue eyes and tumbled rusty curls, has, in twelve brief months, written her name in electric lights from Nome to Zanzibar!

Not so many months ago, she was just a little girl in a little house in Scranton, Pennsylvania, her Daddy a hustling young piano salesman, her weekly thrill a Saturday morning nickel to see Shirley Temple, Jane Withers and Judy Garland, whom she regarded as part of that same Fairyland in which *Cinderella* rides in a golden coach, and *Rumpelstiltskin* hides in a magic forest. Gloria's geographical description of Hollywood was briefly this: A beautiful Island with palm trees everywhere.

Her favorite uncle was Uncle Jack who, from her tiniest babyhood, taught her songs like "Loch Lomond" and "In the Gloaming." She told me all about it one early evening a few weeks ago, as from the flagstone patio of her present home in the Hollywood hills, we looked down upon the incredible jewel box of the lighted city.

"You see," she explained, "Uncle Jack lived in our house with our family. He was a very great bass and came from Wales and everything."

Under Uncle Jack's tutelage, she sang with an early love and understanding of true and simple melodies. But busy in school, busy at play, busy tending her baby sister, she regarded it as relatively unimportant that she could also sing.

She explained about the baby, whom I hadn't yet seen.

"Our baby is Bonnie," she said. "She's exactly like a lovely redheaded doll!"

"Is she named after one of Uncle Jack's songs?" I inquired.

"Named after a song?" Gloria repeated, puzzled for a moment.

Then she nodded with a quick smile of understanding.

"Oh yes, I know the song you mean," said little Miss 1940. " 'My Bonnie flies over the ocean.' "

With news concerning Uncle Jack, Bonnie, her latest history test, and the cutting of her long curls disposed of, we came around finally to the story I had come to hear; her personal version of Hollywood's newest success story; her own: A story of how, in the prosaic, somewhat crowded little house in Scranton, Pennsylvania, Gloria Jean made up her mind to sing herself into stardom . . . and *did!*

IT all began with one of those Saturday morning movies, a Saturday movie where she heard Deanna Durbin sing opera in a finished style which, to Gloria, was entirely a new idea. Though Gloria herself had been busy since babyhood singing in local entertainments and for radio, she knew only that style of singing which she now describes as "the little girl way."

Going home from the theater, with Bonnie as her audience, Gloria tried one of her own songs with Deanna's interesting touch of sophistication. That evening she went into conference with Uncle Jack, told him she had discovered a different way of singing which she liked better than her own. She demonstrated.

Uncle Jack didn't quite know what had happened to her, but the more the young prima

(Continued on page 77)

EVEN IF I'M "ALL IN" AT BEDTIME I NEVER NEGLECT MY **ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL** WITH LUX SOAP

PAT **LUX SOAP'S** CREAMY LATHER LIGHTLY INTO YOUR SKIN. RINSE WITH WARM WATER, THEN COOL

CLAUDETTE COLBERT

PARAMOUNT STAR

THEN PAT TO DRY. SEE HOW MUCH **SMOOTHER** YOUR SKIN FEELS—HOW FRESH IT LOOKS

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LUX TOILET SOAP

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

Man of Many Moments

(Continued from page 26)

The Mystery Of Things had lately assailed him.

From the second-story window he could see the low and crooked roofs of the village, ineffaby, beautifully French provincial. The glittering silver ribbon winding over there, before the forests and the hills started, was Figeac's one river. Morning stirred everywhere in town and wood, and he could hear it and smell the promise of heat in the day.

Charles pulled on his clothes and clattered in to breakfast. Maman, sad-eyed still from the death two months ago of Boyer *père* but wearing her black with the dominant grace that characterized her, greeted him smiling.

"You're happy today, Charles."

"Yes." He ate hurriedly. "Pierre and the others are coming to get me. We're going to the woods."

Madame Boyer's face clouded instantly. "No, Charles!" she said sharply. "Remember. . . ."

He remembered. The afternoon last year when with Pierre and Edouard he had tramped to the forest on the other side of Figeac, away from the river; his pockets stuffed with M. Boyer's cigarettes, his heart rapid with adventure . . . and the spark that jumped to the dry brush, gleefully growing to smoulder and flame; so that looking back, Pierre saw the catastrophic thread of smoke curling upward, and shouted. . . .

WELL, they had tried hard. They had run back and beat at the blaze, coughing and weeping until the fire, undiminished, had forced them away. They'd played their wide-eyed, innocent game well, too, when the gendarme came and took them to the magistrate.

None of the boys had seen the woodman, who had, however, seen them.

It was bad enough that they had been smoking cigarettes. It was worse that they had been careless.

Papa knew the president of the tribunal well, fortunately. Nevertheless, "No, Charles!" Madame Boyer said now.

It was a familiar command. Negation was habit with her. There was the matter of the river, in summer. "No," she would say, always. "You cannot swim. You would drown." Sports for the very young, physical accomplishments, were not held in esteem by the Figeac citizenry.

He could swim, fairly well. He had taught himself, as had the other boys, on forbidden afternoons. Not very many drowned, through the years. It was an adventurous club, anyway, dedicated to the awful punishment of imaginary thieves and the discovery of trouble—of every nature—to get into.

Edouard's voice sounded outside in the court now, calling Charles. *"Un moment! Je viens!"* Charles protested from the window, and hurried to the door. "I won't go to the woods, Maman," he promised over his shoulder—and Madame Boyer smiled after him. He was a good boy, really, she thought; it was only the others who persuaded him into these escapades. She went casually about her work then, unworried. She even sang a little.

Early afternoon brought disillusionment. A neighbor carried the news: Charles was stuck midway in the chimney of an abandoned house, his playmates couldn't get him out because the roof was high and the chimney wider at its middle than Charles at his; and the citizenry was responding as it had for the forest fire. Charles, said the neighbor, was in no real danger but he was complaining bitterly, if in a muffled manner, from the depths. Would Madame like to come along, to fetch him home?

Madame would. Madame, with a glint in her eye that boded ill for Charles, went to get her cape.

When she arrived at the abandoned house she found only a dispersing group of adults. Charles and the members of his Club were gone. He had feebly dusted at himself, they explained, had thanked them politely for the rescue; and then, before anyone could lay a hand on him, he had fled like a startled rabbit, with Pierre and Edouard in pursuit.

The three boys were, at the moment, strolling lazily through town on their way to Charles' home. "I will sneak in and clean myself," Charles said, "and perhaps Mother won't find out." He had the optimism of his years. "School opens again next week," he added, sighing.

The French custom of separating boys and girls during youth was pursued by conventional Figeac to the extent of placing the academy for maidens on the other side of town and the segregation was begun at the age of seven. Precautions of such Cotton Mather-ish proportions had a strange effect on the boys. They manufactured mental romances, fantastic but real as only children's inventions can be real, with *jeunes filles* whom they saw and loved from a distance: such was young Charles' affair with the Jeanne of his letter.

"Tomorrow," he boasted, "I will wait at the corner and slip a note to her as she passes with her mother. And when I am old I will be an actor in Paris and she will be impressed."

"You can't act," Pierre said unbelievingly. "Anyway, you'll have to run your family business. You will manufacture *machinerie agricole* and live with Jeanne in your mother's house. You will have children. . . ."

This fantasy was dismissed with a wave of a sooty hand. "So Papa said. But now he is dead. Maman wants me to be a professor, because of my record at school. I'll go to the Sorbonne. That's in Paris." The strange little boy looked thoughtfully at the sky. "I can do as I like in Paris. I'm going to be an actor."

There was finality in his tone.

IN Figeac time was static. The years passed, and he knew of their passing because the top of his head each birthday measured higher than the other marks on his bedroom door; because he graduated in his reading from Dumas to Petronius Arbiter, from the Dickens translations to Flaubert, and thereby Found Out a Lot of Things; because the laughing-eyed Jeanne grew, as twelve-year-old girls will, suddenly scrawny and unbeautiful, so that his notes and sighs went thereafter to another who did not. . . .

Jeanne, he heard through devious channels, knew of the change; and although she had never spoken to him during his long courtship, wept and declined over the perfidy of man and particularly of Charles until at last her bewildered parents sent her to forget, with an aunt in Paris. He remembers that, and the new girl's name. Blanche. Blanche Something.

Yes, and they made him captain of his *Association* team—the French equivalent of soccer football—and he was fourteen that year; and Pierre moved to another town, leaving the Club weakened and doomed to disintegration but the newly growing forest to safety. France declared war on Germany, and life in Figeac changed a little—not much, at first, until they moved the base hospital there; and the school dropped its course in German. He knew German well enough anyway. It didn't matter.

No exterior thing mattered, really. He had worked it all out by then. You just had to have patience, was all. You worked hard at school, and you did what things you could, and you waited, and you kept your counsel. You said, *"Oui, Maman,"* and did as you pleased. The day would come, finally, when you'd be old enough and could escape to life, to the places where things happened. Something inside you made you want things no one else seemed to want, dream the dreams they couldn't understand.

The fever of patriotism got into him and he had just taken his examinations for service when the Armistice came. Out of the great tragedy of his nation Charles gained one experience of lasting value: he met, and grew to know intimately, the great surgeon Mouchet. At the base hospital, Mouchet wanted a German medical book translated for purposes of research. An aide explained that one Charles Boyer, a young man of sixteen who lived in the town, had been head of his class in German.

"Fetch him," Mouchet commanded; and Charles, puzzled at being singled out for honor but bursting with excitement, set to work. When one morning early he finished changing the unfamiliar medical terms of the first chapter into sibilant French, the surgeon took the manuscript and disappeared for a time. Shortly afterward he appeared at the door.

"Good work, my boy," he praised. "Perhaps you could translate the entire treatise for me?" At Charles' nod the great man hesitated and then said, "Come along. We'll have breakfast together." Later, over coffee he added, "It is a relief to find intelligence in this town. I have been bored. We may dine together occasionally, eh?"

Here was the first fine mental stimulus in the boy's life; through the long evenings at Figeac's only tavern the older man sorted out the contents of Charles, mind, worked a brand of superior psychiatry on the tangle of his frustrations and emotions, showed him how to gather threads of thought and weave them into a constructive pattern of action.

SO that when finally there was peace, and Charles was ready for the Sorbonne and Paris, there was no question as to what he would do, or how. He sat with his mother beside him in the wagon lit on the express to Paris, remembering the year she had sold the factory. "You will never have to waste yourself in a country business now," she had told him proudly. And he had promised that he would take his Sorbonne license before making a final decision about the stage.

Well, he would do that. But just now he must let the exultant sweep of gladness, of anticipation flow through him unchecked by the memory of promises to be kept. Freedom, the freedom of the gayest city in the world, lay before him. He would live alone in Paris.

In Paris there were the famous restaurants, bursting with music and well-dressed people and sophisticated spectacle, there were the casinos, there was the theater of Henri Bernstein and the incomparable Lucien Guitry, there were the Folies Bergère and the artists' quarter and the cathedrals and somehow all of experience, all of beauty, all of life waiting for him. Mouchet's parting words echoed in the young man's ears—"Don't wait for things to happen to you. Make them happen. Investigate everything. Live every moment."

I will miss nothing, the boy thought now. *This is my life beginning.*

And he had it all, and he missed nothing; and his life began with such impetus and raced on with such maniacal speed that there was no time for rest or for remembering . . . not for twenty incredible years.

"Incredible" indeed were the years that made the dreamy lad from Figeac into the world-weary stage idol who fell victim to a strange obsession—and a stranger partnership—as frankly revealed in this blazing biography, in August PHOTOPLAY!



International

Daffy over Daphne! And why shouldn't the Douglas Fairbanks Juniors be proud of their first-born as she smiles for her very first photograph?



She Sponsors THEATRE GROUP

Miss Beatrice Straight is a granddaughter of the late William C. Whitney, famous financier and diplomat. At the family's 14th-century castle, Dartington Hall, in Devonshire, England, was originated the drama group which is her consuming interest.

She Teaches KINDERGARTEN



Miss Betty Allen recently got a job teaching in an experimental school at New City, N.Y. Her work with her 9 tiny pupils includes outdoor play, painting, modeling, dancing and a smattering of the "3 R's." In some of her free time, Miss Allen writes children's stories.



Miss Straight is warmly received by members of the American Ballet when she goes backstage during intermission.

—but EACH GUARDS HER LOVELY COMPLEXION THE VERY SAME WAY

"PERFECT FOR MY SKIN"

QUESTION TO MISS STRAIGHT:

Miss Straight, is the English complexion really as radiant and lovely as we hear that it is?

ANSWER: "Yes—a good English complexion is lovely . . . just as lovely as a good American complexion! I think the charm of a girl's skin depends more on the care she gives it than where she lives. So whether I'm in England, America or in a far corner of the world—I always use Pond's 2 Creams. They're perfect for my skin."

QUESTION: Your complexion shows *that*, Miss Straight—but just how do you use your Pond's Creams?

ANSWER: "Every night, every morning and always before make-up, I cleanse my face with Pond's Cold Cream. These regular cleansings help keep my skin soft and supple, too. To smooth my skin for subtle, flattering make-up, I use Pond's Vanishing Cream. I adore Pond's Vanishing Cream—it's not a bit greasy . . . and so fragrant and fluffy!"

"SMOOTHS IN A MINUTE"

QUESTION TO MISS ALLEN:

Doesn't managing a lively group of youngsters keep a young teacher right up on her toes, Miss Allen?

ANSWER: "It surely does—and in more ways than one! My classroom 'public' is very observing and brutally frank. That's one reason why I'm so particular about my complexion. I use both Pond's Creams every day. No matter how busy I am—or how tired—I always cleanse and soften my skin with Pond's Cold Cream before going to bed at night, first thing in the morning, and often at noon, too. This care seems to give my skin just the fresh, soft look I want."

QUESTION: What do you do when sun and wind roughen and chap your skin?

ANSWER: "That's easy! Little roughnesses are smoothed away in a minute with Pond's Vanishing Cream. Just a light film of it and presto! My skin feels marvelous and has the ideal base for soft, faithful make-up."



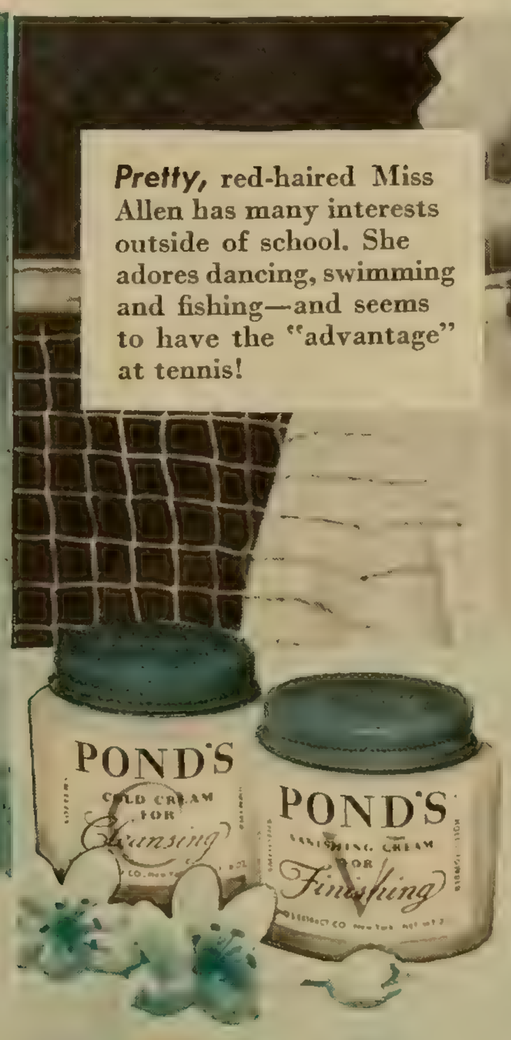
Clay-modeling class—Miss Allen knows that it takes a 4-year-old to be really serious about his "art."



This season, Society is welcoming Miss Straight to her native America, where she is currently appearing in theatrical productions.



Pretty, red-haired Miss Allen has many interests outside of school. She adores dancing, swimming and fishing—and seems to have the "advantage" at tennis!



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Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of Pond's Vanishing Cream, Pond's Liquefying Cream (quicker-melting cleansing cream), and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

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There is also a **LIQUID NONSPI**—*at drug and department stores.*

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

(Continued from page 59)



"I wish I knew her," Dietrich said, "I admire her so much. But you see, I can't speak to her because she's bigger than I (in star rating) and, therefore, I must wait until she gives the word."

All of which should give you an idea.

Cal Chats with "Johnny Apollo":

"COME on over to my dressing room, I'm going to try on my 'Brigham Young' shirts," Ty Power greeted us out on the Fox lot.

When we commented on the green and blue plaid shirt he had on at that moment, Tyrone, with a smile, explained it was a Portuguese fisherman's shirt. He'd bought the cloth in Portugal when he and Annabella had flown from there in the Clipper and had the shirt made up. It's something to covet, we promise you, and twice as eyecatching as the numbers Ty tried on under buckskin coats for his "Brigham" role.

We commented on his and Annabella's happiness and got these few choice morsels from Ty, who doesn't talk much of his marriage.

"We like to laugh, and to go places and enjoy life," he said. "Why, we even let a pair of capable enough servants go because they went around in such solemn, sour-faced gloom, it made us feel they were too unhappy with us."

Go places they do. "I'd rather rest than rust between pictures," Ty said, "and I'd rather be away and want to get home than be home and want to get away. The house, the garden, everything seems so wonderful after you get back from a jaunt. Besides, once you're away you get a new perspective on things; you begin to wonder what those little things were that worried you so much out there in Hollywood."

We discovered that no actor exists with a better sense of values than Ty. "I believe," he told us between the blue shirt and the buckskin coat fittings, "that a comfortable amount of money spells freedom. More than that cancels the freedom, and the fun and joy of life are gone."

The King—God Bless Him!

WE have been hobnobbing with royalty—meaning Florian of Austria, the magnificent white stallion who now grazes on the green slopes of Kentucky Park, Winfield Sheehan's beautiful estate not many miles from Hollywood.

No ordinary horse, this . . . not even ordinary when you forget his fabulous training at the world-renowned Spanish Riding School in Vienna, where he learned such things as to set him forever apart. He is royal, born to the purple. His ancestors helped to drive the Turks out of Austria four hundred years ago. They helped to halt Napoleon's army at Leipzig. They have carried kings and queens on their proud backs for generations.

Can this be the Fountain of Youth in the Westwood Village Theater? Or is all Hollywood thirsty in this summer weather? Identified in the customary order, the aqua-topers are Jack Benny, Barbara Stanwyck, Jeffrey Lynn



Still, we in America didn't know so very much about Florian and his kind until Winfield Sheehan put him in a picture, "Florian." Then we hailed a new screen star—for he is that.

Florian, with three other Lippizan horses, a stallion and two mares, was given in 1937 to Sheehan's wife, Maria Jeritza, the famous Austrian singer, by the Austrian government under Schuschnigg regime—a thanks offering for gratis performances at the Vienna Opera House. You see, Austria was very poor after the first World War and there was no gold to pay for the music which is meat and drink to every Viennese. Florian was then five years old and fully trained in the ballet taught (to horses, not to human beings) at the Spanish Riding School. He could waltz; he could—but you who saw his picture know what he can do.

Strange, though . . . when Florian (who is named after the cathedral bells of Lippiza, the little medieval town of old Austria near Trieste on the Adriatic) was brought to America, Winfield Sheehan had no thought of using him in the movies. It was some time after that he read the book, "Florian," written by Felix Salten, and realized that he had its hero right in his own back yard! So then the picture was made and Hollywood acclaimed a new star.

Still, Florian's career is already over. Sheehan says he has repaid his board and keep for the rest of his life and that this will be his first and last picture. In the future, he will spend his time at Kentucky Park, strangely like his native Lippiza, with his friends and "relatives." He already has two offspring—a filly, Martha, and a colt named Florian II, born to Sybil, one of the beautiful Lippizan mares given to Mrs. Sheehan along with Florian.

When we went to see Florian, we just stood at the fence enclosing the pasture where the Lippizans are kept and they



came running to us. They're friendly, the Lippizans. Even though you haven't any carrots with you, they nuzzle you, whinnying softly. They're so proud and beautiful they bring tears to your eyes. When they're colts, they're coal black. They they turn grey and by the time they're four years old, they are snow white. Just before he came to this country, Florian won the gold cup for being the best horse at the all-European horse show in London. He is insured for $25,000.

According to the picture, "Florian," that period of Austrian confusion after the close of the war saw the end of the Spanish Riding School at Vienna and the magnificent training of the Lippizans. But in reality, the school still exists in Vienna. How long this may continue, no one knows. But meanwhile—there is Florian, king of a new dynasty rooted in free American soil. Long live the king!

Time Was

MAY ROBSON will never forget the first time she saw and heard a talking picture. It was when she was doing a play in New York and had slipped into a movie theater for a quiet little snooze (as was often her custom) between matinee and evening performance.

"Suddenly," she told us, "I wakened up sharply to see a girl and a dog on the screen. Imagine my amazement when the dog spoke up and said, 'Well, Fido, it's time to go to the post office.' And the shock that followed when the girl answered, 'Bow, wow!'

"I shook my head and thought to myself, 'Those things will never last' . . .

"But how times do change!"

On the Record

TO celebrate Universal's "It's a Date," Decca has a new album collection (Decca Album 128) by Deanna Durbin, including the four songs from her new filmusical plus a high light from "First Love" and "One Hundred Men and A Girl." The tunes are slightly highbrow but still box-office: "Ave Maria," "Alleluja" and the lighter touch of "Loch Lomond," "Love Is All" and company. Harry Owens' steel guitars plunk in pleasant hula-hula fashion the two Hawaiian compositions from "It's a Date"; "It Happened in Kaloha" and "Rhythm of the Islands" (Decca 3058).

Artie Shaw has returned to his clarinet, his baton and the record studios, with two musical souvenirs of his Mexican trip: "Frenesi" and "Adios, Mariquita Linda" (Victor 26542), the first

real contribution to jazz-playing in years.

For sheer energy few equal goggle-eyed Eddie Cantor. To transfer that quality to a record is a real trick—but Eddie is full of tricks, as M-G-M's "Forty Little Mothers" shows only too well. The picture has Eddie singing "Little Curly Hair in a High Chair" and so does Columbia Record 35428.

RKO's "Irene" gets lots of attention from the wax-moguls this month. If you like the waltz style of Wayne King, get his saxophone interpretation of "Alice Blue Gown" and "Irene" (Victor 26532). Charlie Barnet plays a sax, too, swinging "Castle of Dreams" and "You've Got Me out on a Limb" (Bluebird 10644). In between is a double-header by Ozzie Nelson who stages "Alice Blue Gown" and "Angel in Disguise," a representative from Warners' "It All Came True" (Bluebird 10659).

Lovely Anita Louise's four harp solos: "Star Dust," "The Last Rose of Summer" and two other favorites: Royale 1859, 1860 .

Benny Goodman, visiting the Cocoanut Grove, has been pointing his clarinet at Hollywood's great this season. One of the results is a satirical venture titled "Gone with *What* Wind" (Columbia 35404). The uninhibited, swing-easy Goodman sextet—aided by the superb pianology of Count Basie—turns it into a top-ranking jazz record. The partner, "Till Tom Special," is almost as good.

Tommy Dorsey's velvety trombone shows up beautifully in "This Is the Beginning of the End" (Victor 26555), which is part of the mood music from the Power-Lamour "Johnny Apollo." On the reverse is a fine Dorsey arrangement of "The Fable of the Rose."

There's a girl with a low-down sultry voice and a famed pair of legs who, in addition to everything else, is now a record-collector's item. Marlene Dietrich, she succeeds in performing a difficult feat: putting glamour on wax. In an album of six selections, she does such things as "Falling in Love Again," the famous "Boys in the Backroom"—from "Destry Rides Again"—and four others (Decca Album 115).

My Son, My Son

TEN-YEAR-OLD Scotty Beckett, who played Louis Hayward as a child in "My Son, My Son" (and a remarkable Hayward miniature he was!) has been fathered or mothered by half the great stars of Hollywood during his short but successful screen career. He was Ann Harding's son in "Gallant Lady"; Spencer Tracy's in "Dante's Inferno"; Madeleine Carroll's in "The Case of Mrs. Ames"; Charles Boyer's in "Conquest"; Norma Shearer's in "Marie Antoinette"; Brian Aherne's (for a while) in "My Son, My Son"; Irene Dunne's in "My Favorite Wife." Yet the really important thing is the fact that he is official mascot for the University of Southern California's baseball team. Scotty is a good friend of Sam Barry's. Sam is coach of the baseball team. So Scotty goes to all the games and has a special uniform.

He'll tell you a lot about life at the camp and how to swim properly and what a fine baseball team U.S.C. has. He doesn't say so much about his movie career. Just—"Most of my movie parents cry over me an awful lot." That seems to tell the story.

Beauty Hint

IT'S quite annoying, but most Hollywood stars have to watch their waistlines—the glamour boys as well as the girls. Not, however, Clark Gable. Where many of his rivals on the screen are already threatened with "bay-window trouble," Clark remains as abdominally flat as the proverbial pancake.

"Try plowing, harrowing, gardening, riding and hunting" he suggests, succinctly. "They help."

Help? Help!

Cal's Favorite of the Month:

THE small child of a close family friend who had come to spend the week end with Director Cecil B. De Mille was proving balky at bedtime prayers.

After his weekly radio broadcast, to which the child had been listening, De Mille arrived home to find the situation between child and nurse at a deadlock.

"Oh come on," Cecil said coaxingly, "I'll help you with your prayers," and, kneeling beside the child, the director called the scene and the dialogue went through on a first take. Except at the end when, to De Mille's amazed surprise, the child ad libbed,

"This is Cecil B. De Mille saying good night to you from Hollywood."



Warm furs make Eleanor Powell thirsty, but she takes time to wave, at the Westwood Village Theater fountain with fiancé Merrill Pye

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★ RIGHT: *Snug suit of knitted wool, Celanese, and CONTROLastic . . . two-way stretch . . . bra of Catalina's exclusive cable stitch. Quarter-skirt . . . modified shirring at the neckline 6.00*

★ BELOW: *Diagonal stripes vividly accent this suit of knitted wool-and-Celanese. Flare skirt . . . fitted bra. Smooth midriff of satin CONTROLastic in contrasting monotone . . . matching satin CONTROLastic trunks 5.00*

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and 50 AUTHENTIC PERC WESTMORE STUDIO MAKE-UP KITS . . . *identical with those used by Hollywood's Leading Stars. Kits are of soft, fine leather, and exquisitely fitted. Awarded to next 50 successful contestants.*



In a search for America's most beautiful feminine figures, Catalina offers 60 of the most exciting prizes imaginable! First 10 winners will come to Hollywood, all expenses paid, for a week of unforgettable fun—living at the world-famed Ambassador Hotel, with thrilling trips through motion picture studios, etc..

Earl Carroll, internationally known stage, screen and night club producer, and Dan Kelley, Universal Pictures' Casting Director, will judge the 60 winners solely on the basis of *figure*-beauty. And since every contestant will submit her photograph in a Catalina Swim Suit, *every* girl has a chance to win. For these captivating new suits, styled in California for the stars of Hollywood, will definitely highlight *your* figure-charms as well. Especially when they're made with CONTROLastic . . . marvelous elastic yarn that glamourizes any figure almost magically!

Catalinas alone are color-coordinated by Perc Westmore, studio make-up man for the Hollywood stars.

See these suits now at your nearest department or specialty store. For contest entry blank and all details, send coupon today.

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"What, no whales?" said Jerry, laughing at my empty creel. "Well, just quit jiggling your rod for a minute and sweeten your temper with a taste of Beeman's. That's real flavor, my lady. Refreshing enough to change any fisherman's luck!"

"Beeman's!" I cried. "Jerry, you angel — you know I can't resist it. Beeman's flavor is so luscious! So smooth and tangy. Refreshing as a breeze at sundown. And look—!" But Jerry was already reeling in my line —with a whale of a catch! I'll say Beeman's brings me luck!

BEEMAN'S AIDS DIGESTION

Surprise Ending

(Continued from page 37)

After meeting Bette Davis and seeing her at work one feels that she is possessed of a real and enduring flame, one not to be confused with a neon substitute.

Perhaps it was meant to be that I should learn something of the art of motion-picture making by watching how such artists as Miss Davis, Mr. Boyer and Miss O'Neil achieve their characterizations. These seem so natural and effortless when we see the final results that it is difficult to realize all the infinite pains that lie behind them. But to see and hear scenes rehearsed and repeated, line by line, and gesture by gesture, under the direction of a man like Anatole Litvak, has been a revelation to me. The work of a writer seems almost easy by comparison with the precision and fine shadings which form the mosaic of detail that goes to the creation of a motion picture. I was impressed most of all by the patience required for this medium as I watched those three . . . Miss Davis, Mr. Boyer and Miss O'Neil; as I heard them going over and over their lines, trying this or that barely perceptible difference of emphasis to bring new meaning to some speech or scene. To see what an actor like Charles Boyer can do with a shrug, a lifted eyebrow, or a sudden significant pause was more illuminating to me than anything I have ever read on the art of acting. And there is this difference which a writer like myself is quick to notice and admire. It is not enough for an actor to project himself into the part he has been chosen to portray. An actor or actress who achieves success in any role must also leave the stamp of his own personality upon it.

The character must also be charged with his or her own vitality. Otherwise it becomes merely a carbon copy of the original and might as well have been left between the covers of a book.

WHEN you were a child perhaps you played with dolls, as I did, disguising the look of the doll by this or that change of dress. But the doll's face and expression remained the same, the difference of character being all in the clothes. In my experience of seeing the characters I had created come to life on a studio set, the effect was exactly the opposite. I recognized the robes, or rather the roles, but different faces had been inserted. It did not matter to me that a person I had described as blonde should be brunette, or vice versa; that a face I had visualized with certain features should have materialized into something quite different. When the actor or actress spoke or moved with the spirit I had felt when I put his part into words I had no difficulty in recognizing him, however such minor details as color of hair or eyes or shape of features might have been altered in the process of casting.

Other writers may have been less fortunate than I in this respect. Certainly few can have fared as well as I did in the screen adaptation of a novel. Dire warnings had been whispered in my ears about what could happen to books when they were recast into final form for "shooting."

"You won't know your book," people told me. "Be prepared to see it butchered and twisted out of all recognition."

So I tried to be prepared for the worst which may be the reason why I was rewarded with a happy surprise.

Knowing little or nothing of the problems that face an adapter of material to the screen, I had had only vague ideas of what changes would be needed. So I was amazed to read Mr. Casey Robinson's script and find that in spite of the necessity for compression and shifts in time and scenes he had kept as closely as possible to my original in spirit, in characterization, and even in much of the dialogue. Often I was surprised to see how cleverly he had combined certain chapters. I marveled at his skill in weaving certain seemingly unrelated scenes together without a break being apparent in the continuity.

I hardly missed certain bits that had seemed essential to me in the writing, and that must go to prove that writers of books can often learn a lot from taking notes on the successful pruning of their manuscripts.

IT is, of course, a little strange to find that certain characters that seemed necessary to the story can be dispensed with completely, while others can be reshaped from minor ones into important characters, more interwoven with the plot than a writer ever expected them to be. There was old *Pierre,* for instance, a loyal, amusing old servant in a lodginghouse. I haven't realized what possibilities there were in him until I saw how much more effective he had become when he was transferred to the *Duc's* household as an old family retainer. There his shrewd comments to the heroine lifted him almost to the role of a Greek chorus. Harry Davenport will bring his fine gift of characterization to make the role even more important.

The four *Praslin* children, as I said, have unusually long and important parts to play in "All This, and Heaven Too." Gene Lockhart's daughter, June, will play the oldest girl, an eager, sensitive type, full of adolescent qualms. That young "veteran," Virginia Weidler, will lend her talent and quaint looks to the part of the humorous and independent sister, *Louise,* while charming little Ann Todd will be the youngest girl. *Raynald,* the frail, precocious baby of the quartette, seemed almost impossible to cast. Yet, when I saw him in the person of tiny Richard Nichols and heard his serious small voice speaking the lines, I felt that he had walked straight out of the pages of my book. I should have known him for that little boy wherever we had happened to meet.

Those four children in the quaint, authentic costumes of the period make an appealing group, like miniature figures from French fashion plates of the 1840's, when little girls wore bell-shaped skirts and fitted basques and round hats perched on braids or curls; when little boys like *Raynald* wore pantaloons and velvet jackets and tasseled boots and ruffled nightgowns. Even the Paris nursery-schoolroom of that time has been lovingly re-created down to the smallest furnishing and knickknack. I sat there and marveled at all that I saw about me, and I longed to transport that room just as it was to a corner of my home when the picture was finished. Every detail had been studied and reproduced, from wallpaper and curtains, to the toys on the shelves . . . French toys and games of another generation, an old Noah's Ark, a gaily painted merry-go-round and a Victorian music box, shaped like a grand piano with ivory keys fantastically inlaid on the top of the rosewood case. I happen to collect old music boxes and I know a real one when I meet it. So it was all I could do not to wind the key and hear it play then and there. Beside me were the children's desks of antique walnut. I wanted to sit at one and dip a quill pen in the old-fashioned inkwells cast in the shape of brass hands. On the screen I suppose they will only show for a second or two as the heroine and her four young pupils act their parts in that reconstructed Parisian schoolroom on a Hollywood studio set. But at least I shall know that they are real and as old as the story in which they, too, play their parts.

Yes, it is something of an experience to see one's book leave its printed pages and come to life before one's very eyes . . . almost as strange as writing about a legendary great-aunt in the first place. Each time I go over to that set and see the people I described in words moving about in flesh and blood, it is a curious, but happy shock. I find myself thinking how not so long ago I was driving through the Berkshire Hills to revisit the little town where the heroine of "All This, and Heaven Too" spent so many of her American summers and where she is buried, and how strange it is that now I am driving over to Burbank in the California sunshine to see how she and the rest are living briefly again all these years afterward.



Margarita Cansino, renamed Rita Hayworth (via movies)—and Mrs. Edward Judson (via marriage to the oil mogul seen with her at Ciro's)

Hawaiian Honeymoon

(Continued from page 29)

"I can't swim very well."

"There's no reason to think you'll have to swim," David said calmly. "We'll probably just beach with a bump. Whatever happens, try to keep your head."

The *Humuhumunukunuku* screeched her last protest as she came broadside of a rock. It bashed in her port side and the sea which had been following her relentlessly beat her savagely and without mercy against the jagged gray monster.

Floundering about in the water Ann could hear Laurel, quite close, screaming "David!" She saw the white, frightened face being carried past her and reached out for it. She got a handful of hair and hung on grimly. A wave lashed over her head, she lost Laurel, and under the wave somewhere she collided with a struggling, kicking something. They came up together. It was Angus. He gasped, "Don't try to swim. We're close in and you're clear of the rocks. Just let go." Then he was swept away and she was alone again in a howling sea.

She tried to call out to David but when she opened her mouth a wave filled it. She felt herself being tumbled over and over and over and there was nothing she could do against it. When she came up out of that her chest ached as though somebody had beaten it with iron rods. It was no good trying to make anybody hear a voice she didn't have. She couldn't even whisper. It was impossible even to think or to breathe. Water had never seemed solid to her before. Now it did. Just before she lost consciousness she was aware of being very tired and wishing that she hadn't gone on the damned boat. And that was all for a long time.

FIRST she heard Caroline's voice, but she couldn't distinguish what she was saying. Then, as from a distance, Randy said, "Maybe if we turn her over on her stomach. . . ."

Ann could feel her nose being ground in the sand, but it didn't matter. Nothing mattered except that there wasn't any water anywhere around.

She tried to say, "Where's David? Is David all right?" But what actually came out of her mouth was, "Ow-w . . . rumph," and that was lost in the sand. When they heard that they flopped her over quickly and Caroline said, "She made a noise. She's alive."

Randy, breathing hard, said, "That might have been a death rattle." He pumped energetically at Ann's arms until Ann said weakly, "Oh-don't-be-an-ass. I-ache-all-over."

Caroline gave a hysterical whoop. "Death rattle my eye!" she said. "That's Ann!" Then she collapsed in a heap, crying. Randy sat down and then fell back suddenly as though he couldn't sit up any longer. Ann didn't even try to sit up. Lying flat, she turned her head. "Where is David?"

Nobody answered. Caroline couldn't because she was crying and Randy didn't because he didn't know. Ann said then, "Did you pull me in, Randy?"

"You washed in and knocked me flat the first time I stood up," Randy said tonelessly. "There's a hell of a stretch of beach here, but you picked the exact spot I was trying to stand in."

"Where's David?" Ann said again and then weakly started to cry.

Randy said, "Don't do that. If we got ashore so did he. He'll turn up."

Finally, Willi loomed up in the dark and said, "You all right?"

Caroline said, "We're in the pink of condition, Mercury. Who won?"

"Mr. MacBride's down there." Willi gestured vaguely in the direction of San Francisco. "His leg's broken. He says will you please come if you're alive."

Ann said, "My husband? Where is my husband, Willi?"

"Which one is your husband?" Willi said to Ann, "the tall one or"

Caroline got to her feet and took hold of his shoulders. "Look," she said, "is the big, good-looking man with Mr. MacBride?"

"Yes," Willi said. And after a moment he added, "So is the little man."

But Ann was already running down the beach. Randy got up and said to Caroline, "Are you alive?"

"I believe so."

"Then," said Randy, "will you accompany me to Mr. MacBride so I can ask him what the message was in case we were dead?"

MacBride was propped up against a rock looking exhausted and David was lying beside him looking dead. Ann stumbled over Laurel, who was lying on her face moaning. MacBride said,

"I think he's all right, Ann. He's had a nasty knock on the head. It's bleeding, but his pulse is steady."

Ann got David's head up in her arms and said, "Darling, can you hear me?"

Laurel stopped moaning long enough to raise her head and say, "I've been trying for a half-hour to make him speak to me."

"That's different," Ann said. "He'll speak to me. And from now on I'm the only one he will speak to. Get that straight."

"I'll never, never, never get on a boat again," Laurel resumed her moanings.

Alastair, from the shadow of the rock, said, "Me, either."

"You two make an ideal couple," Angus said. His leg was hurting and it made him cross. "On the wedding invitation you could have No Boating Invitations Accepted. Once We Had an Accident. Then everybody would know right where he stood."

David's eyes opened a little and he said, "Ann?"

"Here—I'm right here, darling."

"That's right," David said. "If you hadn't been I wouldn't want to live." He closed his eyes again.

Caroline and Randy helped each other into the family circle. "Randy," Caroline said, "has just asked me to marry him. What do you all think, should I?"

"Tell a woman you love her and can't live without her," Randy said, "and she immediately twists it into a proposal."

Ann held David's head a little closer. "I think you should," she said.

"I was going to anyway," said Caroline. "If he can't live without me, I definitely have the advantage."

Ann said, "You definitely have, dear."

THE END.



Do this for Your Eyes

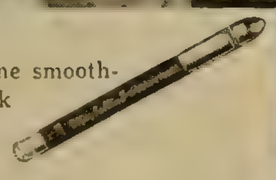


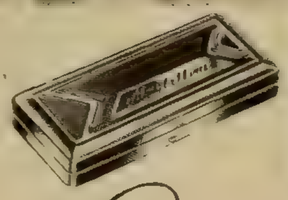
ONE—Just as Betty Grable does, blend eye shadow lightly over your eyelids, keeping it subdued above and slightly darker toward the lashline. Choose a shade to accent the color of your eyes.





TWO—Taper your brows with Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil. Use Black or Brown to suit your type and note the soft, natural effect.





THREE—Darken your lashes to the very tips with Maybelline Mascara—Black, Brown or Blue. It goes on perfectly—is tear-proof, non-smarting. Solid-form in this stunning, gold-colored vanity or Cream-form in smart zipper case is 75c.



BETTY GRABLE
Appearing in B.G. Sylva's production *"Du Barry Was a Lady."*

PHOTOS BY HURRELL

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I set out to learn about TAMPONS!





Mary told me: "When it comes to internal protection, I use FIBS*. It's the *Kotex** *Tampon*—so I know it's good. Believe me, a girl can't be too careful. . . ."

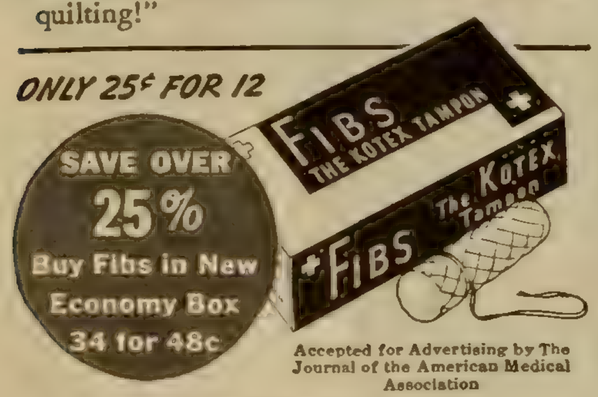


Jane told me: "FIBS are grand! They're comfortable, secure and *so easy to use.* You see, the rounded top means that *no artificial method of insertion is needed.*"



Ann told me: "FIBS are quilted! And that's important because it keeps Fibs from expanding abnormally in use and prevents risk of particles of cotton adhering. Increases comfort, too, and lessens the possibility of injury to delicate tissues. FIBS is the *only* tampon with this special quilting!"

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Women without Men

(Continued from page 23)

love again before two years run out. But we figure any love that can't wait two years for marriage isn't good enough for marriage.

"The in-between-beau periods won't be fancy. Priscilla and I know that. But when they come along we hope we'll have pride enough to sit home and read a book and not go out with anyone just for the sake of going out."

Olivia de Havilland's never been married. Neither have Pat and Rosemary Lane. But Alice Faye has. For several years Alice had Tony Martin. Alice is really a timid person. Under her Irish bluff she's Mrs. Caspar Milquetoast. If there ever was a woman who seemed to need a man it's Alice. Yet, facing life alone as a divorcee, she says: "I know I'm going to be happy."

We were at the Beverly Hills Brown Derby at cocktail time, Alice and I.

"When I married Tony," Alice said, "I planned all the things I would do for our happiness. We weren't happy. Well, the least I can do now is plan just as carefully and hopefully for life without Tony.

"I'm excited," she specified, "about the new house I'm furnishing. I'm thinking very seriously of adopting a baby—in spite of the friends and relatives who warn me I'll be sorry, that I don't know the responsibility a baby entails.

"I'm going to Honolulu—alone! It's so easy to meet people on shipboard. If I don't meet anyone I still can breathe the sea air and watch the sun set and the moon rise. And read. And have fun watching other people having fun."

Through the door open to the spring sunshine came a newsboy's cry. "Alice Faye Divorcing Tony Martin . . ." he called. "Read all about it! Alice Faye Divorcing Tony Mar-tin!"

It was dramatic. And it was sad . . . without mentioning the newsboy or his cry, she went on quietly, "There will be advantages and disadvantages to life as a divorcee. I know that! I also know it will be entirely up to me which outbalances the other. . . .

"Perhaps one day another man will come along, another man I'll love and with whom I'll believe I can be happy. If that happens, okay! But I'm certainly not going to sit around and wait for any such man. I'm going to live as fully as I know how today, tomorrow, and all the days after that. So I'll find life good enough even if I go on alone forever!"

(Maybe I'm an utter fool, but I wanted to cheer her.)

ROZ RUSSELL doesn't understand girls who are unhappy about their years as bachelor girls. She thinks these years are as greatly to be desired as a postgraduate course; that that's what they are, really, a postgraduate course in living.

"What do you miss by being a bachelor girl?" she asked. "Let's get that out of the way first. I'll tell you what you miss—I ought to know!

"When some trifling thing goes wrong you miss that marvelous 'I'm-wrapped-in-cotton-batting' feeling. It's when something goes wrong with the electricity that I regret having said 'No!' I wouldn't put my hand in a fuse box for a million. 'Don't go near that box!' I yell. 'Light candles! And tell the light company to get a man over here in a hurry!'

"You also miss a few parties. Because there do come times when a cafe, a play, or a roller-skating rink opens and no one asks you to go, even though you don't spare the hints for weeks in advance. Too bad!"

Roz really is a funny woman. Strange it took the movie producers so long to find this out.

Roz also is a gracious woman. She isn't waiting until she's married to take part in community life or to entertain with warmth. At the Beverly Hills Center they know they can count on Roz to hang colored lights on her trees at Christmas time and to jump in whenever there's charitable or civic work to be done. She's a great one for having hot biscuits and strawberry jam for tea even though only a couple of girls are dropping in. A man never has to tell her more than once which cigarettes or cigars he smokes, whether he prefers scotch or rye, whether he likes plain or charged water and if he takes ice.

She took a cigarette from a little silver box, put in a long-distance call for Palm Beach, where she was flying to join her sister, and began:

"What do you gain when you're a bachelor girl? I know the answer to that, too.

"When you're not married you go out with different men. Different men work at different jobs and, away from their work, they're interested in different things. So, knowing different men over any period of time, you're bound to come into contact with a far greater variety of interests than you possibly could know if you marry young and settle down with one man.

"The greater your interests the more stimulating and colorful you're going to be. The more stimulating and colorful you are the more likely you are to attract a superior man. The more superior your husband is the richer existence you're going to have and the greater your chances are going to be for living happily forever after."

"Look," she said, "I'd die right now if I didn't think I was going to marry and have babies. That's what we women are here for. I'm not such an idiot that I don't know the closer I keep to normal the happier I'm going to be.

"But not for anything would I have missed the variety of life I've known just because I didn't take some lad by the hand and rush him down to the marriage license bureau before the ink was dry on his school diploma or mine.

Roz is typical of all the Hollywood women who are without men. Waiting to fall in love and marry, she doesn't mark time . . . she makes time!

Then there's Bette Davis, another Hollywood divorcee.

Those who come from New England, as Bette does, are supposed to be icebound. Bette's about as icebound as a bonfire. She had plenty to say about the man-free periods in a woman's life. We were in the Green Room at the Warner Studios and more than once Ann Sheridan, Pat O'Brien, Charles Boyer and Anatole Litvak, also lunching there, turned in our direction. There's something provocative about the rich cadences of that Davis voice off screen, too.

"IT'S good not to have a man anywhere in your life once in a while," she said. "I wouldn't want to go loveless for years. But now and again I'm for it. When you're in love you can't look at a dandelion without wondering whether he likes dandelions and whether he would think it becoming fastened in your dress or in your hair. When you're in love you can't read a book without comparing every male in it with him and twisting the situations in it into some far-fetched relationship with your life. When you're in love you're astigmatic. You can see no further than your love. You can't even take a tree for what it's worth in itself, by way of wood or foliage or shade. No, you must turn it into a romantic symbol.

"Thank Providence, we do get time out from love now and then!" Bette's vehemence increased. "Otherwise we never would grow as individuals. 'No more beyond thine eyes . . .' That's very, very pretty! But it's also very, very limiting. The pity of it is that the less a woman sees beyond a man's eyes the less she's going to see of his eyes in time. He's going to get bored and go off. And you can't blame him!"

Bette had lunched on prime ribs of beef and mashed potatoes. For dessert she had chocolate pudding and cream. What's a little calorie or two?

"Love," she said, dipping her spoon into her pudding, "is glorious! Without it life would perish. Without it life might just as well perish. For a greater part of all beauty and excitement and adventure would be gone. But when there isn't a man in your life it's nonsense to mope. You'll make better time if you make the most of your freedom . . . your freedom of mind and vision and heart."

Smart girls—these Hollywood women without men. For, by the things they say and also by the things they do, they make it clear enough that it's terrible to be a woman without a man only if you think so!

I'D KNOW THAT FIGURE ANYWHERE!

But did you recognize every cinema chassis on pages 40 and 41? They are:

1. **Ginger Rogers, scheduled to portray Christopher Morley's "Kitty Foyle."**
2. **Eleanor Powell, world's première feminine tap dancer.**
3. **Marlene (familiarly known to the press as "Legs") Dietrich.**
4. **Mary Martin, feminine star of "The Great Victor Herbert."**
5. **Martha Raye, of the laughing lips and lovely limbs.**
6. **Mae ("Come up and see me some time!") West.**
7. **Dorothy Lamour, of the brief sarong and lengthy tresses.**
8. **Joan Crawford—but naturally!**
9. **Betty Grable, currently in Broadway's "Du Barry Was a Lady."**
10. **Joan Blondell, otherwise known as Mrs. Dick Powell.**
11. **"Oomph!" That's right—"Oomph Girl" Ann Sheridan.**

Shopping for You and the Stars

(Continued from page 8)



11. HOW'S YOUR "P. Q."?

Boast about your "I.Q." (intelligence quotient) if you want to, but heaven help the gal who has a high "P.Q." (perspiration quotient)! As a matter of fact, heaven *has* helped—with Odo-Ro-No's flower-fresh, new anti-perspirant cream, done up in pretty new pink and white jars. It's good—and lasting, too! 10 to 35c a jar.



12. HAND IN GLOVE

You'll want to *keep* your hands in your gloves, too, when they're as gracious as this cocktail glove of Hansen's. Wear it with black or navy summer sheers. Its spiral shirring and impressive longer-length will do you proud. Grandma wore lace, but this Hanspun rayon net will last much longer. Around $2—in black, in navy, in white.

Remember—for the name of the store nearest you that carries the items you want, please write to:

Fashion Secretary, Photoplay, 122 East 42nd St., New York City



13. A BAG LIKE A BOAT

To inject a little drama into the summer scene, carry this big red bag-like-a-boat. A sporting gesture from the clever Jenny, who knows what it takes to pep up navies, blacks, beiges, whites and browns. Swing it like a market-basket from the wide sash-handle. In fine soft leathers with a cartridge pleated frame. Other colors, too. $5.



14. FANCY PANTS!

Vanity Fair's fancy panties not only *look* pretty, thanks to lace-edged ruffles of peek-aboo net, but they also do a quiet job of slimming bumps and bulges under summer clothes. It's the power net lastex that tidies up your torso, with hidden garters tucked under the ruffle for good measure. $3.95's the price. How *do* they do it!



15. UPHOLSTERED ACCESSORIES

Inspired by gay upholstery stripes on summer furniture covers, ladies of fashion are girdling their waists with vivid upholstery stripes and sporting big handbags to match. Try this dazzling duet in red, green, blue and white, with red leather tassel, tie and handles. Sizzling pickup for every summer dress you own. The bag, $3; the belt, $1.

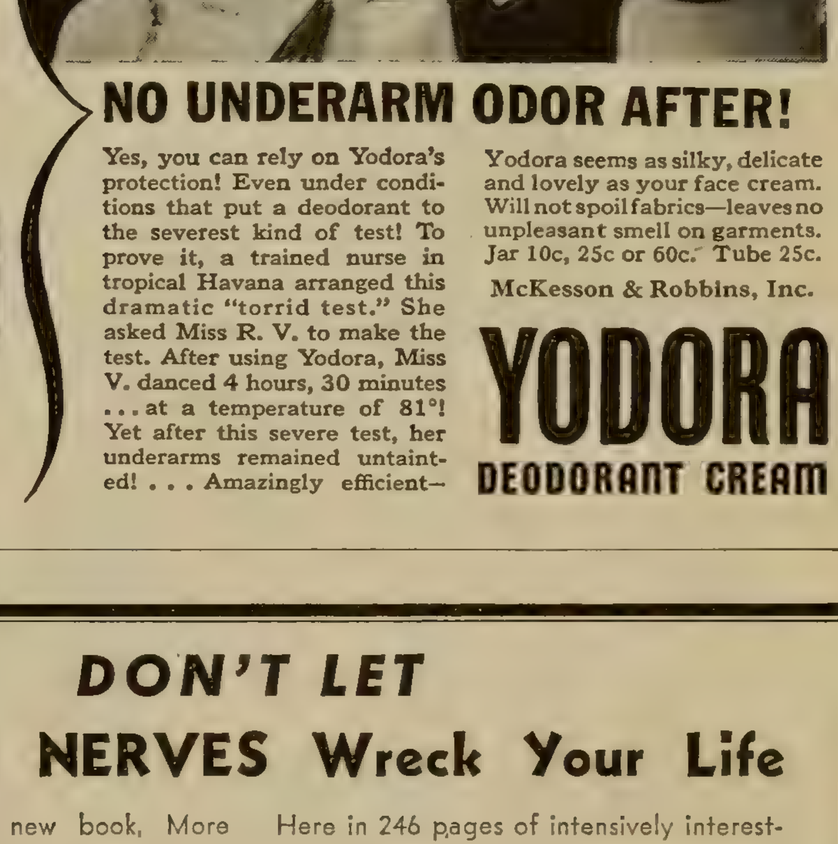


16. MUSIC LOVERS' POCKET PIANO

Music lovers, attention! What do you want *most* for your home? A piano, of course! Yes—even if home is only a tiny apartment. That's not so remote a possibility as you think, either, for Gulbransen's wonderful little console piano, "New Embassy," is yours for only $420 in mahogany, $445 in walnut. How about a musical career!









We Cover the Studios

(Continued from page 44)

nineteen-twenties!" She looks all right to us in a long-skirted blue silk dress and a picture hat. However, Colbert assures us, for wardrobe inspiration she brought out a bunch of snapshots of herself taken back in "Boom Town's" period—and poor Adrian practically swooned. So they've cheated a little on Dame Fashion.

There are lots of other things we'd like to see in "Boom Town." But you can't have everything. So we look in on the private lives of Joan Blondell and Dick Powell on the "I Want a Divorce" set at Paramount.

Dick and Joan are together again for the first time since their marriage and for the first time in a straight dramatic part . . . and it soon develops we're in for a real picture page from the private lives of Mr. and Mrs. Powell.

It's a bedroom set we visit. Dick and Joan are supposed to launch into one of those far-into-the-night battles between twin beds. As Dick and Joan rehearse the script spat they start giggling to one another and Director Murphy requests how come. "We know a lot better fight scene than this," says Joan. "Our own."

"I didn't know," protests Mr. Murphy gallantly, "you ever fought."

But Joan outs with it. "We have some lovely fights—don't we, Dick darling?" Dick nods. "Like the other night," continues Joan. "I ran across some old letters of Dick's in a trunk. Well—pretty soon, I said, 'You never say nice things like this to me any more.'

"Well," Joan sighs, "pretty soon we were at it—until four in the morning!"

"Pillows flying," says Dick.

"Tears," adds Joan. "A busted lamp—books on the floor—it was wonderful. How did it end? Well, we didn't speak for hours. Then I said, 'Hey, you big bum, I love you!' It was all over in a few minutes."

"That's fine," says Murphy. "Have you got it all?" he asks the script girl, who has been scribbling like mad. "Swell—that's the way we'll play it!" Which is just what they do.

THE maternal problems of Anne Shirley are also intruding into her picture career, too, at RKO, we find, where Anne is knitting furiously and racing the stork to finish "Anne of Windy Poplars" before that bird gets too close with the bundle. In private life she is Mrs. John Payne.

The plot of "Windy Poplars" takes Anne to Prince Edward Island, Canada, as a schoolteacher, opposed by the ruling family in a small town. Jimmy Ellison and Patric Knowles supply a pretty tame triangle as the whole idea is Anne versus the snobbish residenters who try to get her job.

Luckily Anne's clothes for the film are long and of indeterminate Victorian fashion, permitting her to work close up to the stork deadline, as Norma Shearer once did, so sensationally. A nurse is hovering around the set, too. Every minute Anne isn't acting she plops down on a big chaise longue. Some job!

OUT at 20th Century-Fox, Shirley Temple is doing "The Young People," her first musical in two years. Shirley has seven tough dance numbers, sings ballads and reverts to the talents that gave her her start.

We won't go into "The Young People" 's plot—it's another backstage vaudeville thing, with Shirley an orphaned waif befriended by a snappy patter team. The point of this particular scene is that it calls for some tears.

Ordinarily Shirley's a pretty good little emoter. But like all stars, Shirley has turned a little temperamental—at least, when there's an object. This time it's soda pop. After four attempts to cry have fizzled, Miss Temple turns to Allan Dwan and says, "You know, crying takes a lot of water in your system. I think if I had a bottle of pop I could do it."

Tyrone Power and his boss, Darryl Zanuck have buried their feuding hatchet at TC-F and Ty is just starting "Brigham Young," the Mormon saga. He doesn't work for days, though, so "Elsa Maxwell's Public Deb Number 1" draws our eagle eye.

This film is the starring debut of Brenda Joyce, Zanuck's newest attempt to build up box-office from raw charm.

Cute Joyce debbie tricks, we learn, are: (1) knocking out Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom, (2) getting spanked by George Murphy and (3) kicking four cops in the shins. Personally, we've never known any debs to carry on like that, but you never can tell. If it makes people laugh Brenda into box-office



Holding a photo of her late husband, Mrs. Knute Rockne marvels over Pat O'Brien's miraculous make-up for the filming of the football coach's life

draw, it's fine with us. That seems to be the general scheme anyway. Mischa Auer, Charlie Ruggles and Ralph Bellamy aren't in the cast for chills.

IF there are any serious political reverberations destined to come out of Hollywood this month, we'd look for them first on the set of "Foreign Correspondent," at long last under work at Walter Wanger's with Britain's roly-poly wonder boy, Alfred Hitchcock, in the director's chair. This is Hollywood's version of Vincent Sheehan's grand book, "Personal History."

The result is a set full of Joel McCrea, Laraine Day, Herbert Marshall and Albert Bassermann, that wonderful German actor who made everyone gasp in "Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet."

A massive Hollywood front, gray and stony, rises above the walls of the United Artists lot—the Peace Palace at Amsterdam. On the steps cluster all the principals of the scene that's on the schedule. Joel, Herbert Marshall, Bassermann and a wild-eyed, shaggy bit player.

The scene they're lining up is Bassermann's assassination. The little man pretends to be a photographer—but when he pops off his flash gun, he also goes root-a-toot-toot with a real gun. Nobody notices him—except our hero, Joel, and he chases the fellow through the crowd.

Finally Joel nabs the assassin. "Cut! Perfect!" Hitchcock cries. But he's interrupted by a shout.

"Hey!" cries the assassin bit player. "What's the matter? Did I run too fast?"

Joel looks in the direction of the shout and then down at the little man he's still clutching by the collar. It's an unidentified extra. "Good Lord!" cries McCrea. "I grabbed the wrong man!"

We think we've caught the wrong studio when we arrive next at Edward Small's for a quick change of climate from Holland to the South Seas on the "South of Pago Pago" set. It looks exactly like Paramount and Dottie Lamour's sarong sagas. But we recognize Frances Farmer—of all people—stretched out in a bower of paper hibiscus while statuesque Jon Hall bends over her.

Frances Farmer, who told horrible Hollywood off in her *enfant terrible* days of a ballooned ego, is chastened now, she admits, and ready to talk sense. Furthermore, she has given her Viking mate, Leif Erikson, the shake and is playing the field. This is her first sarong study in the art of the drama.

Out at Warners Pat O'Brien is really bringing Knute Rockne, the great Notre Dame gridiron wizard, to life in a picture you won't be seeing until fall when football interest is at fever heat.

"The Life of Knute Rockne"—which has Lloyd Bacon as director and Jesse Hibbs, former All-American football player, as assistant director—gives Pat a part he's been plugging for for years. In it he wears a sensational make-up. Pat's forehead is built up, his nose flattened. All that's left of his own features is his chin.

EDWARD G. ROBINSON is having some painful moments back on the "Brother Orchid" set at Warners.

"Brother Orchid" is the strange drama of an American gangster on the lam who takes refuge in a European monastery. There the good brothers teach him a thing or two about life. One of these is how to milk a cow.

"I'm no milkmaid; I'm an actor," barks Eddie. Hildegard the cow moos skeptically, but then maybe she hasn't seen "Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet."

At Universal we encounter a more romantic note in the movie motif of the month. "Private Affairs" is the picture which Nancy Kelly and Robert Cummings are doing there.

To say, "How do you do" and then start necking right away isn't as easy as you'd think—and that's what Nancy and Bob have to do.

When they first embraced they bump noses badly.

"Oh," cries Nancy. "I'm sorry!"

Bob Cummings laughs. "Be thankful," he says, "my name's Bob instead of Irving and you aren't on that honeymoon."

"Why?" asks Nancy.

"Because," grins Bob, as they line up for another embrace. "You only get one honeymoon—but in pictures there's always another take!"

Round-Up of Pace Setters

(Continued from page 31)

It Never Rains But—

Claude Rains has been actor-struck since he's been knee-high to a pup. Even now he's an actor when he isn't acting: he loves nothing better than "stalking," as his wife calls it, about his forty-acre Pennsylvania farm. He loves the "stalking" business, has a keen sense of the ridiculous, a baby daughter called Jennifer and one very actorish forelock that hangs over his forehead like a third-act frenzy.

As *Mr. Lemp,* the musician screen-father of the Lane sisters in "Four Daughters" and "Four Wives," Mr. Rains has very much come into his own. In a more recent role, in "Saturday's Children," Mr. Rains all but steals the show and will have to step lively in his role of the Spanish ambassador in "The Sea Hawk," to top his past performances. Ten to one, he does it.

Born in London, England, Claude gave school the complete brush-off to become call boy at His Majesty's Theater in London. Finally, there he was—stage manager for Sir Beerbohm Tree. Beat that for a good job if you can.

It was inevitable he should become an actor. He'd wanted to long enough, heavens knows, and finally he made his first appearance in "The Gods of the Mountains." The chance came to come to America as general manager for Granville Barker, but once he was here he didn't stay general manager for anyone. He grabbed a chance to turn actor again in "Androcles and the Lion." But just when things looked rosy, the war broke and back home went Rains for enlistment in the Scotch Highland Regiment.

He came out of it (1) gassed, (2) a captain, (3) determined to be an actor again if he had to kill someone. He didn't. We mean kill anyone, except audiences who loved him (well, liked him, anyway) in "Julius Caesar," "A Bill of Divorcement," "Doctor's Dilemma" and "A Man of Destiny," in which he played Napoleon. Thank heavens, he got that out of his system, anyway.

The Hecht-MacArthur picture, "Crime Without Passion," put the faceless Mr. Rains right on the movie map in Hollywood where it's been ever since through Warner Brothers' pictures.

About twice every year he decides to retire from the screen to his farm, but along about the tenth week when the "stalking" takes on Napoleonic strides, Mrs. Rains suggests he better go back to Hollywood—and like a shot, he's back.

Mr. Rains, who is five feet ten and a half inches tall, has a twinkle in both eyes that betrays his own good humor. He swears if those *Lemp* pictures keep up he'll be a one-man band all by himself. First he had to master the flute, then learn to play Schubert's "Serenade" on the piano for the second picture. It just couldn't be faked. He trembles lest they make him a bass drummer in the next one.

Seventeen—In Hollywood

Bonita Granville is young; so very seventeenish, and in Hollywood. Life to Bonita is work, study, play—pretty much the same routine as every other young girl's in ordinary walks of life. Bonita doesn't even live in the city, but out in a Valley house with all the small-town surroundings.

Seventeen, and already she's a veteran in the theatrical world, with fourteen years of work behind her, climaxed in her newest pictures, "Forty Little Mothers," with Eddie Cantor, and as a little peasant girl in "The Mortal Storm," both made under her spick-and-span new contract for M-G-M.

What's more, Bonita has just completed her first romantic lead, if you please, with William Holden in Paramount's "Those Were the Days," where Bonita grows from lovely girlhood to a good fifty-five years old.

Born February 2, 1923 in New York City, Bonita at the age of three joined the vaudeville act of her parents, Bernard and Rosina Granville. A few years before the death of her famous father, Bonita was playing bits and snatches on the screen. Finally—and incongruously—she was an established "brat" on the screen, beginning with Sam Goldwyn's "These Three."

Beyond her years in a capacity for learning, Bonita, only five feet two and pretty as a picture, is the normal, over-talkative, life-is-wonderful young girl to be found anywhere. This is Bonita's first "unchaperoned" date year. Jackie Cooper is permitted to call and in his decorated roadster (fog lights, chromium doodads and all) he bears Bonita away for a bit of dancing at the Cocoanut Grove.

She has always shared a room with her mother and would feel lost, she says, without her near. Bonita has no set allowance, but usually carries around a few dollars in case of emergency, like wanting to buy a girl friend's lunch or a round of malts. She does a lot of her "return entertaining" at the Lakeside Golf Club, where the little actress is a member. Her salary goes into a trust fund to be held until Bonita is of age.

She devotes a certain number of hours each week to French and piano and has her own car now which she proudly drives around the Valley. But not in city traffic. A welfare worker still accompanies her on all movie sets. The best-looking angora and tweed sweaters in town are made by Bonita's own hands between movie scenes. Her cooking achievements run mostly in the direction of fudge and scrambled eggs.

Her hair, a golden crown, is a perfect frame for her blue eyes and lovely face. There's a breath-taking vivaciousness, a young, breathless quality to her chatter that flows on so easily. She's seventeen and life, all of it, is before her—to live and to play-act. Lucky Bonita!

"Willie" to His Friends

The strangest of all things, or so it seems to us, is that Nigel Bruce, Scotch to the last hair of his Scottish eyebrow, should have been born in (of all places) Enseñada, Mexico. There isn't a single sombreroish trait or feature in the florid, rather handsome and typically British actor. Not a one. It all happened because his father, Sir William, and his mother, Lady Bruce, were living in Mexico while Sir William was interested in a land-developing county. His brother, Sir Michael Bruce, who inherited the title, now lives in England.

His English schools are The Grange and Abingdon School which, like *Mr. Chips'* school, goes way back—back, in fact, to 1563. His father's title dates back to 1629, when a Bruce fought against Cromwell.

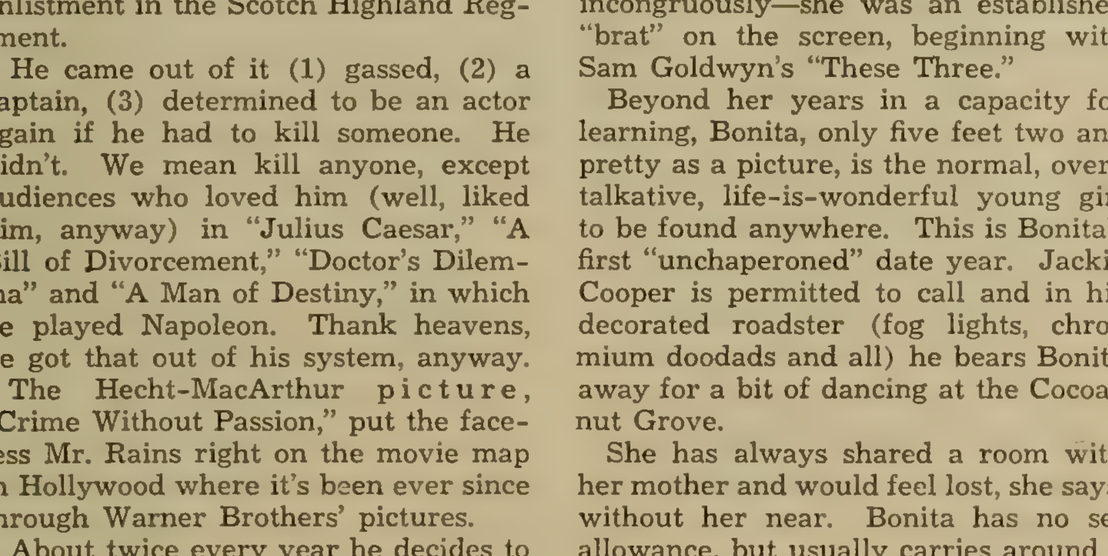
When Daphne du Maurier, author of "Rebecca," was a little girl of nine, Bruce held her on his knee. Her father, Gerald du Maurier, actor and director, was his dearest friend.

For the second time in his life he plays *Gilbert* (of Gilbert and Sullivan) in "Lillian Russell." Once before he played him on the London stage, where he was known as one of England's best actors. The starring role in "Springtime for Henry" brought him to the New York stage and from there Jesse Lasky brought him to Hollywood in 1933. When he came back again for "Becky Sharp" his family came with him and for five years now his wife, whom he calls "Bunny," a darling, dark-eyed young lady who wins silver trophies at tennis, and brunette Pauline, now seventeen, and blonde Jennifer, now fifteen, his two gracious daughters, have never been away from California.

On the walls of his Beverly Hills home are the pictures of his friends, the late Gerald du Maurier and Edgar Wallace, the very present Davey Niven, deep in the war in England, Ronnie Colman, Basil Rathbone and C. Aubrey Smith. He credits C. Aubrey, his dearest friend, for getting him into the theatrical profession. After the war and after two and one-half years in a hospital, nursing the leg a German bullet tore almost asunder, he decided to take Smith's advice and try the stage. He clicked at once. .

He admires Joan Crawford as a hard-working young actress and enjoyed working with her in "Susan and God." With a ten-dollar camera he shoots beautiful pictures of his wife, friends and daughters, all of which are mounted by Mr. Bruce in his innumerable scrapbooks and carefully captioned in ink. "Bunny, 8701 feet in High Sierras"; and another that somehow brings a chuckle, "Ronnie and the Duchess," and there is





Noblest Roman of them all: Kay Francis in a rakish bonnet with Arab-draped Roman stripes, at Ciro's for cocktails with Cornwall Jackson

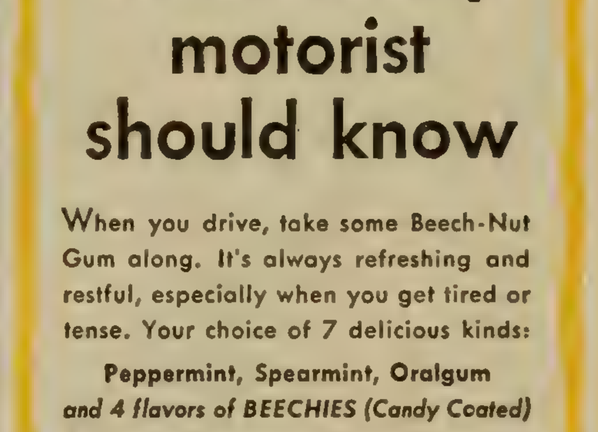
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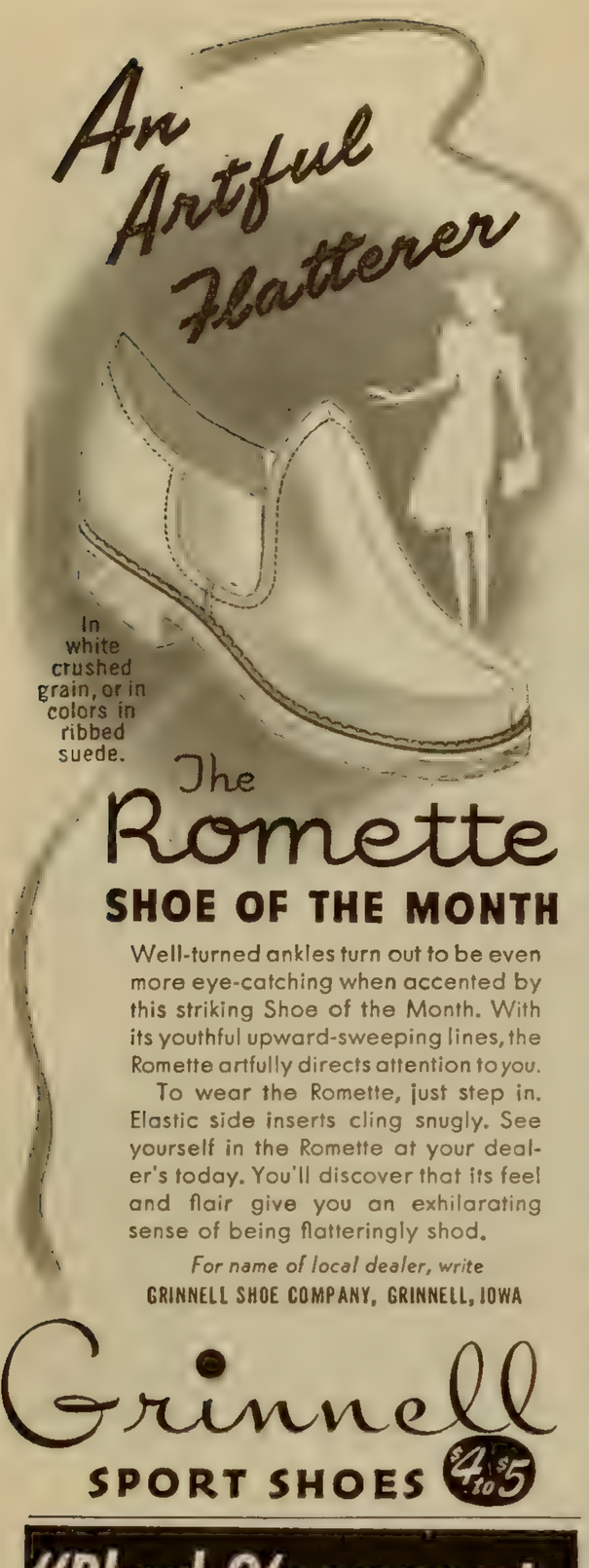
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GOING TO THE N. Y. WORLD'S FAIR? Visit the Beech-Nut Building. If you drive, stop at Canajoharie, in the Mohawk Valley of New York, and see how Beech-Nut products are made.





Says **FRANCES LANGFORD,** lovely singing star of the TEXACO STAR THEATER, Wednesday nights, CBS

Hollywood, where beauty is the breath of life itself, is going in a big way for this Modern *Plastic* hair curler for 4 important reasons *exclusive* to BLEND-O. BLEND-O Curlers . . .

1. PROTECT—having no rough edges or springs cannot *possibly* pull or cut your hair.

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Try BLEND-O'S and you'll always use them!

BLEND-O PLASTIC CURLERS
BLEND WITH YOUR HAIR
At drug, department and chain stores
4 for 25c

Colman, smiling at a very English duchess indeed.

His prize possession, next to his fifty pipes, is a small mug he purchased in La Jolla for fifty cents, on which is written in gold letters, "Long Live Old England," and on the bottom is stamped, "Made in Germany."

You should hear that Scotchman chuckle!

Fast Field Work

Blonde English Virginia Field (with no "s" on it, please) made a bet with herself that before she was eighteen she'd be in Hollywood. She was. It happened this way. She'd arrived in New York with her aunt, Auriol Lee, the stage producer and director, to play a role in Helen Hayes' play, "Victoria Regina." While waiting for the play to go into production, Virginia obligingly aided a friend in making a movie test in New York. She herself turned out to be so good, Twentieth Century-Fox insisted she be released from her stage promise to come west.

It's been five years from then till now, with Virginia playing the sister to Vivien Leigh in "Waterloo Bridge." Today, after a period of small roles, of being stony broke and other disappointments, Virginia is well set in pictures, and soon embarks on an RKO picture with Louis Hayward, "Have It Your Own Way."

Since she's been fifteen, Virginia has been self-supporting. She left off school in Paris at fourteen to prepare for a stage career. Her first job was with the Max Reinhardt theater in Vienna, where she earned the magnificent sum of five shillings a week, but later on was better paid for her work with Leslie Howard on the London stage, in "This Side Idolatry." Then came some good stock training in Sussex and Worthing, and finally a tour of Great Britain in "The Late Christopher Bean." Between jobs she modeled at shops.

It was in "Lloyds of London" that Virginia got her first big chance and she's been going good ever since.

A bachelor girl, she lives alone with a Danish maid who wouldn't tell anyone Richard Greene's telephone number for $500, or so she vows. Personally, we haven't tried the bribe.

She doesn't buy too many clothes, but believes in buying good things that last and let her friends get tired of seeing her in the same frocks if they chose to.

Oh, yes, and here's a bit of a strange thing. She likes sherbet mixed up in her fruit salad.

Beauty and Brains

Jimmy Cagney has more than a keen mind and a great talent, it seems. He has, in addition, a very pretty little sister with large brown eyes, a Phi Beta Kappa pin and a "lifted" option at Paramount Studios. In short, Jean Cagney has proved her merit as an actress in "All Women Have Secrets," "Golden Gloves" and "Queen of the Mob," the three pictures she has made for Paramount in her first year as an actress, which definitely sends her on the way and all on her own, remember.

When Jimmy was making cinematic history out here in Hollywood, Jean was trudging off to Hunter High School from Sunnyside, Long Island, via subway each day. At fourteen she had graduated from high school and at nineteen, her Phi Beta Kappa pin pinned to her bosom, she graduated from Hunter College. Jimmy, Bill and her two doctor brothers along with their mother, sat in the balcony and looked down on a sea of black graduating hats and listened for Jean's name.

There was quite a session when the hubbub had died down, for Jean had set her mind on becoming a doctor, too, but her physician brothers finally persuaded her against it. Finally, during her annual summer visit to Hollywood to see Jimmy (she and her mother have made five trips through the Canal to visit Jim), Jean decided to stay right here and become an actress on her own.

The former President of Panama, Raoul Espinoza Arias, a family friend, presented Jean with a Spanish grammar for Christmas and now she's deep in its tenses and modes, teaching herself. She's up to lesson seven now, where it really gets difficult.

Her greatest accomplishment, she feels, is in barking like a dog; she once earned fifty cents at a Kiddie Matinee for imitating a dog's bark.

She once played a tree in school because she had a green dress and always went in for school dramatics. She's tiny, about five feet two, has brown hair and husky tones in her voice. She's heart whole and fancy free and intends to remain that way a long time.

"I have to make good at my job first," she says.

Bullfighter

Young Johnny Hubbard
Went to Hollywood's cupboard
To get his poor self a role,
But when he got there,
All was rosy and fair,
With John headed starward—
how droll!

By Me

Some actors are quiet, sincere workmen who chose acting, not because it happened to be an easy way to fame and fortune, but because they wanted it above all else. John Hubbard, the young featured player in "Turnabout," the Hal Roach comedy, is a Phi Beta Kappa in the latter school. John wanted to act so badly he had finally to crash the bathroom where his father, a steel-mill superintendent, was taking a bath, to fight it out between them.

"I should help you to the easiest way to starvation?" the father shouted from the soapsuds.

In the end, he consented to pay John's tuition to the Goodman theater group in Chicago and give him six dollars a week for his room rent. The rest of the way John must travel alone. He traveled. After two years his dad came into Chicago from his home in Indiana Harbor, Indiana where John was born, to see his son in a Goodman play, "Dark Echo." That settled it. Father Hubbard was on John's side from that moment on, gladly footing the bill when Oliver Hinsdell, then a Paramount dramatic coach who had seen the play, insisted on photographs to show Paramount.

It was summertime and John was out in his mother's back yard building a fish pond when the Hollywood telegram came. He worked in "The Buccaneer" and then went to M-G-M for "Dramatic School." Then he went back home and married Lois, his childhood sweetheart, the girl he'd loved all through grade and high school.

After his marriage he came back to Hollywood and Hal Roach to play the bewildered young bookworm in "The Housekeeper's Daughter," opposite Joan Bennett. Next, he donned a prehistoric beard for a caveman role in, "One Million Years B.C.," but by this time Mr. Roach was pretty sure John had something, so into Thorne Smith's notorious comedy, "Turnabout," in which the hero becomes a mother, went Mr. Hubbard.

Level-headed, conservative John goes his even way. He plays tennis with the best of them, maintains his own little circle of friends from Chicago, lives modestly, and yearns to be a bullfighter—as if he hadn't been one from the day he landed in Hollywood. His family back home thinks it's all too wonderful—a little mixed up maybe—but wonderful.

Bed's-eye View of Hollywood

(Continued from page 25)

months, Garson said he was going to arrange to have me see some pictures right here. I hope he can. I hope! I hope!

TUESDAY: Started knitting early this morning. A couple of hours later my enthusiasm died down for the yarn was plenty tangled and it probably still would be if Joan Crawford hadn't come to my rescue. Under her deft and experienced fingers, the yarn began to take the form of a sweater.

I was very much surprised when Andy told me Lee Tracy was calling on me, because I do not even know the gentleman. She was wrong, though, because it was Chet Halchester, the florist to the stars, who greatly resembles Tracy.

It seems there's a lot behind the slogan, "Say It With Flowers." He told me that a man should never send a girl the same kind of flowers all the time. Women like the unexpected.

Chet certainly practices his theory, for the box he brought me contained a string of baby orchids, the most beautiful and delicate I have ever seen.

WEDNESDAY: Spent a lazy morning looking out the window and daydreaming about the people who live in the different houses on the hills. Then the phone rang and the pert voice of Ann Sothern came over the wire. She was on her way to pick up her husband, Roger Pryor, at Columbia Studios, and after that they were coming over to see me for a while.

When they arrived, I told them what I had been thinking about. At the mention of houses, Ann immediately went into ecstasies over the furnishings and decorations for their new house.

"Sounds grand," I remarked, and innocently asked when it would be finished.

"At the rate it's going, probably 1942," growled Roger, with a twinkle in his eye. He explained that Ann likes to mother the world, so each morning she had to inquire about the welfare of the workmen's families.

Ann laughed good-naturedly. "Well, I have to do something to keep them happy, so your cornet playing won't drive them away," she said.

"—and your singing?" Roger added, with a grin.

The subject of houses seemed to be in the air today, for this evening Cesar Romero arrived with the plans for his new home. The plans are lovely and, as Cesar pointed out different personal

touches of his own, his eyes shone with excitement. I certainly was in sympathy with him, for a home of his own is a far cry from the time he was locked out of a New York hotel for not being able to pay his rent. A friend of his who was the manager of another hotel heard of his plight and placed a suite at his disposal. Cesar never forgot this kindness and on a recent trip to New York stopped at the hotel, determined to spend some money there. To his dismay, the manager again insisted upon his being his guest.

True to his promise, Garson Kanin arranged for me to see some pictures. I saw "Love Affair" this evening and was completely won by Maria Ouspenskaya who plays Charles Boyer's grandmother.

FRIDAY: Barbara Stanwyck, looking very smart in a sport outfit of old rose and grey, dropped in on her way to the fights at the American Legion Stadium.

Soon she was telling me amusing incidents about difficulties that have occurred in pictures she has made. One in particular that interested me happened in the shooting scenes in "Annie Oakley." They threw pigeons in the air and Barbara was supposed to hit them. She claims that if they had thrown a mountain in the air, she couldn't have hit it. A man stood behind her, out of camera range, and did the actual shooting.

SATURDAY: Andy and I arrived here in Tarzana last evening. It is an attractive town named after the famous character Johnny Weissmuller portrays in the movies.

MONDAY: Early this morning Eleanor of Hollywood arrived with an operator to supervise a permanent wave for me. It turned out very well and I was admiring my waves in the mirror when a young man dressed in dungarees appeared in the doorway. It was Tim Holt, my neighbor, bearing a gift of a large turkey which was gratefully received.

Andy's great problem for the day was how to cook the turkey.

One of the most beautiful women I have ever seen came to our rescue. Dolores Del Rio stopped in on her way home from Hollywood. She said she couldn't stay long as she was going to cook a Mexican dinner for Frances Marion this evening. At the mention of the word "cook," Andy raised a quizzical eyebrow and asked about the turkey. Obligingly Dolores gave her instructions. Frankly, I was so enamoured by her appearance that I didn't hear a word she said. She certainly was a picture that would brighten anyone's day.

TUESDAY: This evening Andy brought me home. She set me on the top step of the stairs and allowed me to open the door of my room myself. I was dumfounded, for a complete transformation had taken place—a transformation that made it seem like a corner of heaven. I looked at the quiet sky blue walls blending into the smoke blue rug, glazed chintz drapes, making a lovely setting for the soft maple furniture, its highlights brought out by the beams from the exquisite white marble lamps, and I couldn't help crying. Through the French windows, I could see high on the Hollywood hills the illuminated cross that marks the spot where the Pilgrimage Play is performed. It seemed a symbol.

I wondered how all this had happened —then suddenly I saw something I had wanted for a long time. Standing on the desk, in a white ivory frame, was a beautifully inscribed picture of Barbara Stanwyck. I looked questioningly at Andy, but even before she answered I knew. The room was a personal gift from Barbara.

WEDNESDAY: Spent the afternoon having fun helping Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond plan their vacation. Jeanette was all enthusiasm about the idea of going on a camping trip. I looked at her in amazement, for it was hard for me to associate this vision of loveliness with roughing it. I guess Gene had the same idea for he laughed and reminded her that camping meant sleeping in a sleeping bag, cooking over an open fire and packing a horse. Jeanette smiled serenely and replied that she was perfectly willing to do all that if he would guarantee her just one thing.

"There must be no mosquitoes," said Jeanette blithely.

Her request was so absurd I couldn't help laughing. We heard someone playing the piano in the living room downstairs. Knowing I had another caller and afraid that seeing too many people at once would tire me, Jeanette and Gene insisted upon leaving.

My piano-playing caller turned out to be the engaging John Payne, with a box of beautiful carnations tucked under his arm. I've always known John had a nice voice but the piano playing was something new. I asked how come and learned that at one time he intended to make a career of music and had won a scholarship at a famous conservatory.

A beautiful candid camera arrived from Una Merkel. It's the first one I've ever owned so John, who is an expert, showed me how to operate it.

THURSDAY: Lucille Ball arrived dressed in a blue and white striped silk slack suit. She gave me a crisp cheery hello, then sat on the floor, tailor-fashion, and emptied the contents of a large red bag onto the rug. It had everything in it from a radio script to hair curlers. But the curlers were what she was looking for and, sitting there, she rolled up her hair, explaining that she had an important engagement later and hadn't had a chance to get to the hairdresser.

We were discussing the days when we knew each other on the RKO lot—when we were startled by a commotion outside. It was Hugh Herbert, bearing a platter of grapes, with Andy behind him, her arms full of jars of jelly. In a minute Hugh was on the floor attempting to help Lucille put on the curlers. But I guess he wasn't so good as a hairdresser, for Lucille thanked him politely but begged him to stop. From then on there was rapid fire repartee between them which lasted until the arrival of our mutual friend, Henry O'Neill. Henry has played so many doctors on the screen that I half expected him to take my pulse. Hugh instantly cornered him for a gag. Henry said he didn't have any gags but he could do some card tricks, so Andy gave him a pack of cards and he proceeded to mystify us by making fans of cards come out of thin air.

FRIDAY: Leslie Howard stopped in for tea this afternoon. As usual he was very quiet and appeared rather tired.

Spent the evening playing cards with May Robson and her bosom pal, Lillian Hartman. It was a rare privilege to have them play with me, for they usually spend the evening playing double solitaire. They have been playing one game for fifteen years now. I think at the present writing May is ahead.

SATURDAY: Spent the morning with Una Merkel. We took several candid camera pictures. They're the first I've ever taken so I'm anxious to see how they turn out. Persuaded Una to play Chinese Checkers and she beat me three straight games. A fine thing!

During the third game John Howard came in. Una and I tried to get him into the game but he was on his way to the studio and just dropped in to say hello.

Our Chinese Checkers contest was finally broken up by a big surprise. Fay Holden (*Mrs. Hardy* of the "Hardy Family") and her husband, David Clyde, arrived with my dog Jock for an unexpected visit. I took some pictures of her. Afterwards she sat quietly on the bed while Una, Fay, David and I visited.

Received some beautiful roses from Louis Hayward.

This afternoon a very unassuming young lady of fourteen years came to see me. She is Linda Ware, the singing star of the picture, "The Star Maker."

SUNDAY: Patricia Morison and her mother and father came for tea. They were quite unusual tea guests for they brought their own tea and some very appetizing English pastry. Pat had a grand time making the tea and playing hostess.

We had about finished tea when Hollywood's nicest tomboy, Rosemary Lane, breezed in, a little weary from playing tennis.

Cecilia Parker and her husband, Dick Baldwin, stopped in this evening.

MONDAY: This afternoon Don Ameche and his brother, Jimmy, came in. They had just come from the broadcasting station where they had received a bitter disappointment. For years they have wanted to do a sketch together over the air. Finally they found one that suited them perfectly, but when they rehearsed it over the microphone their personalities, voices and mannerisms were exactly alike, and it was impossible to tell them apart. The blue mood soon passed and Don was clowning as he always is.

Our conversation was interrupted by the ringing of the telephone. I listened and heard two voices arguing. Not being able to make heads or tails of all this, I asked Don to come to my rescue. Don listened a minute, then burst out laughing. He told us it was Charlie McCarthy and Mortimer Snerd fighting over who was to come up to see me first. Edgar Bergen certainly thinks of clever ways of doing things. Charlie finally won out. If I'm going to visit with that fellow, I'll have to sharpen my wits.

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW YOUR HOLLYWOOD?

Check your answers to the statements on page 11 with these correct ones:

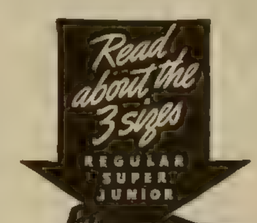
1. Clark Gable
2. Claudette Colbert
3. Cimarron
4. Ronald Reagan, Bill Lundigan
5. Shirley Temple
6. Will Hays
7. Loretta Young, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
8. Basil Rathbone
9. The statuette presented to Academy Award winners
10. Cary Grant
11. Penny Singleton, George Sanders
12. Ciro's
13. Spencer Tracy
14. Constance Bennett
15. Ralph Bellamy, Charles Farrell
16. Judy Garland
17. Greta Garbo
18. John Payne, Johnny Weissmuller
19. William Claude
20. Manicuring in a beauty shop



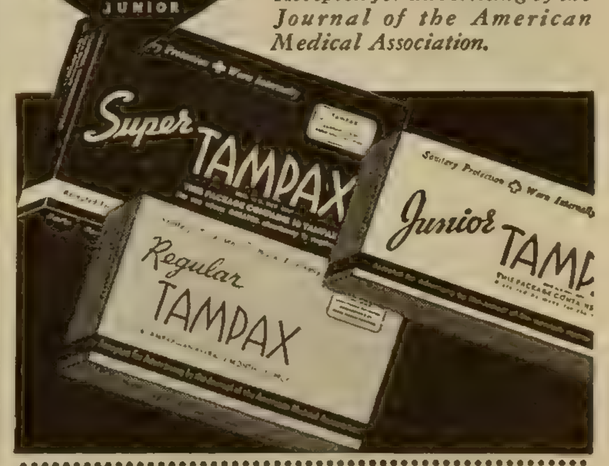
DO YOU REMEMBER how free and unhindered you were as a girl of twelve? What would you give to feel that way again? Would you give a month's trial to Tampax? It would mean the end of all your pin-and-belt troubles, for sure!

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Why let "regular" suffering—the functional pain of menstruation—interfere with plans and pleasure? Many women find comfort and welcome release from calendar slavery in Midol!

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MIDOL



RELIEVES FUNCTIONAL PERIODIC PAIN

Let Color Go to Your Head

(Continued from page 51)

"There are few girls," observes Ginger Rogers, who has had to change the color of her hair at different phases of her career and, most recently, for her poignant role in "The Primrose Path," "who can afford to pass up the opportunities offered by at least a special rinse after every shampoo. No matter how glorious the color of hair may have been originally, there are so many factors—too much indoor work or increased outdoor activity—that dim the radiance or harshen the gleam.

"Simple homemade treatments aren't always enough, either to preserve the youthful sheen or to create a more suitable coloring for the change in personality. A vinegar rinse, for instance, darkens blonde hair in time and other household remedies may encourage oiliness or dryness. Isn't it much safer and more logical to use preparations specially created to condition your hair and at the same time bring new life to the color?"

But nothing you do to enhance the sheen or shadows of your hair can be truly effective without basic fragrant cleanliness, which means something more than the regular use of shampoos and the best rinses available.

We don't doubt for a moment that you are shampooing your hair at least every week or ten days. But we do wonder if you're doing all you can to *keep* it clean between shampoos, since nothing can replace vigorous use of your hairbrush daily.

Take a tip from Priscilla Lane about keeping hair clean and glossy. Like most screen actresses, she finds the daily shampoos required for work on the set have a tendency to dry the hair. So, during holiday periods or vacations, she lets her hair go for ten days between shampoos and keeps her hair clean by wrapping a piece of gauze around her brush before wielding it.

Even better results are available to every girl now, with the daily use of a little combination comb and brush. The brush helps remove dust and lint from the surface, even while the comb is restoring shape to your coiffure.

There's so much you can do to preserve your hairdress between settings. Like Anne Shirley, you can pinch your waves back into place, anchor them firmly and then put a net cap over them before stepping into the tub. The steam helps to set the curls and your hair will be dry by the time you finish dressing. Or if—like Anne—you do this before bedtime, you can leave the cap on all night for a chic coiffure next day.

To use under your net, you need an adequate supply of hair helps. Bobby pins to keep large waves firmly in place. Enough curlers in different sizes to take care of every ringlet. The latter should be perforated to allow quick drying and should work so smoothly that they can be slipped out afterward without unwinding. (The newest curlers have a little locking device, so that the pressure can be eased before withdrawal without snarling the curl.)

You see, there's really no excuse to envy the stars their exquisite grooming. No longer can you alibi: "Well, I haven't got a studio hairdresser at my elbow all the time to keep *my* hair tidy!" Aside from added daily brushings, these little tips for greater hair beauty add no appreciable time to your regular beauty chores.

All they require is a little more use of the many products available—and a great deal more *attention* to what you're doing while you're dressing your hair.

(If you wish to know the names of beauty products write to the Beauty Editor, PHOTOPLAY, *122 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.)*

Mormon Maid

(Continued from page 21)

begin a serious intimate discussion about the things that really matter in life. She has a brindle Scottie, I have a police dog; my dog bites, hers doesn't. Of course she takes her dog for a walk, which means that she walks, too—and that, in Hollywood, is something worth mentioning. Laraine also bicycles—which is even more worth mentioning.

I asked her what time she usually got up in the morning (which seems to me another of the important things in life) and she said about six; she added, as a corollary, that she doesn't go to many parties and doesn't much care for night clubs. Well, that's fine—a girl of nineteen who has to begin work at seven in the morning oughtn't to stay up late at night, even at Hollywood's night clubs, which are very harmless places.

Then, of course, we got to talking about acting and actors. Laraine is very ambitious. She had some experience of stage acting before she was given a seven-year contract by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (who began to put her in the *Doctor Kildare* series). Her hobby is making home movies—not the sort of home movies you and I make—but real playlets, properly written beforehand and directed seriously. If you feel like doing this sort of thing after a hard day at the studio, then you're probably nineteen, ambitious and a real actress—like Laraine.

I didn't ask her who her favorite author was (and she didn't say "Oh, Mr. Hilton, do please tell me where you got the idea of 'Lost Horizon?' ")—but I did ask who her favorite actress was and she said Helen Hayes, which seemed a reasonable answer. She also admired Elizabeth Bergner, but was surprised when I said Elizabeth was old enough to be her mother. Of course, her favorite director is Hitchcock—though she liked Charles Vidor also—he made her last picture. Naturally she *adores* Hitchcock. That perambulating man-mountain with the eye of the Ancient Mariner and the smile of the newborn babe is just Destiny in any screen actress's track. I take the liberty of so describing him because he takes similiar liberties in describing others — his favorite welcome for Laraine when she arrives on the set in the morning being "Hello, you old bag" —and for Joel McCrea, "Hello, you elongated slob."

Laraine is modest. She said she was very glad she didn't have to act with Albert Bassermann, the famous German refugee-actor who has a part in the Hitchcock picture, because she knows he would steal the scene from her as easily as he did from Eddie Robinson (no mean feat) in "Dr. Ehrlich."

She is also sensible. I asked her if she felt personally the emotions she had to portray and she said of course not, or she wouldn't be able to act them. This was another relief. If an actress comes up to me and says (it happened once, and I won't say who)—"Mr. Hilton, I was so moved by that scene you wrote that I could hardly speak the lines and I didn't need the menthol-squirt for the tears, they just came naturally"—then I know that either the actress is lying, or a bad actress, or both. Natural tears can come in reading a scene, in thinking about it, in seeing it afterwards as a spectator—but weeping is, after all, a loss of control and how can anyone act without the completest control over his or her voice and physical movements?

So we went on talking about actors and acting and presently it was time for her to get back to the studio, so I drove her back and left her within sight of a sedate English drawing room (equipped with a sedate English butler) where she would be speaking her lines during the afternoon. One of these days, maybe, she will pass outside the hundred-mile-range and, after a further six thousand miles of exploration, will enter some of those sedate drawing rooms. It all depends on a man who, while she was being wheeled about in a pram in the town of Roosevelt, Utah, was hard at work writing a book in a fortress at Lansberg, Germany.

Laraine belongs to the modern 1940 school of Hollywood screen actresses—she takes herself and her work as seriously (and why not?) as if she were following the career of business girl, librarian, schoolteacher, or doctor. Her name and face may become known during the next few years to tens of millions (indeed I cannot think of any screen newcomer to whom this is more likely to happen), but she will still be a hard worker, will still remain a fundamentally sensible and serious person. Hollywood's Senseless Age is over—it was killed by higher intelligence and higher income tax.

I almost forgot to add that Laraine is exceedingly pretty. She has a Hepburn eagerness of profile combined with eyes that her studio claims are "deep green" —fortunately they aren't, but they're interesting even without the Technicolor. And also—which her studio doesn't mention—she has a fascinating and almost invisible scar on the end of her nose which I should like to have heard the history of—maybe it had something to do with Utah.

DAY-Light on LARAINE

Birthplace: Roosevelt, Utah.
Birth Date: October 13
Real Name: Laraine Johnson.
Religion: Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints (Mormon).
Film Career: Thirteen pictures to date, notably the **Dr. Kildare** series.
Biggest Hit: As **Maeve** in "My Son, My Son!"
Long-Term Contract: Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.
Current Assignment: "Foreign Correspondent," for Walter Wanger (on loan).



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Baby Skylark

(Continued from page 62)

donna illustrated, the more the family began to realize that indeed they had something here! And Gloria, for the first time, began dreaming of the phantom accompaniment of violin strings, the hushed attention of great audiences; began to command so much real attention that the family decided she should have a New York audition.

So came the day when along glamorous, disillusioning Broadway, Gloria's mother, knowing pathetically little of New York's round of theatrical offices, tried to discover "Opportunity" for this little girl of hers whose singing notes were like ever-so-perfect pearls. The story, from there on, was the one I wanted Gloria herself to tell me.

"Mother and I walked and walked and walked," she said. "We went everywhere. We tried and tried and asked and asked. But nobody would hear me sing. We tried Fred Waring and everybody. But nobody would listen."

"Why wouldn't they listen?" I asked her.

I knew why. On that smug, careless, world-famous Main Street, *I* knew why. But I wanted to hear *Gloria's* version of it.

"I don't know," she said simply. "They only said 'Everybody's busy. We're sorry but no one can listen.' Mother and I never thought we would go to see so many people in all our lives . . . Then one day we met Mr. Pasternak who makes Universal pictures. And Mr. Pasternak *did* hear me sing. And then he said . . . 'Just wait till I tell them about this in Hollywood!' "

Now her smile danced into the corners of her eyes.

"And so he told them," she finished. "And so here we are."

"AND so" a few months later, back to Broadway went Miss Gloria Jean with success as her oyster. However, Broadway didn't get the *first* look at the cinema's newest star, for Hollywood, as sentimental after all as your Aunt Agatha with her family album, arranged the world première of Gloria's first picture in the selfsame theater where her Saturday morning nickels had slid under so unsuspecting a wicket.

Of all the thrills life has so far brought her, this première is superlative! Universal gave her a trip back home for the great occasion. From the little house in Scranton, she drove to the theater on the gala night, wearing white organdie trimmed with threads of silver, an infinitesimal diamond butterfly in her hair.

"Could you believe it?" I asked her.

"No," she told me, her voice almost a whisper. "I *couldn't* . . . Our train got to Scranton in the afternoon. So many people were waiting on the street when we went home from the station I had to sit on the back of the car like the President! At night, lights were everywhere just like day time. And my name in more lights. My own name! *OH!* . . . And telegrams and flowers and interviews and autographs . . . After all the times I'd dreamed about it!"

To which she added the following quaint and delightful philosophy:

"Things are so much easier to believe," she said, "when they haven't happened yet.

"There I saw myself singing," she said, "on the very same screen where I had heard Jeanette MacDonald before I even knew that pictures were real people! . . . only Miss MacDonald is lyric," explained my hostess politely, coming out of her dream for a moment, "and I'm col'-atura."

"And now here you are in Hollywood," I said, "so used to being a movie star that an interview isn't any harder for you to take than an ice-cream cone."

"Oh, is this an interview?" she said, with a bit of surprise. "I thought we were just visiting."

"Well of course we are," I assured her. "But I'm a little bit afraid it's supposed to be an interview, too."

"Well then," said she, "you'll have to ask me a lot of questions, like my age and my favorite sport and favorite color and three favorite vegetables. And do my sisters song, too, and how do I like Hollywood."

I took the last one first.

"How *do* you like Hollywood?" I wanted to know.

"Well of course," she said, a little grin at her own expense, "long before we got here, Mother told me it wasn't any Island full of palm trees. She told me it was just a city like any city, so when we finally got here it was exactly like I expected it would be."

SHE looked through the arched patio doorway down the terrace to where a tiny spotlight glimmered across a turquoise pool; a jeweled brooch against twilight mauve.

"Only I never dreamed a place could be so beautiful," she said. "I didn't know any hills in the world could have so many colors."

"The day we got here," she went on, "we went to Universal to have lunch in the commissary. And of course I looked all around to try and see some stars. And all of a sudden here was Bing Crosby standing right in front of me. He had come with Mr. Pasternak to tell me 'Hello' . . . I don't know what I said to him. I couldn't remember one word of it afterward. I only know I dropped my fork on the floor and was so sick all the rest of the day from excitement that Mother had to take me home."

All of which is just amusing reminiscence to her now. "Of course I got over all that," she said, smiling at her unprofessional first behavior. "I got used to seeing stars everywhere, and to things like voice tests and wardrobe tests. And then one day they took me to watch Virginia Weidler make a crying scene. I had never tried to act, but I was perfectly certain I could. And when they asked me how I'd like to try a crying scene myself, I said I'd love it! I said it looked like so much fun I could hardly wait!"

I was moved to ask what she meant, when she said that crying looked like so much fun.

"Well," she said promptly, "in the first place everybody is so pleased in Hollywood when you can do it. And in the next place, the most fun in the world is to feel like an actress, and so I knew that the sooner I could get to doing crying scenes, the sooner I could feel like one."

(Which does, indeed, have all the earmarks of logic once you take the thought apart.)

"You must have been pretty surprised," I suggested, "to find yourself acting in pictures."

"Well, you know," she said, her eyes earnestly meeting mine, "that's one of the funniest things about it. I wasn't surprised at all. I can't explain what I mean, but it seemed as though I had known all the while that all this was going to happen. I went through my very first lines as though I had known how to do them always. Even the tongue-tied lines."

"The tongue-tied lines?" I queried.

"Yes," she said, "the long fast ones that tangle you up if you don't pay attention to what you're doing."

"You mean tongue twisters?" I suggested.

"Oh yes, that's it," she said, and flashed me an appreciative smile.

"And how did like your acting when you saw your first picture?" I wanted to know.

Her answer was characteristically direct and simple.

"I was *real* pleased," she said.

I asked what she hopes will happen now; what she wishes for the future.

"Just pictures forever and ever," she said very earnestly. "That's all I want."

On the other side of the patio, her good-looking young Dad, as host to a gentleman of the press, was supplying information about Gloria's birthplace her first public performances, which side of the family claimed responsibility for her talent, etc., etc. . . . She grinned at me very . . . oh very confidentially.

"And is *Daddy* getting a kick out of all this!" she said.

"A lot of people are getting a kick out of it," I told her. Everywhere I go I hear people say they can hardly wait to see you in your next picture."

"I can hardly wait to see me in it myself," she said solemnly.

In her second picture, she has the thrill of being co-starred with her first Hollywood idol, Bing Crosby. Now she is hard at work, on her next, in which she will be co-starred with Loretta Young. You will see the two before long, as a sister team in "Our City."

Gloria is increasingly eager and happy.

"Every single scene in my picture with Uncle Bing," she said, "has gone straight along as though I had done hundreds before. Isn't it wonderful! But wait till I tell you what's happened to me *now!* In my second picture I wear an evening gown! It's absolutely beautiful! It's yellow and it's made of ruffles." . . . Her voice dropping to a near whisper, as it almost always does when the subject is superlatively exciting . . . "When I tried it on," she said, "my heart nearly stopped!"

She's a bit of a comedienne in her picture with Mr. Crosby. The general impression seems to be that both of their performances are delightful.

My visit with her lasted nearly an hour. I reached for my hat and gloves.

"Well I never had an interview like *this* one," she remarked. "The only question you asked me was how do I like Hollywood."

"Really was that the only one?" I said. "Supposing I ask one more. Don't you think *two* questions ought to make it all right?"

"Well then," she agreed. "You can ask my age or my birthday date or my favorite color or my favorite three vegetables or. . . ."

"Wait a minute," I interrupted. "Let's stop right here. What are your three favorite vegetables?"

"Now let's see," she considered. "I haven't thought about it lately, but . . . I guess they're still just the same as they used to be. My third favorite is spaghetti, and my middle favorite is fish and chips, and my first favorite," she said with a grin that left no doubt about it . . . "is red raspberry pie like Mother used to make for Sunday when we lived back home in Scranton, Pennsylvania."



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Hollywood at Home

(Continued from page 20)

and dainty and utilitarian. For it's here she sets her hair in its curls. Hairdressers, she says, make her look "very strange."

THE living room she also redecorated . . .

One morning, four days before Christmas and the first big party Joan and Brian gave, Miss Honeywell, Brian's personal secretary, arrived at the house and went to Joan's room at once, as usual, armed with pencil and pad. Tucked in the side of Joan's breakfast tray this morning there were several pages of notes and Joan laid aside a sketch she was working on to pour Miss Honeywell her customary cup of coffee.

"That decorator I was talking about last week, remember?" she asked, eyes shining. "I wonder if we possibly could get her over here this morning. I want to change the living room!"

At eleven o'clock the decorator and Joan were in conference. Joan explained, walking up and down, touching this, touching that, how she wanted the room to be. She wanted gray and white and soft blue substituted for the heavy blues which then predominated. She wanted crystal sconces. She explained that a pair of rosewood chairs and a fine old secretary would remain. She showed a sketch of the way the curtains were to be hung and quickly she made another sketch of an Empire sofa that was to be covered in red and to face the fireplace.

"You make my work very simple, Mrs. Aherne," the decorator said.

"Wait!" Joan warned her. "Wait! This is Wednesday. By Sunday—by Christmas Eve—it must be finished! Now what do you say?"

When it was agreed this could, by dint, be done the big double doors between the hall and the living room were closed. Workmen arrived and when Brian came home that afternoon tea was served upstairs in the study.

"What goes on?" he asked.

"We told him," Miss Honeywell remembers, "that the living room was being decorated for the party. He probably pictured ropes of evergreen, that sort of thing. And he wasn't disappointed! For when the doors were thrown open on Christmas Eve that room was as complete as it was charming. There *were* ropes of evergreen. There was a fire crackling cheerfully. And the little flames of the candles in the crystal sconces made shadows on the soft blue walls."

Consequently, Brian wasn't in the least disturbed by this change in the domestic scene. He says, with pride, "My wife has done wonders with this house. But I insist my room be left alone. Joan did buy an open commode to stand beside my bed. A lovely old piece it is, too. I never would have thought to add it. And the shelves, I must say, are mighty convenient!"

It's interesting and unusual, I think, that Miss Honeywell remains in the Aherne household. Personal secretaries so often find it better to resign when there's a new wife.

"This house always was a charming place to work," Miss Honeywell says, her admiration for Joan too sincere to be questioned. "But Mrs. Aherne brought it new charm. New life, too. I like to open the study door and hear the phonograph playing. Or hear Mrs. Aherne at the piano, singing. Or hear laughter and the click of Ping-pong balls coming from the garden.

"And I'll never forget the day she brought me her wedding dress and asked me to have it cleaned and put away. 'It will be for my daughter,' she said. And somehow I wanted to cry. I guess it's always the simple things women do that show their hearts. . . ."

This all traces back to a prediction Mrs. Fontaine made a decade and more ago. "Joanie," she said, "will be really happy when she has a home of her own and children."

"Mother meant," Olivia explains, "not only that Joan would find natural fulfillment in these things, but that they also would give her the greatest happiness she'd ever known because they would be her very own."

It was natural for Joan to want Olivia's things, for they have the same tastes. This complicated life more than once. There was the time, when they were very young, that a book of fairy stories with Edmund Dulac illustrations was given to them jointly. They both wanted it for their very own. Finally, however, Joan decided she would rather have a little mirror of Olivia's, a little mirror with an ivory back. After weeks of palaver, a contract of exchange was written in pencil on blue-lined paper torn from a school pad. Olivia has the fairy stories still and the mirror and the contract are in Joan's trunk in the Aherne attic.

THE spark of life is incalculable, sometimes surprisingly strong, sometimes surprisingly frail. When Joan was born in the International Settlement in Tokio, Japan, on October 22nd, 1917, she had to be wrapped in cotton and carried on a pillow. The doctors called in consultation regarded her with grave eyes, took the fees it was customary for them to receive from successful English patent attorneys in residence in the Orient and went away. But when Joan lived to be two years old those same doctors, raising their eyebrows a bit, suggested a sea voyage might be beneficial.

So Joan and Olivia and their mother sailed across the Pacific and came to California, in particular to the little town of Saratoga in the dry, sunny Santa Clara country, fifty miles down the bay from San Francisco.

Physically Joan was frail. But in spirit she was strong. It was a bane to her to watch Olivia do everything first . . . go to school first . . . read first . . . study Latin first . . . and be first to enter that wonderful class of English Literature.

Then Olivia went into pictures first, too!

A career wasn't the thing Joan had decided she most wanted. She most wanted a good man for her husband, an attractive home and three or four children. But their friends in Saratoga always had said it was Joan who should go to Hollywood because, *unlike Olivia*, she photographed so beautifully. Joan's urge to act was great. Instinctively she's always turned on the facets of her personality that were in keeping with the dress she wore. She does still, according to Miss Honeywell.

"Mrs. Aherne," Miss Honeywell says, "always steps into the picture when she wears clothes. In a sweater and skirt, out in the garden, with her hair down her back, she's a little girl. On the other hand, when she comes home from shopping and changes into one of her hostess gowns for tea she's regal!"

So, Joan was determined to have a movie career, too, even though it meant following in Olivia's footsteps once again. She wouldn't, however, trade on Olivia's fame. So she gave up her right name of de Havilland and took her stepfather's name of Fontaine.

As a matter of fact, Joan was to find Olivia's success an obstacle. For until very recently whenever Joan was mentioned in motion picture circles the response was sure to be, "Oh, isn't Olivia wonderful!" They couldn't see Joan for herself; they thought of her only as Olivia's sister. She knew this, but she didn't give up. She knew what she wanted.

"Joanie has changed so!" Olivia would say, bewildered by her sister's metamorphosis from a frail, timid child into an assured and sparkling woman. "She knows so much about life, suddenly. She's so clear in her mind about what she wants and how she will go about getting it!"

And even when Joan's contract was terminated, she remained possessed and calm. She considered summer stock for the experience. She tested for the role of *Melanie* in "Gone With the Wind." And then, one night, Olivia had to go home to the little house they shared—for Joan wasn't married then—and break the news that she had just come from Selznick's office and she had been given that role.

Joan took Olivia in her arms and hugged her. "Livvie, Livvie, I'm so glad!" she said. "In all the film colony you're the only one to play *Melanie!* I've always thought so!"

However, Joan's test for *Melanie* had far-reaching results. George Cukor, who directed her in that test, didn't think she was right for the part but he was impressed with her. So he sent for her when he was casting "The Women."

The role he offered Joan in "The Women" was small. Joan realized the other players would exceed her in importance. But she also realized that, because their characters were unpleasant, they would act as a foil for her in her pleasanter role. And she signed.

That was the spring of 1939. For Joan it always will be unforgettable. With the world itself she was emerging into new life. She knew she was giving her part in "The Women" human dimensions. So, for the first time, she was happy in her work. Then Brian came along. . . .

"I WAS at dinner with Miss Fontaine last night," Brian told Miss Honeywell one day at luncheon. "She's a beautiful girl! Beautiful!" Ten minutes later he repeated himself. And before another ten minutes had passed he was saying the same thing a third time.

"Of course," Miss Honeywell says, "I knew what had happened; I knew how it was."

Alma, Joan's maid, knew how it was, too. For she arrived at the girl's house one morning to find Joan sitting on the stairs, waiting for her.

"Oh, Alma!" Joan said, "I'm so happy I can't sleep! Oh, Alma! This is the real thing!"

"I would have been carrying up her tray in no time," Alma says. "Fruit juice and poached eggs and toast and coffee or tea is what she has in the morning and it doesn't take long to fix that. But she couldn't wait!"

Luck stayed with Joan once it found her. For right after she was married she was asked to test for "Rebecca." This role was sought by Hollywood's highest and fairest. David Selznick, however, who must carry a divining rod for new stars in his back pocket,

remembered Joan's test for *Melanie* and her work in "The Women" and felt only she could play it.

The more Joan thought about the second *Mrs. de Winter* the more completely she felt she understood her. As she said to Brian one evening: "When I was a little girl, unable to hold my own with those who should have been my friends, I knew the same quality of unhappiness the second *Mrs. de Winter* knew. I was fearful and timid. And I lived in constant horror of criticism."

"Joanie," Olivia says, "wouldn't have been as wonderfully good as she was in 'Rebecca'—I think—if she hadn't been married. With Brian and her home foremost in her life she was able to be objective about her work, she didn't get too intense. We try too hard in our family. We get too anxious about things."

The study in the Aherne house—just across the hall from Joan's bedroom—is a room much used. During the day Miss Honeywell works there. In the evening Joan and Brian spend long hours there reading, or studying lines, or playing backgammon or Chinese checkers.

The walls of the study are papered with a map of the airways of the United States. The California peninsula occupies part of the wall space behind Brian's desk and shows the short distance it is, as a plane flies, between Beverly Hills and the little town of Saratoga where Joan and Olivia grew up, and where gas-station attendants and storekeepers and chance pedestrians now refer to Mrs. Fontaine, who lives there still, as "The mother of the girls. . . ."

The Ahernes (Brian is a licensed pilot) fly wherever they go. They fly to New York and back again. They fly up to Saratoga for little visits. They fly to Palm Springs for luncheon on Sundays.

Other Sundays they play golf. Brian, an expert golfer, was very subtle last Christmas. Among other presents, he gave Joan a bag of clubs. Immediately she began taking lessons and she now handles those clubs with authority.

Around the world Joan and Brian came to be together. Joan traveled East—from Tokio to Hollywood. Brian traveled West in a more roundabout way from King's Norton, Worcestershire, to Hollywood.

In Hollywood they met and fell in love and married, exactly as they might have done if they'd stayed at home in England, which is really Joan's native land just as it is Brian's. Now the little girl who was ill and out of things—and who found the years so long—is well and strong. And because she remembers the old laws and her husband comes first with her, even though she has a career, he's happy and she's happy, too. So happy that she says, over and over, "The days are too short!"

Which, in truth, seems to us to be a very happy ending.

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 61)

★ JOHNNY APOLLO—20th Century-Fox

TYRONE POWER'S newest assignment has him paired with sultry Dorothy Lamour, and they make a fine couple. Tyrone begins the picture as the son of a banker, Edward Arnold, who immediately is convicted on an embezzling charge and goes to jail. In his efforts to secure his father a parole, Ty gets deeply mixed up with an underworld gang—for that matter, he manages to make himself boss of the outfit—and meets Dorothy. Mr. Dewey's legions win out and Ty is penned up in the same jail that houses his father. Climax is a jail break.

The story is told with conviction and imagination, the suspense is wonderful and all performances are of highest caliber.

ONE MILLION B. C.—Hal Roach

THIS will kill you. Honestly. It's the darndest thing. It all happens ever so long ago, with dinosaurs and Ichthyasourus (not responsible for spelling) carrying on like Gargantuan puppies.

Remember "The Lost World," with those mechanical antediluvian reptiles? Well, the animals are alive in this—process stuff, of course, but superbly done. Roy Seawright was the technician in charge. Frankly, this is no picture for sissies.

DR. KILDARE'S STRANGE CASE—M-G-M

ALL the recent hullabaloo about the insulin shock treatment for mental cases is the inspiration for *Medico Kildare's* newest adventure. It helps him save the reputation of another doctor and gain the affection of pretty Laraine Day, this season's white hope at Metro. Lionel Barrymore still lurks about in his wheelchair, advising Lew and chuckling in a kindly fashion.

20 MULE TEAM—M-G-M

HERE'S Wally Beery again, roaring and cracking his whip in an expensive Western. Filmed against the beautiful blankness of Death Valley, the picture deals with the early days of the borax industry and shows Wally, toughest mule skinner extant, getting himself into furious trouble and having to shoot his way out of it. There's a chase at the end and everything. Leo Carrillo and Marjorie Rambeau support.

IF I HAD MY WAY—Universal

AFTER Bing Crosby's many fine pictures and the running start little Gloria Jean had in the "The Underpup," this is a sore disappointment. Both stars work hard to make entertainment without any story on which to base their efforts. All the old-time vaudeville stars of bygone days—Blanche Ring, Eddie Leonard, Trixie Friganza and others—are brought in to stage a show. If you're over fifty you'll remember them. But it's a little sad. Time has wreaked its havoc thoroughly. The songs: "April Played the Fiddle," "Pessimistic Character," "Meet the Sun Halfway," "Little Grey Home In the West." Performances are generally good.

WOLF OF NEW YORK—Republic

IN case you're thinking in terms of Hollywood phraseology, "Wolf" in this case does not mean a predatory man; it means a lawyer who works for crime rather than on the side of law and order. Edmund Lowe has the title role and is at his capable best. The piece is adequate for a double-feature program.

THE WAY OF ALL FLESH—Paramount

PARAMOUNT'S Paradox might be the subtitle for this modern version of the silent film which gave Emil Jannings—and tear-drenched spectators—such a field day. Opening scenes (virtually the only happy moments) run to maudlin sentiment, while the latter three-fourths (overcast with the gloom of true tragedy) have dignity, authenticity and considerable suspenseful excitement. Akim Tamiroff assumes the Jannings role with finesse and masterful make-up for each phase of the immigrant banker's downfall from respected citizen and loving father to bleary-eyed old bum. Gladys George is shiningly lovely as the devoted wife he leaves behind on that ill-fated trip as custodian of $100,000 worth of securities, while Berton Churchill and Muriel Angelus are convincing as the city swindlers who lead him like a lamb to the slaughter. All in all, "The Way of All Flesh" is a PHOTOPLAY-star, four-hankie picture for those who appreciate harrowing melodrama, tastefully done—but a no-star picture for those who just can't bear to be depressed.

SON OF THE NAVY—Monogram

HERE'S a pleasant, unimpressive little film, dealing with the adventures of Martin Spellman, orphan, and his dog, who go in search of a new mom and pop. Martin chooses James Dunn, bachelor gunnery mate on a battleship. Dunn naturally has to find a girl to share his troubles and Jean Parker is handy. The story is acceptable if lazy in spots and production is all right.

CURTAIN CALL—RKO

ANY picture produced these days with the sole purpose of making the customers laugh deserves a big hand, no matter its intrinsic merit. Fortunately, this turned out as an excellent bit of entertainment. Barbara Read is the small-town girl who sells her badly written play to a producer and insists no line in it may be changed. Resultant complications are sheer fun.

SAFARI—Paramount

IN this version of Beauty-and-the-Beast, it's a toss-up who will get big-game hunter Douglas Fairbanks Jr. first—Tullio Carminati's lovely lady friend, Madeleine Carroll, or the lion Doug and Tullio are stalking. There's some exquisite photography which manages to appear definitely authentic in background and feeling. What it's short on is plot: Madeleine thinks it's about time Tullio married her and goes along on an African hunting trip to prove it; Doug thinks women are a nuisance on the trail and that Madeleine's a shallow sophisticate, besides; Tullio thinks that both Madeleine and Doug are up to no good and you can just see him deciding to do something nasty about it. All three are excellently cast and persuasive, but the big surprise is Lynne Overman, unrecognizable in a walrus-mustached make-up. You'll find this an entertaining—if not instructive or thrilling—evening.

THOSE WERE THE DAYS—Paramount

THE mad merriness of college life in the 1900's forms the theme of this fun-for-all-the-family picture. Dad will get nostalgic at the escapades of the boys of the stiff collars and buttoned shoes; the rest of you will enjoy the wholehearted abandon with which William Holden, Ezra Stone and sundry other engaging juveniles go through

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their madcap paces at Good Old Siwash. There is nothing pretentious about the film, but it does do its cheery bit to take your minds off the current headlines.

TOMBOY—Monogram

MARCIA MAE JONES is the tomboy in this; she's the daughter of an ex-baseball player, Grant Withers. Jackie Moran has it tough. The children find young romance and work out their problems together and it's all very sweet indeed.

The LIGHT OF WESTERN STARS—Paramount

THIS is one of Zane Grey's best action yarns and it's been filmed carefully, with a good cast and nice production. Victor Jory plays the ranch foreman in a very Wild-West manner; he has many troubles, among them a gang of gun-running outlaws and a socialite, Jo Ann Sayers.

GRANDPA GOES TO TOWN—Republic

THE *Higgins Family* are in worse trouble than ever this month. *Ma,* played by Lucile Gleason, buys a hotel in a Western ghost town and her son, Russell Gleason, announces a gold strike. Of course, it was just part of a movie scene Russell overheard and there is talk of lynching among the prospectors who have swarmed in. *Grandpa,* played by Harry Davenport, saves the day and justifies the title.

Casts of Current Pictures

"ALIAS THE DEACON" — UNIVERSAL. — Screen play by Nat Perrin. Directed by Christy Cabanne. Cast: *Deke Caswell,* Bob Burns; *Andre,* Mischa Auer; *Phyllis,* Peggy Moran; *Johnny Sloan,* Dennis O'Keefe; *Elise Clark,* Virginia Brissac; *Willie Clark,* Bennie Bartlett; *Sheriff Yates,* Spencer Charters; *Jim Cunningham,* Thurston Hall; *Bull Gumbatz,* Guinn Williams; *Sullivan,* Jack Carson; *Stuphy,* Ed Brophy.

"ANDY HARDY MEETS DEBUTANTE"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Annalee Whitmore and Thomas Seller. Based upon the characters created by Aurania Rouverol. Directed by George B. Seitz. Cast: *Judge Hardy,* Lewis Stone; *Andy Hardy,* Mickey Rooney; *Marian Hardy,* Cecilia Parker; *Mrs. Hardy,* Fay Holden; *Polly Benedict,* Ann Rutherford; *Daphne Fowler,* Diana Lewis; *Betsy Booth,* Judy Garland; *"Breezy,"* George Breakston; *Aldrich Brown,* Tom Neal; *Aunt Milly,* Sara Haden; *Jordan,* Harry Tyler; *Mr. Benedict,* Addison Richards.

"CURTAIN CALL" — RKO-RADIO. — Screen play by Dalton Trumbo. From the story by Howard J. Green. Directed by Frank Woodruff. Cast: *Helen Middleton,* Barbara Read; *Donald Avery,* Alan Mowbray; *Charlotte Morley,* Helen Vinson; *Jeff Crandall,* Donald MacBride; *Ted Palmer,* John Archer; *Miss Smith,* Leona Maricle; *Spike Malone,* Frank Faylen; *Attendant,* Tom Kennedy; *Leslie Barrivale,* Ralph Forbes; *Mr. Middleton,* J. M. Kerrigan; *Mrs. Middleton,* Ann Shoemaker; *Fred Middleton,* Tommy Kelly.

"DR. KILDARE'S STRANGE CASE" — M-G-M.—Screen play by Harry Ruskin and Willis Goldbeck. Based on an original story by Max Brand and Willis Goldbeck. Directed by Harold S. Bucquet. Cast: *Dr. James Kildare,* Lew Ayres; *Dr. Leonard Gillespie,* Lionel Barrymore; *Mary Lamont,* Laraine Day; *Dr. Gregory Lane,* Shepperd Strudwick; *Dr. Stephen Kildare,* Samuel S. Hinds; *Mrs. Martha Kildare,* Emma Dunn; *Wayman,* Nat Pendleton; *Dr. S. J. Carew,* Walter Kingsford; *Molly Byrd,* Alma Kruger; *Henry Adams,* John Eldredge; *"Nosey,"* Nell Craig; *Sally,* Marie Blake; *Dr. Squires,* Charles Waldron; *Joiner,* Tom Collins; *Conover,* George H. Reed; *Antonio,* Paul Porcasi; *"Fog Horn,"* Horace MacMahon; *Mike,* Frank Orth; *Mrs. Gray,* Margaret Seddon; *Mrs. Adams,* Fay Helm.

"GRANDPA GOES TO TOWN"—REPUBLIC. —Original screen play by Jack Townley. Directed by Gus Meins. Cast: *Joe Higgins,* James Gleason; *Lil Higgins,* Lucile Gleason; *Sidney Higgins,* Russell Gleason; *Grandpa,* Harry Davenport; *Betty Higgins,* Lois Ranson; *Al,* Maxie Rosenbloom; *Tommy Higgins,* Tommy Ryan; *Ledda,* Ledda Godoy; *Sam,* Noah Beery; *Bill,* Douglas Meins; *Muggsy,* Garry Owen; *Homer,* Ray Turner; *Ike,* Lee "Lasses" White; *Director,* Walter Miller; *Jasper,* Emmett Lynn; *Woodrow,* Joe Caits; *Arturo Godoy,* Himself.

"IF I HAD MY WAY"—UNIVERSAL.—Original story and screen play by David Butler, William Conselman and James V. Kern. Directed by David Butler. Cast: *Buzz Blackwell,* Bing Crosby; *Patricia Johnson,* Gloria Jean; *Joe Johnson,* Charles Winninger; *Axel Swenson,* El Brendel; *Fred Johnson,* Donald Woods; *Brenda Johnson,* Claire Dodd; *Marian Johnson,* Nana Bryant; *Blanche Ring,* Herself; *Eddie Leonard,* Himself; *Grace LaRue,* Herself; *Trixie Friganza,* Herself; *Julian Eltinge,* Himself; *Mr. Blair,* Moroni Olsen.

"I WAS AN ADVENTURESS"—20TH CENTURY-FOX. — Screen play by Karl Tunberg, Don Ettlinger and John O'Hara. Based on an original production by Gregor Rabinovitsch. Directed by Gregory Ratoff. Cast: *Countess Tanya Vronsky,* Zorina; *Paul Vernay,* Richard Greene; *Andre Desormeaux,* Erich Von Stroheim; *Polo,* Peter Lorre; *Herr Protz,* Sig Rumann; *Henri Gautier,* Fritz Feld; *Aunt Cecile,* Cora Witherspoon; *Cousin Emil,* Anthony Kemble Cooper; *Fisherman,* Paul Porcasi; *Fisherman's Wife,* Inez Palange; *Jacques Dubois,* Egon Brecher; *Henrich Von Kongen,* Roger Imhof; *Waiters,* Rolfe Sedan and Eddie Conrad; *Orchestra Leader,* Fortunio Bonanova.

"JOHNNY APOLLO"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Philip Dunne and Rowland Brown. From the original story by Samuel G. Engel and Hal Long. Directed by Henry Hathaway. Cast: *Bob Cain,* Tyrone Power; *"Lucky" Dubarry,* Dorothy Lamour; *Robert Cain, Sr.,* Edward Arnold; *Mickey Dwyer,* Lloyd Nolan; *Judge Emmett T. Brennan,* Charley Grapewin; *Jim McLaughlin,* Lionel Atwill; *Bates,* Marc Lawrence; *Dr. Brown,* Jonathan Hale; *Piano Player,* Harry Rosenthal; *District Attorney,* Russell Hicks; *Cellmate,* Fuzzy Knight; *Assistant District Attorney,* Charles Lane; *Warden,* Selmar Jackson; *Judges,* Charles Trowbridge and John Hamilton; *Paul,* William Pawley; *Butler,* Eric Wilton; *Announcer,* Gary Breckner; *Trusty,* Harry Tyler; *Mr. Ives,* George Irving; *Henchmen,* Eddie Marr and Anthony Caruso; *Welfare Secretary,* Stanley Andrews; *Office Boy,* Wally Albright.

"LIGHT OF WESTERN STARS, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Norman Houston. Based on the original story by Zane Grey. Directed by Lesley Selander. Cast: *Gene Stewart,* Victor Jory; *Madeline (Majesty) Hammond,* Jo Ann Sayers; *Alfred Hammond,* Russell Hayden; *Nat Hayworth,* Morri Ankrum; *Poco,* Noah Beery, Jr.; *Flo Kingsley,* Ruth Rogers; *Bill Stillwell,* J. Farrell MacDonald; *Bonita,* Esther Estrella; *Denny,* Alan Ladd; *Helen,* Georgia Hawkins; *Sneed,* Earl Askam; *Sheriff Hawes,* Tom Tyler.

"MY FAVORITE WIFE" — RKO-RADIO. — Screen play by Sam and Bella Spewack. From the story by Sam and Bella Spewack and Leo McCarey. Directed by Garson Kanin. Cast: *Ellen Arden,* Irene Dunne; *Nick Arden,* Cary Grant; *Stephen Burkett,* Randolph Scott; *Bianca Bates,* Gail Patrick; *Ma,* Ann Shoemaker; *Tim,* Scotty Beckett; *Chinch,* Mary Lou Harrington; *Hotel Clerk,* Donald MacBride; *Judge,* Granville Bates.

"ONE MILLION B.C."—HAL ROACH-UNITED ARTISTS.—Original screen play by Mickell Novak, George Baker and Joseph Frickert. Directed by Hal Roach and Hal Roach, Jr. Cast: *Tumak,* Victor Mature; *Loana,* Carole Landis; *Akhoba,* Lon Chaney, Jr.; *Ohlao,* John Hubbard; *Peytow,* Nigel De Brulier; *Nupondi,* Mamo Clark; *Tohana,* Inez Palange; *Skakana,* Edgar Edwards; *Ataf,* Jacqueline Dalya; *Wandi,* Mary Gale Fisher.

"OUR TOWN"—SOL LESSER-UNITED ARTISTS. Screen play by Thornton Wilder, Frank Craven and Harry Chandlee. From the Pulitzer Prize play by Thornton Wilder. Directed by Sam Wood. Cast: *George Gibbs.* William Holden; *Emily Webb,* Martha Scott; *Mrs. Gibbs,* Fay Bainter; *Mrs. Webb,* Beulah Bondi; *Dr. Gibbs,* Thomas Mitchell; *Editor Webb,* Guy Kibbee; *Howie Newsome,* Stuart Erwin; *Mrs. Soames,* Doro Merande; *Rebecca Gibbs,* Ruth Toby; *Wally Webb,* Douglas Gardiner; *Professor Willett,* Arthur Allen; *The Constable,* Spencer Charters; *Joe Crowell,* Tim Davis; *Si Crowell,* Dix Davis.

"SAFARI"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Delmer Daves. Based on a story by Paul Hervey Fox. Directed by Edward H. Griffith. Cast: *Linda Stewart,* Madeleine Carroll; *Jim Logan,* Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; *Baron de Courland,* Tullio Carminati; *Fay Thorne,* Muriel Angelus; *Jock McPhail,* Lynne Overman; *Waiter,* Billy Gilbert.

"SAINT TAKES OVER, THE"—RKO-RADIO. —Screen play by Leslie Charteris, Lynn Root and Frank Fenton. Based on the famous character of "The Saint," created by Leslie Charteris. Directed by Jack Hively. Cast: *Simon Templar,* George Sanders; *Ruth Sommers,* Wendy Barrie; *Inspector Fernack,* Jonathan Hale; *Pearly Gates,* Paul Guilfoyle; *Ben Egan,* Pierre Watkin; *Max Bremer,* Cyrus W. Kendall; *Sam Reese,* Morgan Conway; *Leo Sloan,* Robert Keane; *Rocks Weldon,* Roland Drew; *Captain Wade,* Robert Middlemass; *Mike,* James Burke; *Lucy Fernack,* Nella Walker; *Dick,* Theodore Von Eltz; *Tom,* Billy Bakewell; *Harriett,* Suzanne Rhodes; *Ship's Bartender,* Ed Thomas.

"SATURDAY'S CHILDREN" — WARNERS. —Screen play by Julius J. and Philip G. Epstein. Based on the Pulitzer Prize play by Maxwell Anderson. Directed by Vincent Sherman. Cast: *Rims Rosson,* John Garfield; *Bobby Halevy,* Anne Shirley; *Mr. Halevy,* Claude Rains; *Willie Sands,* Roscoe Karns; *Florrie Sands,* Lee Patrick; *Gertrude Mills,* Dennie Moore; *Herbie Smith,* George Tobias; *Mrs. Halevy,* Elizabeth Risdon; *Mr. Norman,* Berton Churchill.

"SON OF THE NAVY"—MONOGRAM.—Screen play by Marion Orth and Joseph West. From an original story by True Boardman and Grover Jones. Directed by William Nigh. Cast: *Malone,* James Dunn; *Steve,* Jean Parker; *Tommy,* Martin Spellman; *Captain Moore,* William Royle; *Captain Parker,* Selmar Jackson; *Nelson,* Dave O'Brien; *Mrs. Baker,* Sarah Padden; *Brad Wheeler,* Craig Reynolds; *Johnson,* Charles King; *Burns,* Gene Morgan.

"THOSE WERE THE DAYS"—PARAMOUNT. —Screen play by Don Hartman. Based on the Famous Siwash Stories by George Fitch. Directed by Ted Reed. Cast: *P. J. "Petey" Simmons,* William Holden; *Martha Scroggs,* Bonita Granville; *Alexander Bangs,* Ezra Stone; *Mirabelle Allstairs,* Judith Barrett; *Judge Malachia Scroggs,* Vaughan Glaser; *Sparrow,* William Frawley; *Professor Sillicocks,* Lucien Littlefield; *Mrs. Sanford,* Kitty Kelly; *Mrs. Holland,* Dora Clement; *Ranson,* Phillip Terry; *Briggs,* Richard Terry; *Andrews,* James Seay; *Saunders,* John Laird; *Whipple,* John Hartley; *Allen,* Douglas Kennedy; *Sam Byers,* Tom Rutherford; *Evans,* Jimmy Dodd.

"TOMBOY" — MONOGRAM. — Screen play by Dorothy Reid and Marion Orth. Directed by Robert McGowan. Cast: *Steve,* Jackie Moran; *Pal,* Marcia Mae Jones; *Kelly,* Grant Withers; *Mall,* George Cleveland; *Martha,* Clara Blandick; *Harry,* Marvin Stephens; *Frances,* Charlotte Wynters; *First Tramp,* Gene Morgan.

"20 MULE TEAM"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Cyril Hume, E. E. Paramore and Richard Maibaum. Based on a story by Robert C. DuSoe and Owen Atkinson. Directed by Richard Thorpe. Cast; *Skinner Bill Bragg,* Wallace Beery; *Piute Pete,* Leo Carrillo; *Josie Johnson,* Marjorie Rambeau; *Jean Johnson,* Anne Baxter; *Stag Roper,* Douglas Fowley; *Mitch,* Noah Beery, Jr.; *"Jackass" Brown,* Berton Churchill; *Salters,* Arthur Hohl; *Chuckawalla,* Clem Bevans; *Adams,* Charles Halton; *Marshal,* Minor Watson; *Conductor,* Oscar O'Shea; *Stockholder,* Lloyd Ingraham.

"TURNABOUT" — HAL ROACH-UNITED ARTISTS. — Screen play by John McClain. From the novel by Thorne Smith. Directed by Hal Roach. Cast: *Phil Manning,* Adolphe Menjou; *Sally Willows,* Carole Landis; *Tim Willows,* John Hubbard; *Joel Clare,* William Gargan; *Laura Bannister,* Verree Teasdale; *Marion Manning,* Mary Astor; *Henry,* Donald Meek; *Miss Twill,* Polly Ann Young; *Irene Clare,* Joyce Compton; *Miss Edwards,* Inez Courtney; *Pingboom,* Franklin Pangborn; *Nora,* Marjorie Main; *Mr. Marlowe,* Berton Churchill; *Dixie Gale,* Margaret Roach.

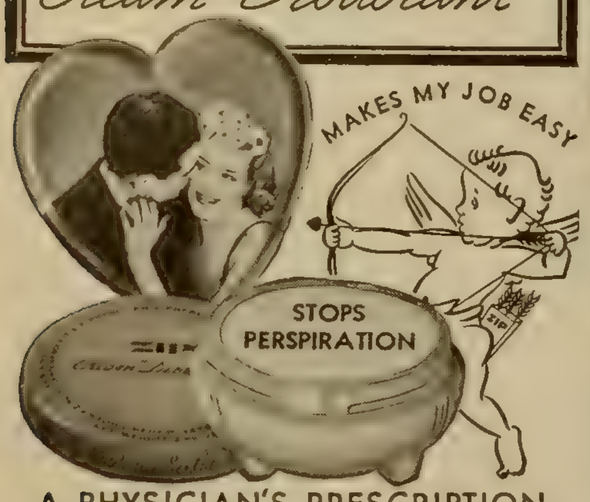
"TYPHOON"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Allen Rivkin. Based on a story by Steve Fisher. Directed by Louis King. Cast: *Dea,* Dorothy Lamour; *Johnny Potter,* Robert Preston; *Skipper Joe,* Lynne Overman; *Mekaike,* J. Carrol Naish; *Kehi,* Chief Thundercloud; *The Doctor,* Frank Reicher; *The Barkeep,* John Rogers; *Dea's Father,* Paul Harvey.

"WAY OF ALL FLESH, THE"—PARAMOUNT. —Screen play by Lenore Coffee. Based on a story by Lajos Biro and Jules Furthman. Directed by Louis King. Cast: *Paul, Sr.,* Akim Tamiroff; *Anna,* Gladys George; *Paul, Jr.,* William Henry; *Mary,* Muriel Angelus; *Reginald L. Morten,* Berton Churchill; *Henzel,* Roger Imhof; *Varno,* James Seay.

"WOLF OF NEW YORK"—REPUBLIC.—Screen play by Gordon Kahn and Lionel Houser. From the original story by Leslie T. White and Arnold Belgard. Directed by William McGann. Cast: *Chris Faulkner,* Edmund Lowe; *Peggy Nolan,* Rose Hobart; *Hiram Rogers,* James Stephenson; *Cosgrave,* Jerome Cowan; *Bill Ennis,* William Demarest; *Frankie Mason,* Maurice Murphy; *Constable Nolan,* Chas. D. Brown; *Upshaw,* Edward Gargan; *Duncan,* Andrew Tombes; *McGill,* Ben Welden; *Gladys,* Ann Baldwin; *Governor,* Roy Gordon.

"WOMEN IN WAR"—REPUBLIC.—Original screen play by F. Hugh Herbert and Doris Anderson. Directed by John H. Auer. Cast: *O'Neil,* Elsie Janis; *Pamela,* Wendy Barrie; *Larry,* Patric Knowles; *Gail,* Mae Clarke; *Ginger,* Dennie Moore; *Frances,* Dorothy Peterson; *Pierre;* Billy Gilbert; *Captain Tedford,* Colin Tapley; *Colonel Starr,* Stanley Logan; *Millie,* Barbara Pepper; *Phyllis,* Pamela Randall; *Gordon,* Lawrence Grant; *King's Counsel,* Lester Matthews.

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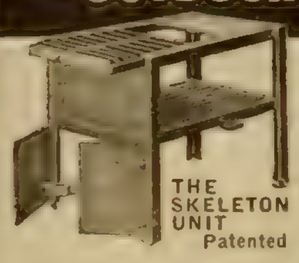
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YOUR FAITH

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PHOTOPLAY PRESENTS AS ITS VIVID NEW MOVIE NOVEL

COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE



He said, "If we could promise each other to be just friends . . ." She said, "I couldn't keep that kind of bargain." Screen interpreters of these Lewis characters: Ray Milland and Patricia Morison, starring in the Paramount production

UNTAMED

A BOOKLENGTH STORY OF THE MOVIE, BASED ON A NOVEL BY

Sinclair Lewis

THE THRILLING STORY OF ROMANCE IN THE ICE-BOUND NORTH, WHERE A DOCTOR REGAINS HIS PROFESSIONAL ETHICS—AND FORGETS THE ETHICS OF LOVE

UNTAMED

She looked like an innocent wild child, he thought. He was to discover that she had a woman's heart

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THE chain of rubies down the center of Park Avenue, garlanding the bosom of the rainy spring night, changed to a chain of emeralds. The black limousine leaped forward with a well-bred sneer from its expensive motor; it outdistanced the cars on either side of it, cut in in front of a meek coupé and swerved to a quick stop before a green canvas marquee which had "Surgeons' Hospital" embossed on it in white letters.

Dr. William Crawford—young, flushed, laughing, dressed for a night out—climbed from the back seat with a careful dignity, marred only slightly when the roof of the car caught his top hat and tilted it to an even more rakish angle.

"'S no use," he adjured the man and two girls who remained in the car. "Don't get hysterical. This is a command performance."

The prettiest girl, the blondest and most discontented looking, said, "Of course, it doesn't matter if we miss half of the first act!"

Bill squinted at his wrist watch, holding his hand high up in the air so the light from the hospital entrance fell on the dial. "Look," he announced solemnly. "It is now sixteen minutes to nine. "I'll be back at nine-ten."

"Hey!" the other girl said, startled. "This is an *operation* you're going to do, isn't it?"

"Poof!" Bill said. The gleefully scornful snap of his fingers didn't quite come off, but it got the idea across. "An appendectomy! Can do 'em with my bare hands and a corkscrew!"

He tossed the door shut, whirled and started away. It wasn't until he had gone a few steps that he noticed he wasn't headed toward the entrance at all. Chuckling amiably, he corrected the mistake.

Back in the car, one of the girls said, "Say! Think he's all right? After all, he *has* had a few. . . ."

Les Woodbury struck a match for a cigarette and just for a moment the flare of light, so close to his face, showed cruelly the sagging skin beneath his eyes, the network of tiny red veins in them. Then the match went out and he said, in a voice that was so warm and friendly that you forgot the tired face:

"Sure, he's all right. That boy's the Frank Buck of surgery. They call him 'Bring-'em-back-alive Crawford.'"

"Couldn't somebody else have operated?"

"What?" He reproved her petulance. "Take out *Mrs. Hume-Wycott's* thingamajig? Listen, my beautiful white dove, you don't know what you're saying. If ever you want to get into the Social Register, have an 'incision by Crawford'—and they'll give you a full page!"

The girl was unimpressed. "Yeah," she said, "I hear it's getting so now that he autographs 'em."

It was fourteen minutes to nine when Dr. Crawford stepped out of the elevator on Surgery Floor. It was ten minutes to nine when, attempting to pull white operating pants on over his dress trousers, he smiled gratefully at a young nurse who came over to steady him. It was nine minutes to nine when he realized that it had been a long time since the last one and said to the young nurse:

"Be an angel, sweetheart, and get me a beaker of brandy."

The nurse looked embarrassed. "Er—brandy?" she asked.

Bill beamed at her. "You've got the general idea," he said approvingly. "Comes in bottles, nurse. Some people drink it—murder on the liver, but nice." He waited for her to go and get it, but she didn't move. He stopped beaming. "Well—what's the matter?"

"We'll have to requisition it—" she offered timidly.

"Then go ahead and requisition it!" he snapped, amiability quite vanished. "That's an order!"

The nurse looked doubtfully at another nurse who was standing silently by the sterilizers, then quietly left the room. Bill turned suddenly, so suddenly that he didn't notice a small instrument case on wheels standing beside him. His knee caught it and sent it spinning across the room, where it overturned noisily.

THE anteroom was disgustingly crowded, he noticed for the first time. It was crawling with nurses. And it was stiflingly hot. Nurses, nurses everywhere, cluttering up the place so you couldn't breathe, and not one of them with intelligence enough to carry out a simple order.

One of them held out a towel with some rubber gloves on it. He picked them up and started to put one on; it was slippery and too small; it stuck on his fingers and it stuck on his thumb; it was maddening.

He dashed both gloves to the floor and shouted: "Get me a decent pair of gloves! What's the matter with everybody tonight?" They only stood around gaping at him like a pack of fools. Here he was, the most successful young doctor in New York, and nothing around him but stupidity! He lost his temper completely.

"Well, come on, come on! Do I have to find my own gloves?" He picked up a mask and began adjusting it across his mouth and nose. But the mask, like the gloves, was possessed of devils. The tapes at the back of his head twined and slipped through his fingers and curled themselves into a knot that was as complicated as one of old McReynolds' lectures back in medical school. He ripped the mask off and flung it to the floor besides the gloves.

Somebody was standing in the door of the anteroom. After a few seconds of intense concentration he made out who it was—the Chief Surgeon and, behind him, the Head Nurse. He welcomed the coming of Authority.

"What is this, anyhow?" he screamed. "A cat-and-dog hospital? Rotten equipment—incompetence—arguments! An emergency case waiting in there and I can't even find a decent pair of gloves!"

"You won't need them, Crawford," the Chief said. He came farther into the room. "*I'm* taking over."

Bill elbowed impatiently past him to the table where more gloves lay. "If you'll kindly get out of my way—" he snarled. Then the Chief's statement sank into his fuddled brain. "*You're*—what did you say?"

The Chief had his coat off and was bending over the sink, scrubbing his hands hurriedly. "Just what I said," he remarked. "You'd better go home, Crawford, and sleep it off."

"Go home?—But I'm going to operate!"

"Operate?" said the Chief with undisguised contempt. "You couldn't sharpen a lead pencil. Look at your hands!"

Without wanting to, Bill obeyed.

They were quivering.

"You're suspended," the Chief said. "You've been skidding for months," he went on in the same icy manner. "And now you'd rather risk a patient's life than admit you're shot to pieces! . . . Too bad, Crawford. You might have done some important work."

Bill passed one hand across his forehead. It came away damp. "Important work!" he said. "Not in this pink-and-white heaven for dyspeptics!" A nurse came into the room, carrying the beaker of brandy. Bill grabbed it away from her and tossed it down his throat. "That," he said, "is the only important work I'll ever do!" and quietly passed out.

When he came to, he saw the Chief, a hypodermic needle, and the homely worried face of Les Woodbury, in that order. The Chief was leaning over him, the hypodermic needle was being inserted into his upper arm and Les was jittering in the background.

"That'll slow you up," the Chief said, straightening. "You've got to take it easy from now on, if you expect to carry on."

Bill looked around. He was in the bedroom of his own apartment. He'd have asked how he got there, but somewhere in the back of his mind was an impression of confusion, of rushing traffic, of being carried along halls and through doors. He guessed that all answered his question.

"Carry on!" he said, and laughed. "Any second-year interne could . . ." But it seemed too much trouble to go on. What he'd been about to explain was that he wasn't a surgeon; he was only a nursemaid to a lot of tired debutantes and neurotic old women. He could have told the Chief about ambitions—and ideals, too—that somehow had got dropped at the wayside, and research he hadn't had time to carry through. He could have told him all this, and more. But what was the use? He knew it



All Bill's careful restraint broke, like the twanging release of an overtaut wire. He held Alverna close, kissing her again and again

all, himself, and it wouldn't have made much sense to anyone else anyway.

So instead of talking any more, he closed his eyes. Far away, in another world, he heard the Chief and Les Woodbury—good old Les!—talking. At least, they seemed to be talking.

"Serious?" The Chief's voice said this. "Of course it's serious! His whole nervous system has blown up in his face. And that's not the worst of it—the tragedy is a youngster like Crawford tossing a brilliant career into the gutter . . . will he listen to you?"

"Maybe that's been his trouble," Les said.

"Well, make him listen to this: As soon as he's strong enough he's got to get out of here . . . go away . . . get some air and some sun and some decent living. . . ."

Bill stopped listening. Go away. It sounded good.

FOR hundreds of miles in all directions there was nothing but wilderness—vast stretches of tundra, swamp, jackpine, veined with rivers and dotted with dark lakes. He might travel miles without seeing a human being, hearing a human voice . . . or so he liked to think. Actually, he guessed, there were a few settlements—places like Lost Lake Landing, or Lac Qui Rève or Moosehead. But the thought of loneliness was comforting. The thought of all the Canadian Northwest, rolling out on every side, with himself alone in the middle—that was pleasant.

He lay in the sun, letting his body soak up its heat like a sponge. Half asleep, he heard Joe Easter and Les Woodbury talking. Joe was their guide, a French Canadian who spoke a brand of English that would have baffled Noah Webster and whose tummy stuck out a matter of inches past the low-slung waistline of his blue jeans, but who knew his way around the woods better than Bill knew his around an operating theater.

"So," Joe was saying, "there is poor Pete Zapoose—his foot caught in a rock, like I say—and there is Mister Bear. My friends—he is so beeg I t'ink he is a bull moose!"

"And then what?" Les' voice had an edge of excitement. "What'd you do?"

"So from across the valley I shoot!" Joe whipped his rifle to his shoulder, sighted along it to an imaginary target, eyes narrow and face grim.

"But I thought," Les queried innocently, "you said you were out of ammunition?"

Joe pounced.

PHOTOPLAY'S MOVIE NOVEL

"Sure! But Mister Grizzly he don't know about that—and *Ker-plunk!* Down he go!—Haw! Haw haw haw!"

Bill chuckled, stretched luxuriously, and stood up. It was good, once more, to feel his muscles do his bidding, know that he could count on them to be steady and firm. He picked up his rifle and an empty tomato can that lay beside Joe Easter and tossed the can down the slope toward the lake. Then in one quick unbroken movement, the gun was at his shoulder and three shots broke the quiet of the afternoon. Twice the can leaped like a startled animal; the third shot was a miss.

Joe said admiringly, "By golly, Bill—one day, mebbe, you shoot almost as good as me."

"A month ago," Les added, "he couldn't have hit a tree with a fire hose."

Bill grinned, showing white teeth. "Bring on your bears, Joe," he said.

Les Woodbury snorted.

"Bears! Seventeen days we've been on the trail and we haven't so much as *seen* one. There aren't any up in this country!"

Joe had risen and was turning in a half-circle, scanning the horizon. Abruptly, he sniffed.

"Today I t'ink we find bear," he announced softly. "I can smell him.

"Skookum!" he called.

From his squatting post on the ground twenty feet or so away, a fat Cree Indian turned expressionless eyes on them.

Joe spoke a few words in Cree dialect and Skookum nodded once and uttered a scornful, unintelligible monosyllable, as if to indicate that he had smelled bear many minutes before.

"Come," Joe repeated. "Bill, you and I go ahead, Skookum and Les come along a little after."

Bill and Les obediently picked up their guns and the four of them set out in the order Joe had directed.

FOR two hours they trudged through the hot afternoon. Weariness settled in Bill's legs and arms and back—a healthy, bracing kind of weariness.

"Whew!" he sighed when he and Joe sat down for a few moments about three o'clock. "I feel like an old inner tube. But good!"

Joe whittled a hunk of chewing tobacco from the plug he carried in his pocket, tucked it into his cheek, then offered the plug to Bill. Bill shied away hastily and reached for his pipe.

"No, thanks! I'm not that healthy yet!"

"You pretty healthy, though," Joe remarked. "Not like you was when I met you at Moosehead. You was sick fella then, Bill."

"A rotten sort of sickness, Joe. Idiot's delight!"

Joe was cheerfully reminiscent. "Yeah. One time I get sick, too . . . get drunk an' almost kill a man in a fight. Then Le Bon Dieu, He say to me, 'By golly, Joe,' He say, 'I lay out thousands of nice, straight trails across this world an' you pick crooked one. Why do you do that, Joe?'

"I have nothing to say to Le Bon Dieu," Joe went on. "I have no excuse. He make me feel like big fool."

"I've sure crossed up my trails," Bill said. For a moment the vision of New York flashed before him—its humanity-packed streets, its luxury, its self-assurance.

"You will find the right trail, all right," Joe said softly. "I bet you my boots."

"I don't know, Joe. Better go easy on those boots. You might lose 'em."

"Doctor Bill—I bet those boots because I like you."

Bill looked quickly at Joe's broad face, into the big, gentle eyes, and knew that he had just received an accolade, and more than that: a pledge of friendship. Pleasure struggled with masculine embarrassment in him and he awkwardly thrust out his hand.

"Shake on that!" he said.

After they had shaken hands they put sentimentality to rout. With a great show of bustling busyness, Joe rumbled, "Now we better find that bear, hey? Or mebbe he t'ink we are not coming an' go home!"

They found the bear fifteen minutes later.

In a dead-ended ravine they heard a rustling in the underbrush. Then there was a low, ominous growl. Bill's hands tightened on the smooth stock of his gun as he and Joe stood poised, frozen, each with one foot off the ground.

With no further warning the bear broke cover fifteen feet away. To Bill he seemed the biggest animal he had ever seen. Bulk, and the flash of evil porcine eyes, were the only impressions he had before he whipped the gun to his shoulder and fired. The shot echoed deafeningly through the ravine, while the bear staggered, as if he had run into an invisible wall. He shook his head, then his stumpy legs buckled under him and he lunged crazily forward, toppling into the dust.

"By golly," Joe exclaimed, "by golly, Doctor Bill, you get him right through the heart! That's okay!"

Bill might have felt pleased if there had been time. But just then there was a deafening roar behind them. He whirled, to see another bear knock Joe spinning and continue the charge, straight toward Bill himself. There was no time to lift his rifle and take aim. The bear was towering above him, its forelegs outstretched as if for an embrace.

A rifle spoke sharply, authoritatively, at the same moment that the bear fell upon Bill, blotting out consciousness in a smother of fur and acrid odor.

He woke to a confused impression of sunlight and green trees and pain and Joe Easter's solicitous face. Somehow, Joe had dragged him out from beneath the bear and propped him against a tree. The two dead bears lay inertly in a welter of dust and pine needles, red blood striping the shaggy brown of their coats.

"What happened?" Bill inquired weakly.

"I shoot him from the ground," Joe explained. "By golly, Doctor Bill, I t'ink you're a gonner for a minute!"

"I thought so, too," Bill said with a wry grin. He tried to move and a flash of pain shot up from his foot. Joe, watching intently, saw him wince.

"Somet'ing wrong?" he asked. "Wait—I see."

With infinite gentleness he tried to remove Bill's boot and, when he could not, cut it away with his hunting knife, then peeled off the heavy woolen sock. The foot was already swollen and angry.

Bill made his own diagnosis. He indicated the arch and said, "Trouble's here, Joe—something broken, I think."

Les Woodbury and Skookum came crashing up the ravine, Woodbury crying, "What's the trouble?"

"Doctor Bill break his foot!"

Then, for the first time, Les saw the bears. His mouth fell open. "Holy jeepers," he gasped, "what'd he do—*kick* 'em to death?"

Joe, busy cutting bark and fashioning a rude splint, took charge of affairs. "We take you back to camp for tonight—then tomorrow you have to go to my place at Lost Lake Landing. I take you there in the canoe. My missus, she'll look after you good."

"I'll be all right in camp," Bill demurred. "I don't want to spoil the trip for Les."

"You won't spoil it," Joe assured him. "Les stay here in camp with Skookum and I'll get back day after tomorrow. But camp no place for you now!"

One more objection: "I don't want to be any trouble for Mrs. Easter. Can't I stay in a hotel or something?"

Joe looked up from his splint and chuckled. "You don't know my Alverna. She is an angel from heaven—kind and beautiful. She like to take care of sick people. When she know your foot broke, it make her very happy!"



ALONG the north shore of Lost Lake a narrow spit of land, like some animal's paw, thickly furred with hemlock and pine, reaches out into the rippling sapphire of the water. In the lee of this point is Lost Lake Landing—a few houses, a few people, dropped down into the midst of the wilderness.

As human habitations go, Lost Lake Landing is unimpressive. It has one street—a ribbon of dust in summer, a spread of snow in winter and a welter of mud in spring. It has a Hudson's Bay Company trading post (Angus McGavity, Factor), a spacious, rambling log cabin that belongs to Joe Easter, half a dozen smaller houses in varying states of repair and some Indian shacks—how many is not known, since no one ever took the trouble to count them.

Once a week, more or less, a dyspeptic little steamer belches its way up river from Moosehead and across the lake, to tie up at the Landing's primitive and weather-beaten wharf. When it steams away again it leaves behind a supply of goods for Angus McGavity to trade with the Indians for furs, some canned food and a fraction of a pouchful of mail. Other visitors to Lost Lake Landing come but seldom.

As Joe's canoe, propelled by its rackety outboard motor, rounded the point and came in sight of the Landing, Joe picked up his rifle and fired a formula of shots into the air: one—pause—one, two!

"That," he said to Bill with a delighted smile, "tell Alvy it's me, coming home."

Instantly, before the encircling mountains had finished batting the echo of the gunshot back and forth between them, Bill saw the little settlement begin to sprout activity. A small boy who had apparently been sitting on the wharf dashed along it and up the street, disappeared for a moment into the largest cabin and then erupted forth again, convoying adults. Dark-skinned Indians and their squaws appeared, seemingly coming straight out of the ground. Across the hundred yards or so of quiet water came the hysterical shrilling of dogs.

By the time the canoe had made the wharf, the entire population of Lost Lake Landing—all seventeen whites and miscellaneous Indians—was there to greet it.

Joe leaped out, into the babble of excited welcome, and was immediately engulfed in the generous embrace of a woman with a broad face, broad breast and broad bottom, who screamed "Joe—darlin'!" until her cries were stopped by Joe's hearty kiss.

Bill, watching, smiled. The perfect wife for Joe—wife and mother, all rolled up into one bountiful bundle. But . . . beautiful, Joe had said? Well, wasn't beauty in the eye of the beholder?

Then Bill saw the girl. She came running down the wharf, as fleetly as a Diana, short skirt molded against her thighs by the speed of her going, sun-browned legs flashing like golden columns. For just a second, as she ran, her gaze whipped Bill's face—he almost felt it sting with the impact of such a wild beauty as he hadn't known existed.

Then she threw herself at Joe, hung around his neck like a small panther, covered his rough face with kisses. And:

"Alvy!" said Joe Easter.

Aghast, Bill watched the man, as big as one of the bears he hunted, crush the slight girl to him, kissing her again and again until she screamed with laughter, "Joe—Joe—you crazy Canuck! You're breaking me in half!"

Joe dropped her suddenly, clapped a hand to his forehead and exploded dramatically. "Fine fella, me—I almost forget! Here!" He turned to Bill, still lying in the canoe with his splinted leg propped on one of the thwarts. Formally, he said, "Madame Joseph Jean Paul Delacroix Easter—I make you acquainted with Doctor Bill Crawford, my good friend! . . . My wife, Doc! What did I tell you? She is a peach, hey?"

He jumped down to the plank that ran along the wharf just above the water line and lifted Bill gently, expertly, in his arms, then set him upright, supporting the knee of the injured leg on a convenient pile.

In a moment someone appeared with a rough kitchen chair for Bill to sit in and in it he was carried along the wharf and up the street. Alverna

UNTAMED

skipped alongside, puppyish in her high spirits, swinging from Joe's arm, breaking away and dancing ahead, then coming back to walk sedately like a little girl playing grownup.

The little procession went slowly along the street until it reached Joe's cabin—a low building of logs which somehow seemed to combine an atmosphere of the wilderness with another of deep, homely comfort. Along its front ran a railed veranda and inside was a big living room, furnished with heavy chairs and tables from Grand Rapids and fur rugs from the north country. Alverna was evidently a good housekeeper: everything was scrupulously neat and clean, and the kitchen, glimpsed through a half-open door, was a marvel of shining linoleum and oilcloth.

Bill was propped up with pillows in one of the chairs while Dr. Hugh Billar, the Lost Lake Landing general practitioner, examined his foot. Dr. Billar might have been any age from fifty to seventy. Iron-gray hair straggled out untidily from a disreputable old hat and clothes that looked as if they had never known the touch of an iron hung carelessly on his big, heavy body. His bag, when Bill glanced down into it, was a wonderful collection of instruments and bottles and boxes and bandages and half-filled paper bags, tossed together higgledy-piggledy. Yet the touch of his hands was sure and strong—the touch of a true surgeon—and Bill watched him with respect.

AT last Dr. Billar sat back on his heels. "It's so swollen it's hard to say . . ." he began.

"How about taking an X-ray?" Bill suggested thoughtfully and Billar laughed up at him and at Alverna, standing beside the chair.

"That's a good one! Alvy, my dear, did you hear that? The young man wants an X-ray!"

Alvy laughed, too. "This isn't New York, Dr. Crawford—we're *really* in the sticks!"

"Our nearest power is at Moosehead, miles away," Billar explained. "However, I'm sure there's no bones broken." Slowly and wearily he got up off the floor and Bill saw then that his shoulders sagged as if under some great weight. "I'm going to turn you over to Alvy—she's the best nurse in the Province and you can take my word for it."

Standing in the doorway, waving good-by to the doctor, Alverna looked incredibly slim and defenseless. Then, with a swirl of short skirts, she was back, kneeling beside Bill and efficiently opening a box of medical tape.

Abruptly, she bent her head and began taping his foot, while he watched the operation with amazement. Her fingers knew their duties so well; nimble and quick, they brought the tape in even loops around the arch, molding it to the curves of his foot.

"That looks like a professional job," he remarked.

She glanced up with a pleased smile. "Just showing off. I learned it from Dr. Billar. He lets me help him sometimes—give the anaesthetic—hold a clamp, maybe."

"Well," he said, impressed. Alverna Easter had not seemed the sort of girl who could remain unmoved at the sight of blood or pain. After a pause he observed, "I'd imagine Dr. Billar'd have a pretty mixed practice up here?"

"Mixed?" Alvy laughed. "You've no idea. Morning, noon and night he's on the run. If it isn't new babies, it's their little brothers and sisters with stomach-aches, and if it isn't them it's their parents with *more* new babies. In his spare time he's pulling teeth, doctoring somebody's horse or giving advice. Once when we had a landslide I saw him do an amputation lying flat on his stomach in the snow."

Bill said nothing.

If Dr. Billar were really a good doctor, he thought, he wouldn't be up here—would he? Buried in the wilderness, taking care of confinement cases and horses, tramping miles through mud and slush and dust and pine needles. Bill had always been a firm believer in the theory that if you were good at your job, you were also successful and to be successful you had to be good. But Dr. Billar was not successful—certainly no one who wore the clothes he did and moved with his air of weariness could possibly be successful. Therefore, he must be exactly what he seemed: a hack country doctor, in abilities as well as in fact, and no more.

It was all very simple, looked at in that way. But for the first time in his life, he wondered.

With an expert twist of her fingers, Alvy tucked the end of the bandage under; then she stood up and began to set the big golden-oak table for lunch, spreading a blue and white checked cloth on it, trotting back and forth between kitchen and living room with knives and forks, cups, saucers, plates. Someone in the kitchen was making a cheerful hubbub; evidently Alvy wasn't the cook.

Bill lit his pipe and lay back in his chair, his foot propped up on another one before him, and looked out the open door to a magnificent vista of lake, mountains, sky, all in different shades of blue.

It was a scene that mesmerized all doubts and worries: sent them straight into a coma and let contentment reign supreme. He sighed and murmured, "Wonderful—isn't it?" not knowing or caring whether Alvy was there to hear him or not.

She spoke from behind him, while the clatter of dishes and silver abruptly ceased. "You think so?" she said flatly. "I hate it."

Startled, he turned to look at her. She, too, was gazing out of the open door, but what she saw was something terrible, frightening, oppressive.

"I hate it!" she repeated, more vehemently. "It's —it's like being in prison to live here. Shut in all around and—oh, you see it now, in summer, and you think it's wonderful. But the winters . . . the storms. Snowed in for weeks on end. . . ."

She shivered. "It's like being buried alive!"

In the hush that followed, two of the dogs in the pen outside snarled fiercely.

Bill asked, "Does Joe know how you feel about it?"

Alvy looked at him again then and her body lost its rigid pose. She straightened a corner of the tablecloth and shook her head. "No. There's nothing he could do about it. This is his life, up here."

Bill asked the question that had been in his mind ever since the first moment he had seen her. "But how did *you* ever get up here?"

"Joe brought me. I met him in Seattle." She smiled, a smile of strangely innocent sweetness, and added surprisingly, "He fished me out of the Sound."

"You fell off a boat?"

"No—I jumped," Alvy said calmly and walked into the kitchen.

WHEN she returned, Bill had still not recovered from the shock of this news delivered so matter-of-factly. "What in the world did you do that for?"

"O—oh—hungry," Alvy said, still without embarrassment. "You see, I'd spent most of my life in a convent—they called it that, but it was really an orphanage. When I got out, I didn't know much —and what I did know was mostly what *not* to do. But I got a job in a shipping office. I was doing fine until a new boss came in and said he was going to take a personal interest in my future. Right away he started to keep his promise, so I hit him with a desk lamp."

Bill chuckled and said, "Good work!"

"Maybe," Alvy commented, making a little face. "Anyway, while he was in the hospital I was doing thirty days for assault and battery." She shrugged her slim shoulders. "And that was the end of me ever getting another job."

"And so you—er—met Joe?"

"Yes—and I married him," she said. "Figured I was lucky to get the chance. And of course I was, too."

"But you didn't know the kind of place you were getting into—was that it?"

Alvy shook her head and smiled. "That was the one thing I forgot to ask him: where we were going to live. When I did, it was too late . . . so here I am." She sighed; her momentary passion had given way to resignation and she added philosophically, "And it's a *long* way from Seattle."

The large woman who had embraced Joe on the wharf burst out of the kitchen just then, carrying a steaming platter of meat and calling, "Okay, Alvy, let 'er rip!" Alvy went to the porch where a big iron triangle hung from the roof and did a thorough job of beating it with an iron bar attached to it by a cord. Lunch, it seemed, was ready.

During the meal Bill discovered the full extent of Joe's establishment. There was the large woman, Maggie, who seemed to be a sort of housemother, cook and majordomo; her son, Mickey, the same active youngster who had heralded the arrival of the canoe, and an old man with silver hair and a skin like skim milk, who kept his head bent over his plate most of the time. His name was Smokey and it wasn't until lunch was nearly over, when he looked up and laughed at something Joe said, that Bill realized with a start that he was quite blind.

Shrewdly, Bill suspected that all three of them —Maggie, Mickey and Smokey—were living there on Joe's charity.

Lunch was very gay and very noisy and afterwards, while Maggie cleared away the dishes, Alvy draped a sheet around Joe and began to cut his hair. She did, too, Bill noticed, a job of barbering that was as expert as her bandaging.

Everything was pure jollity until Mickey asked, "Say, Joe, when you goin' back to camp?"

Alvy shoved Joe's head to one side in order to get a better light on the thatch above his ear and he winced and said, "Soon as Alvy finishes cutting my ears off . . . I promise Mister Woodbury I be back in two days."

Alvy, her scissors poised in the air, cried disappointedly, "Oh, Joe . . . Joe!" The scissors slowly descended; she bent her head.

Abruptly, the smile left Joe's face. He said seriously, "Guides in this country do not leave a hunter on trail with only stupid Indian . . . now finish quick, Angel, I have long ways to go."

Watching, Bill saw Alverna's eyelids come slowly down to veil her eyes in submission; saw her nod her head once, as if acknowledging an order it was not hers to question.

In an incredibly short time Joe was standing on the porch, all ready.

"Joe, I'll go with you to the wharf." Alvy spoke hurriedly and she clung to him as to something safe, looking up pleadingly into his face. "Joe—I wish you didn't have to go."

He patted her smooth cheek with awkward tenderness.

"Do not mind about me. You got to take care of my good friend here!"

"I'm coming to the wharf with you," she repeated.

"No. You stay here with the doctor," he said. "All right, Mickey—come on with that gun!"

He and Mickey marched off down the wide, dusty street alone and Alverna stod in the doorway watching them. For a long time she stood there, unmoving, her head turned away. Bill stared at her so long that her figure darkened and became only a silhouette of grace and beauty against the brilliance of the northern sky—a cameo, a vignette, cut out of air and sunlight.

ONE day melted into the next in Lost Lake Landing. The air had such purity that it drugged you and the hours passed in lassitude and sunlight.

In the mornings Bill sat on the porch or in the little garden, gay with the tough little flowers of the north. Sometimes he dozed; occasionally, after the third day, he rose to hobble a few steps with the aid of a homemade crutch. Alvy was busy in the mornings, but after lunch she would join him, her hands busy with darning or crocheting, and they would talk. She loved to hear him tell about New York; at least, she must have loved it, for she absorbed everything he said on the subject as readily as the parched ground of a desert absorbs rain.

Perhaps Smokey listened, too, and perhaps not, but he was always there, sitting on the steps, his sightless eyes fixed upon the clean white bit of bone that was always in his hands. For endless hours, day after day, Smokey carved these pieces of bone with a tiny, sharp knife—carved them into flutes that he played in the evenings, or into strange angular figures, full of unexpectedly exquisite detail; detail, Bill sometimes thought, that would never have occurred to anyone who could see.

There came one evening, when Bill had been there a little more than a week, when a V of wild geese flew honking over the Landing toward the south and a fire had to be kindled in the fireplace. Imperceptibly, a chill had crept into the air and Bill realized with a shock that in another day it would be September.

"They're goin' south early this year," Smokey had said when he heard the geese. "Means winter'll be here before we know it. Geese can tell."

A log in the fireplace split and fell apart with a crackling shower of sparks that lit Alvy's brooding profile for a second with an even ruddier light. For long minutes they had been sitting, Alvy and Bill, one on each side of the fire, saying nothing, listening to the piping of Smokey's flute and to the rattle of pans and dishes as Maggie and Mickey cleaned up the kitchen.

At first their silence had been pleasant, because it held a sensation of intimacy; but then, as each grew aware of this feeling, constraint crept in, until Bill was searching his brain wildly for some remark with which to break it. As usual in such cases, the only observations he could think of were incredibly stupid and he was saved only by the

appearance of Maggie.

Peering at the clock, she asked, "Not fergettin' yer visitors, are ye, Alvy? They're about due."

Alvy stared at her blankly. Then, with a shriek, she jumped up.

"My goodness! Oh, my goodness! I'd clean forgotten! It *is* tonight!"

There ensued, while Bill gaped, a tremendous burst of energy. Pillows were picked up, plumped soundly and patted down again. The hearth was swept until little flying motes of dust and wood sparked in the fire. The cloth was whipped off the table and a new one, much fancier, was substituted. Agonized orders were shouted from living room to kitchen and back again. Two kerosene lamps were trimmed and lit.

Between frenzied dashes to and fro, Alvy explained:

"I'm sorry, Bill—I forgot to tell you—would have forgotten all about it myself if it hadn't been for Maggie—but we're in for it. We're having visitors tonight. It was Joe's idea, not mine! He thought it'd be nice if you met everybody in Lost Lake Landing. . . ."

"*Everybody?*" came from Bill in a sharp yelp.

"Well—everybody that matters. All of the Landing's society. Although—" She stopped a moment and added thoughtfully, "I'll bet Sarah McGavity won't come. No—I don't think she'll be here! Not after what happened the day before you came."

"Why? What happened then?"

Alvy, for the first time since he'd known her, looked a bit sheepish. "I—uh—I took a potshot at her with Mickey's airgun," she confessed. "She's always sitting in her parlor window, right where she can spy on this house—and that day I caught her using opera glasses, to see better! So I—well, I lost my temper and took a shot at her with the airgun. Didn't hit her, but I broke one of her windows."

Bill chuckled. The picture of Alvy using an airgun against the unknown Mrs. McGavity appealed to him as being irresistibly comic.

Alvy was not amused.

"Look," she assured him, "this isn't going to be so funny. Especially if Sarah McGavity does come, after all. She's terrible, really, Bill. Angus, her husband—he's the Hudson's Bay Company's factor here, you know—he's not so bad, sort of nice, in fact, but Sarah thinks she's been appointed by Heaven to run Lost Lake Landing."

A FEW minutes later the guests arrived.

They did not come singly or in pairs, like all the guests Bill had ever known. They descended all at once, as if they had gathered at some other spot and marched there in a body.

And Sarah McGavity did come, despite Alvy's hopeful prophecy. In fact, she led all the rest.

Then there was Angus, her husband, with a face and manner that went perfectly with his name and one artificial leg that creaked a little when he walked; Mr. and Mrs. Bert Smith; and three other women, Miss Olcott, Miss Rhine and Mrs. Dillon. Mr. Dillon was never mentioned and evidently did not exist.

They all seemed pleasant enough, Bill thought, as everyone found seats around the fire. Mrs. Smith and Miss Rhine were built along the general pattern of Mrs. McGavity; Mrs. Dillon was plump and coquettish and Miss Olcott—she seemed to be the Landing's schoolteacher—was like a brown chipmunk, full of the same bright glances, nervous movements and inquiring cocks of the head. Bert Smith peered out at the world from behind thick-lensed spectacles with a sort of apologetic joviality.

And every one of them seemed unaffectedly glad to meet Bill, to talk to him.

Then, gradually, as the ladies sipped their tea and nibbled their cake and the men dipped into their hot toddies—only Angus McGavity had refused to have one—acid started to drip into the conversation.

Determined to do his bit to make the party a success, Bill had said: "It was very friendly of you—coming over to call on me like this."

"Don't mention it, Doctor," Mrs. Smith hastened to say primly. "Me and Bert thought you'd welcome a bit o' company—" her eyes slid slyly toward Alvy—"what with Joe bein' away an' all."

"Not," Sarah McGavity said with a little giggle, "that Alvy ain't good company—eh, Doctor?"

Silence, more earsplitting than any thunder.

"Good cake," Bill said, so desperately loudly that Miss Olcott jumped and emitted a tiny shriek.

"Good cup o' tea, too," Miss Olcott said.

"Umm," Mrs. McGavity said. "Mite bitter."

The chipmunk showed her teeth. "You ought to know," Miss Olcott said surprisingly. "That's your third cup."

BILL was beginning to see how the armed forces lay. Mrs. McGavity, Miss Rhine, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Dillon: a united front against Alvy. The two men: conscientiously and uncomfortably neutral. Miss Olcott: an embattled little soul willing to bite and scratch, in her small way, in Alvy's defense. He felt grateful for Miss Olcott.

Emboldened by her successful foray against Sarah, the little woman now leaned forward and sniffed appreciatively in the direction of a handkerchief Alvy was nervously using to dab her lips.

"Ooooh, nice," she said. "Black Orchid?"

Gratefully, Alvy said, "Yes. Joe sent to Edmonton for it. My birthday—"

Mrs. Smith betrayed that she was, after all, still a woman. "*Well!*" she marveled, sniffing in her turn. "*Smell,* Sarah."

Sarah McGavity pulled her head back and away from the proffered handkerchief as if it had been a particularly noxious reptile. "No, *thank* you!" she snapped. "I don't hold with such folderols."

Bert Smith took a timid hand in the discussion. "Come, come, Sarah—a spot o' perfume's all right."

"It's part of every woman's make-up," Bill said—and thereby precipitated disaster.

"Not," Sarah said positively, "a *decent* woman's, it ain't!"

Alvy spoke. Her voice was venomously quiet. "Mrs. McGavity," she asked, "are you trying to say that I'm not decent?"

"Let them wear the cap as fits it!" Sarah answered, the scrawny feathers on her hat quivering with righteous indignation.

"Sarah McGavity, you're a filthy-minded, wicked woman!"

Alvy was still sitting beside the table with the tea things. She hadn't moved.

"Ho!" Sarah said, and tossed her head. "Wicked, am I? Well—them as lives in glass houses shouldn't throw stones! Or—" She broke off and eyed Alvy craftily. "Or—*was* it a stone, Mrs. Easter?"

At last Alvy stood up. "No," she answered. "It wasn't a stone—it was a rifle! I did it deliberately—I wanted to hurt you—I wanted to kill you! I wish I had!"

Sarah was standing now, her mouth open, fascinated by the appalling, murderous anger in Alvy's face.

"Now get out!" Alvy snapped in a voice like the lash of a whip. She whirled, to face the rest of them. "All of you—get out!"

As if her words had commanded it, the door flew open violently, with a rattle and a bump.

Doctor Billar stood outside.

"Alverna," he said in a voice hoarse with fatigue, "I'll need you. We've just brought in Sim Jarvis," he said. "I've got to operate."

Alvy turned quietly and went into the bedroom. In the space of a few seconds Bill saw a miracle happen. The doctor's announcement had wiped the room clean of its sultry atmosphere. Petty hatreds and bitternesses vanished. Without another word having been spoken, he knew that these people, so violently at odds a moment before, were now united against a common enemy.

A little shaken, he said to Dr. Billar: "I'd like to come, too—if you don't mind."

Billar eyed the cane Bill was leaning on. "Nice of you, Crawford. If you can make it, it'll be a relief to have you." He smiled briefly. "Truth is, I'm a bit fagged—twenty miles on the trail since daybreak."

The whole party went down the wide street to a small, weather-beaten frame building with a faded sign: "Hugh Billar, Physician and Surgeon." A little group was in front of the door. On an improvised litter made of a blanket slung between saplings and supported fore and aft by horses lay the sick man. He was a brawny young woodsman, but now, Bill saw by the light of a glaring gasoline lamp hung inside the open door of the office, his face was gray and sweating with pain. Beside him, clutching his hand, was his wife; and two children, a boy and a girl, stood comfortingly close to her skirts.

While Angus McGavity and Bert Smith moved Jarvis carefully onto a hand stretcher, Billar and Alvy went into the office and presently reappeared dressed in old-fashioned white aprons.

"Gently, now," he cautioned Angus and Bert as they moved the stretcher into the office.

Sim Jarvis looked up at the doctor. Even in his pain, the smile he gave Billar was infinitely trusting, confident. But Mrs. Jarvis dug her thin fingers into the doctor's white-sleeved arm.

"Oh, Doctor, I'm—I'm so frightened—" Until now, she had been dry-eyed, but suddenly she burst into passionate tears.

Billar put his arm around her shoulders and patted one of them with his big, rough hand.

"Now, now, Emily," he said soothingly, "Sim's going to be all right." He signaled with his eyes to the women standing near the door and they led her away through a door at the side of the office.

Bill looked around the combined office and surgery. The humming gasoline lamp near the crude wooden operating table shed a white light over bare boards and old-fashioned equipment. A sterilizing cabinet stood on an oil stove; against one wall was a huge roll-top desk, stuffed with papers and ledgers. Opposite, on the other side of the room, were a sad-looking instrument case and a tall, top-heavy medicine chest. And that was all.

Bill's lips drew down. To be asked to save lives with these few, inadequate, obsolete tools!

DR. BILLAR seemed unaware of their shortcomings. He had scrubbed his hands and donned rubber gloves and now he stood beside his patient. But he seemed unready to begin work. His whole body was sagging and his eyes stared out, bloodshot, sunken. The heavy lids drooped, slowly, as if he were falling asleep. Then he straightened up, with a deep sigh, and watched Bill's hands exploring Jarvis' abdomen.

"What do *you* think, my boy?" he asked after a moment.

"Acute appendicitis," Bill told him. "Whether it has burst or not is questionable."

"I—I hope not," Billar said tremulously. More strongly, he added: "Anaesthetic, please."

Alvy, standing at the patient's head with her cone and can of ether, said, "Sim, we're going to put you to sleep now." She placed the cone over his face. "Easy, now . . . long, deep breaths," she whispered as she began to drip the ether in steady, evenly spaced drops.

It seemed impossible that this girl, with her merciful face and sensitive hands, could be the same Fury who had defied Sarah McGavity only a few minutes before. A born nurse, Bill thought, watching her, sensing her selfless absorption in her task. A born nurse. . . .

"My number three knife," Billar demanded.

Bill started. The number three knife . . . he pointed at Billar's hand, and Billar looked down at the knife there absently.

"Oh—oh, yes. Of course. I'd . . . forgotten."

The patient was under now, but still Billar delayed. He stood beside the operating table, a mountain of a man, inert, nerveless, tired. And when he raised his hand it was quivering.

"Shaky, eh?" he said in a frightened voice.

Bill held out his two hands, steadying himself against the operating table in the absence of his cane.

They were firm, unmoving.

Dr. Billar looked at them. He raised his own trembling hand, placed the scalpel in Bill's.

"Doctor!" Alvy burst out. "You mustn't!"

Hearing the doubt in her voice, Bill cast her an ironic glance before he set to work, making the first incision. For a moment Billar watched, then he said quietly:

"He'll do, Alvy—he'll do."

He moved away, walking uncertainly and heavily.

IT was a sensation Bill had almost forgotten—this exultant feeling of power that came when he bent over quiet, living flesh and fought with his hands against the greatest Adversary of all. It was a sensation that hadn't come for years—not since long before he left New York, not since the early days of his practice. Something had dulled it, something had taken away that fine ecstasy, but now, unexpectedly, out of nothingness, it had returned. He worked, intent and efficient, but inside he was running, dancing, shouting for joy.

He felt a little drunk as he finished the operation.

Like a boy, he grinned, sewing up the wound. "Just a few more stitches . . . my own special . . . called the 'Crawford Zipper.' Ah!" He threw down the needle, turned to face Alvy. "How do you like my sewing?"

Alvy looked at him and shook her head wordlessly. She was crying.

Bill left her and went into Dr. Billar's parlor, feeling a little embarrassed but still exultant. Everyone was there, waiting—and as he entered their faces all swivelled toward him, like spectators at a tennis game.

UNTAMED

"Sim's doing fine," Bill announced. "He's going to be all right. Will you get him to bed?" he added to McGavity and Smith and would have followed them into the operating room if Mrs. Jarvis had not stopped him. She tried to speak, but words would not come; instead, she clasped his hand and kissed it.

"Oh, wait," Bill mumbled, blushing but happy. "It was Dr. Billar. *He's* the one—"

He broke off, conscious of Alvy at his elbow.

"Bill," she whispered, "come quickly. There's something wrong. . . ."

He followed her into the office, passing Angus and Bert as they wheeled out the unconscious Jarvis. Dr. Billar was still asleep in the big chair before his desk—

But he was not asleep. He was dead.

The hushed group in the doorway watched while Bill administered adrenalin, listened intently for the least stirring of life from the old, faithful heart; then shook his head. And at that they sighed, a short breath of sorrow like that puff of wind that brings an autumn leaf fluttering to the ground.

"No use," Bill said. "It was his heart. He must have known . . . must have known over there, at the table."

"Oh, *why* didn't he tell us?" Alvy sobbed.

"Then we'd have lost Sim," Bill told her soberly. "He knew *that*, too."

She began to cry, piteously, childishly, letting the tears streak their way down her face.

"It was this awful country—these people—that's what killed him! It was too much for him! Thaws and blizzards, heat and dust and miles of lonely trails! He should have quit when he wanted to—years ago! But they wouldn't let him. And now—"

She let her tears have their way with her. Gasping and weak, she clung to Bill. "And now he's dead . . . they killed him—the best friend I ever had!"

Bill, swallowing hard against the lump in his own throat, looked down at the bowed, sleek head. His arms tightened around her. Those people—the McGavitys and the Smiths and all the rest—they were watching. Well, let them watch! He felt his heart growing, bursting with—no, not love, it was only affection! Only affection for a little, sweet, tempestuous girl who was desolate because her friend was dead!

SMOKEY had been right. It was going to be an early winter. Before the middle of September, towering banks of clouds rose above the horizon and swept swiftly overhead until they covered the sky. The surface of the lake turned dull. Dry, crackling cold swept down out of the north and almost overnight the leaves of the aspens yellowed and relaxed their grip on the stems which all summer had brought them life. Late in the afternoon of the second day after the clouds first appeared, a few aimless, light spurts of snow whirled down, lightly powdering fences and walls.

Smokey nodded his head. "Just like I told ye," he said. "It's comin' early this year. Last time was in 1917—snow from October till May. Snowed in months on end. Bitter cold."

"Oh, it's only September," Bill said cheerfully. "It's just a flurry—clear up after a while."

Smokey snorted. "You ain't seen the flurries we have up here," he said and turned again to his carving.

In the absence of a regular doctor, Bill had taken over Billar's practice and kept regular office hours for anyone who wanted to see him. Meanwhile, the call had gone out, through Angus McGavity and the Hudson's Bay Company, for a new physician.

"Good o' ye," the dour Scotsman told Bill, "t' fill in like this. Ye needna, ye know."

"That's all right, Mr. McGavity," Bill said. "It's good to keep my hand in. I've been getting a little rusty."

"Oh, aye," Angus said, unbelievingly.

Not that there was much opportunity for Park Avenue's favorite surgeon to keep his hand in. One day a call to Three Rivers for a woman with a twisted ankle, the next day a tooth extraction, an Indian with the mumps and an English setter that had come off second best in an argument with a barbed-wire fence.

But somehow, it all seemed important, with an importance that had never attached itself to Mrs. Rudyard Ringlander's appendix. Child's play, of course—but fun. A form of relaxation. Playing at being a doctor.

On the day of the first snow he took in, in fees, the astounding total of eighty-five cents, but he had a wonderful time doing it.

Angus McGavity came into the office just as the early twilight was beginning to fall. It was Sarah, he explained—she had a wee bit sair throat, nothing but what a mite o' gargle would fix.

While Bill was compounding the gargle—it was a long time, he reflected gleefully, since he had been his own pharmacist—Angus shook his head woefully.

"I been hearin' a lot o' fine things aboot ye, Doctor," he said as gloomily as if he had been announcing the collapse of the Hudson's Bay Company.

"That's nice," Bill remarked, making a poor job of hiding his pleasure behind an offhand manner.

"Aye. Trouble is, folks're sort o' takin' it fer granted ye're goin' to stay." Bill, casting a quick glance at Angus, intercepted a sly look from the pale blue eyes. "'Course, I tell 'em ye're only standin' by till we get a new mon. But 'tis peetiful the way they got their hearts set on keepin' ye." A deep sigh.

Bill held a beaker to the light, judiciously added a few drops of liquid from the bottle in his other hand. "Got a line on a new man yet?" he inquired abstractedly.

"Eh, mon, it's goin' to be nae so easy," Angus gloomed.

"In an emergency, I suppose," Bill asked, "the district man from Moosehead'd come in?"



Clutching Bill's coat, swinging from it with all her weight, Alverna cried, "No, no! You're not going! I won't let you!"

"Aye." Angus paused. "In weather he could get here," he added significantly.

"But what about these scattered families—trappers and so forth—what'd they do in winter? I mean, if someone got desperately sick?"

This time the gloom of Angus' answer was uncomfortably genuine. "They'd die, mon—they'd die," he said simply.

"Oh." Bill slapped the cork into a bottle and handed it to Angus. "Here you are. Gargle once every two hours—and keep her out of drafts."

"Aye." Angus accepted the bottle, produced a battered coin purse from his pocket, extracted from it some silver and, without making any inquiries, laid twenty cents on top of the desk. It was understood that twenty cents was what Angus considered a fair price for a bottle of gargle.

He nodded to Alvy and went out, pulling the door to behind him against the wind. With a grin at Alvy, Bill put the coins into the Red Cross offertory box, where the eighty-five cents previously collected already lay.

"Cigarette?" he asked Alvy.

"No, thanks."

He lit one himself, flipped the match into the glowing apron of the potbellied iron stove, wandered over to the window and looked out upon a vista of lightly falling snow. Dr. Billar's old sign, outside, creaked dismally in the wind.

"Wonder how Joe and Les are getting along," he said. "Ought to be getting back here soon, or they'll be snowed in."

"They'll be all right," Alvy said quietly. "Joe knows this country. He won't let himself be caught by any snow."

"Um—yeah. Guess you're right."

He perched on the edge of the operating table and smoked for a few minutes in silence, watching her.

"I'll be going back soon, Alvy," he said at last. "As soon as Les comes back, I guess."

Her long lashes swept up, and down again, but in that brief instant he had seen such poignance that it staggered him.

He stood up and threw his cigarette violently after the match. "Alvy, I'm going to miss you."

In the gathering darkness he could see only the luminous glow of her cheek, for she did not look up.

Low-voiced, she said: "I'm going to miss you, too. I—"

Heavy boots stamped on the porch, urgently. Their heads jerked around and a second later, the door was flung open, to admit a young, towheaded giant—bundled up in a mackinaw, unshaven, haggard, with flakes of snow dusting his cap and shoulders.

"Where's Doc Billar?" he demanded.

"Dr. Billar is dead, Nels," Alvy whispered.

All the life seemed to go out of the huge young man. He sank down in the nearest chair and ran his hand vaguely over his face.

"That's too bad," he said in a flat voice. "Yeah—it sure is bad . . . bad for all of us." He raised his voice frenziedly. "Alvy—what am I goin' to *do?*"

"Is it Jean?"

He nodded. "Her time's come. I been up all night—scared stiff. 'Bout sunup I got an Indian woman to set with her. But I dunno—it's Jean's first—she don't seem to be takin' it any too easy. Alvy," he said pathetically, "I'm sure scared."

With a little laugh, Bill stepped across to the surgical cabinet, tossed a few things into a bag. Over his shoulder he called, "Come on, Nels—let's go."

Nels got to his feet, goggling at this man he had never seen before.

"Is—is he a *doctor?*" he asked Alvy dubiously.

Alvy smiled faintly. "Yes, Nels . . . he's a doctor."

Immediately, she became the efficient nurse, checking over the contents of Bill's bag, helping him into his mackinaw. Nels went out the door while she adjusted Bill's heavy woolen muffler and collar.

She hesitated, then said with a rush, "Don't try to make it back alone, Bill."

"I won't."

She leaned lightly forward, her hands on his shoulders, and kissed him on the lips—no more than the merest touch, the shadow of a kiss.

"That's for Jean's baby," she said.

Bill did not answer. He turned abruptly, almost as if he were angry, and went out of the office, slamming the door behind him. At the window, Alvy watched him get into the buckboard beside Nels, watched them drive away through the thin haze of snow.

Darkness sifted down upon the north woods. Kerosene lamps shed their yellow light through windows, gasoline lamps their white. The lake became a lost lake in fact as well as in name: in the cold, snow-dappled night it was nothing but a vast area of deeper darkness, restlessly murmurous. The snow clustered in thicker patches, filled footprints and wheel ruts in the road, gathered in tiny drifts to the lee of posts and trees, whirled around corners and plastered itself against walls and the lower sections of windows. All the time Alverna and Maggie and Mickey and Smokey ate their dinners and afterwards, while they cleaned up the dishes, it fell, so lightly and thinly that it seemed to be part of the atmosphere.

Miles away, in the ravine where Les Woodbury and Joe Easter and Skookum had their camp, it fell through the long hours of the night, clung to the white walls of the tiny, pyramidal tents, drifted through the flaps and under the walls until it frosted sleeping bags and blankets. Turning over carefully, to keep warm air in and cold air out, Joe Easter made a decision. They would hit for home in the morning.

ALVERNA wakened with a start. The chimes of the old clock in the parlor still hung on the air.

PHOTOPLAY'S MOVIE NOVEL

One . . . two . . . three.

With an abrupt, determined movement, she tossed the bedclothes aside and, shivering, got up and put on her vivid blanket-robe. She lit the lamp beside her bed and, carrying it, went into the living room, across it and into the hall off which Bill's room opened.

The door was open. She stood there, looking inside. It was empty.

She turned away—then stopped. A new sound. The scraping of a chair against the floor, from the room next to Bill's.

"Smokey!" she called. An indeterminate murmur answered her and she opened the door.

The lamp in her hand lit the tiny cubbyhole. Huddled near a small oil stove, fully dressed, Smokey was working at one of his interminable pieces of carving.

"Smokey!" Alvy gasped. "What are you doing? It's the middle of the night—nearly morning!"

"Night er day—it's all one to me," Smokey replied. He raised his head and seemed to peer at her intently with his sightless eyes. "Fer that matter—what're *you* doin'?"

"I'm worried," she confessed. "The doctor hasn't come back."

Smokey's voice was querulous. "He's a grown man, ain't he? Anyhow, what *you* frettin' fer?"

"It's snowing hard. The trails will be hidden. I'm afraid he'll—"

Smokey interrupted irritably. "Alvy, yer makin' a ninny outta yerself. Now get back to bed, 'fore ye ketch the miseries!"

She stood in the doorway hesitantly, as if she wanted to say something more. But Smokey returned to his carving, paying no further attention to her, and after a minute she closed the door and went back to the parlor.

Another log on the fire brought the flame up to brightness and chased the cold a little way back toward the dark corners. Alva pulled the robe more tightly about her, tucked her feet under her and sat staring into the flames. Again the breath of the wind, the hiss of the snow against the windows, the tick of the clock, louder now. And still no other sound. No human sound.

ACROSS the street, Sarah McGavity, too, was wakeful. An old woolen stocking bound around her neck, she lay with her eyes open in the bed beside Angus. Her throat felt as if it were lined with red-hot metal and every bone in her body ached. She hated Angus because he was asleep and because she had tried to wake him and he had simply gone to sleep again.

Her eyes, wide open in the darkness, moved restlessly around and lit at last on the window. Through the snow she saw the dim glow of the lamp in Alvy's parlor. She sat up, then got out of bed and went over to the window to see better, shivering as she did so, but unaware that she was cold.

Alvy stood up, lit a cigarette, tossed it into the fire, paced up and down the room. From her window, Sarah could see her figure, moving back and forth, cutting off the light at regular intervals.

"Well!" Sarah muttered, unable to restrain her indignation. "Well! The baggage! Shameless! Waitin' up for the doctor—at this time o' night!"

Angus woke up. "Sarah! Come ye back t' bed!" he shouted furiously. "Do ye want t' catch yer death o' cold?"

Lips pressed close together, saying nothing, she returned to the bed.

At four o'clock one of Joe's dogs, in the enclosure next to the house, took it into his head to howl. The high-pitched, bitter sound soared up through the night like the wail of a lost soul. Alvy shivered and went into the kitchen, where she put coffee and water into a pot. Carrying this, she went to Bill's room and built a fire in the little stove, put the pot on top and settled back to wait for it to boil. Bill found her there, minutes later, kneeling on the floor and stuffing wood into the stove until the yellow blaze lit the whole room.

"Alvy! What on earth are you doing?"

She turned, and for a second looked at him unbelievingly. He was still in his mackinaw and cap, all snow-powdered. In one hand he held a long object wrapped in a piece of old blanket.

"Oh, Bill—I'm—I—" she said, before she choked and began, to his amazement, to cry quietly.

He tossed the package on the bed and strode over to her side. Taking her hands in his, he exclaimed, "You're frozen!" With one hand he felt the coffeepot on the stove; it was hot, and he swiftly poured a cup for her, forced it into her hands and guided it to her lips. She sipped slowly, between sobs that gradually died away, and at last she managed a wan, apologetic smile.

"I've been afraid," she murmured. "So worried . . . I thought you'd *never* come. I thought—" She broke off. "That is *your* coffee, Bill!"

"Drink it!"

"But I fixed it for *you*—I brought it in here so you—"

Bill grinned. "Don't chatter."

While she gulped the rest of the coffee he stood up, shed his mackinaw, muffler and the leather jacket beneath. Over the cup, her eyes followed every movement. He came back to her.

"More?"

She shook her head and he refilled the cup. Standing with his back to the stove, his legs apart, he looked down at her and said with shy pride,

"Well . . . it was a boy."

"Oh! Jean all right?"

"She had a pretty tough time, but she's all right now. Minute she saw that kid, she was all right!" He shook his head admiringly and chuckled. "What a kid! He was terrific—shoulders like an All-American tackle! A towhead, too—like Nels."

HE took a sip of coffee and again chuckled, reminiscently this time. "You know what he did? Minute I'd got through smacking some life into him he screwed his fuzzy little head around and *winked* at me! I was so startled I almost dropped him."

"Oh, Bill!" Alvy said, and laughed—little wavering bursts of laughter that apologized for their very existence.

"They named him," Bill said, elaborately casual, "after me. Right then and there. William Crawford Svanson!"

She stopped laughing, although her mouth kept its curves of amusement. But added to them now was tenderness.

"Bill! You certainly are a one to go around impressing people. . . ."

"Oh!" He waved his hand deprecatingly. "But they're amazing people, Alvy. I don't know," he said solemnly. "I don't know . . . something about them gets me. Every time they looked at me they made me feel like I was . . . well, as if it—"

His voice trailed off into nonplussed wonderment. But Alvy nodded.

"I know what you mean. Dr. Billar used to say the same thing. He said sometimes they made him feel as if he were God. . . ."

"That's it," Bill said. "That's it, exactly." He crossed to the bed and picked up the blanket-wrapped parcel. "Look at this!"

Peeling off the wrappings, he showed her an ancient flint-locked rifle, its stock inlaid with silver in an intricate and beautiful pattern. The whole gun was exquisitely cared for, oiled and rubbed until wood and steel shone.

"When I left, Nels gave it to me—probably the only thing of any real value he ever had—yet he made me take it. Of course, I didn't want to. But he said he'd planned to give it to Dr. Billar when the youngster came . . . so he made *me* take it instead." He bent his head. He added, in a muffled voice, "I—I can't get over it."

In silence he rewrapped the rifle and stood it in a corner of the room. Hands thrust deeply into his pockets, he returned to the stove, to stand there, one foot on the rusted nickel flange around its base. Alvy sat quietly, watching him.

"Alvy," he said at last, "I'm going to apply for the job here. For Dr. Billar's job."

A quick, indrawn breath lifted Alvy's bosom.

"I thought it all out pretty carefully," he went on, "driving back here with Nels tonight."

"No!" the girl said sharply. "You mustn't! You've got to go back to New York—you've got your career to think about!"

"My career?" he said wryly. "It was never worth one tenth of what it could be up here. I know what I'm giving up, Alvy—and I know what I'm getting."

"Oh, no, no, no! You're *crazy—*"

"That's what my friends will say. Maybe I am. . . it doesn't seem to make a lot of sense, Alvy," he said. "But I feel as if . . . I feel as if at last I've found myself. . . ."

Convulsively, she clutched his arm, in a panic of urgency. Shaking it, she cried:

"No—no, Bill! You must go back where you belong! You mustn't stay here! You mustn't!"

She was standing close to him, so close that he could see the hunted, desperate look in her face.

"Alvy," he said. "Alvy—*why* do you want me to go away?"

"Why, I—I've just told you," she faltered. "You can't bury yourself here, Bill—it's just an idea you've got. You don't know what it would be like, really . . . you. . . ."

She ran down. She gave up.

Savagely she cried, "Because—don't you know? Can't you see? I love you!"

Her arms went around his neck, strong lithe arms pulling his head down to hers, his lips to hers. All his careful restraint broke, like the twanging release of an overtaut wire. He held her close, kissing her again and again with passion that it seemed could never he soothed.

Alvy was trembling when she pushed Bill away. "No, Bill, no . . . now you know why you must go back."

"Yes," he said. "Yes, of course."

For a little while he held her again in his arms, but not passionately now. Staring bleakly at the wall, he stroked her hair, let his lips linger against its perfume, until she gently disengaged herself.

"Good-by, Bill."

"Good-by, Alvy dear."

HE watched her go out of the room, close the door quietly behind her. Then he sat down again, looking straight ahead of him at the dying, cooling fire.

The storm was growing wilder, tearing and worrying at the sturdy house until the timbers creaked, but he did not hear it. By the time the first timid, dull light crept in through the window he rose and silently left the house.

At the Hudson's Bay Company store Bobby Jackfish, Angus' young half-breed assistant, had already unlocked the door and built up a fire. His flat, moonlike face showed no surprise when Bill told him to have the Moosehead cutter stop at Easters'.

"You goin' 'way?" he asked.

"Yes."

The boy nodded his head. "You stay today, you stay all winter. Trails go under soon."

And, Bill thought on his way back to the Easter house, Bobby was probably right. The wind had died and the snow had settled down to make a day of it. It was falling straight, in big, pregnant flakes, and the street was one unbroken expanse of white.

Maggie was moving around in the kitchen when he returned and by the time he had packed she had coffee and eggs and toast ready.

"I'm going away this morning, Maggie—back to New York," he said as he ate. "Will you tell Mr. Woodbury and Joe that I got a call and had to go back? An emergency call? Tell Joe that I'll write to him from New York."

Maggie made no reply. She knows good and well that I haven't had any call, he thought, and looked up to find her gaze fixed on him, filled with pity.

"Will you tell him that, Maggie?"

"Sure," she said. "If that's the way ye want it."

"And thanks, Maggie," he said hurriedly, "for all your good meals. . . ."

"Herself's in her room," Maggie broke in. "Would ye want I should call her?"

"Oh no, Maggie, no. Just tell her I said good-by." He downed the last of his coffee and pushed the chair back. Outside, the faint sound of sleigh bells grew louder.

"There's the cutter, I guess," he said briskly. "Well, Maggie, good-by."

She came closer, hiding her hands nervously beneath her apron.

"Doctor," she said. "You ain't foolin' me one bit—neither of ye! An' me auld heart bleeds fer ye—it does an' all!"

She whirled and retreated into the kitchen and as she went away Bill saw a corner of her apron fly upward, as if toward her eyes.

The driver, Jim Tait, nodded briefly and let him stow his own luggage in the back. Bill got in beside him and the cutter moved off, its bells jingling, its runners slipping soundlessly over the snow.

It had gone only a few feet when Angus McGavity burst out of the door of his store, hatless and coatless and waving one bony arm in the air. He plodded through the snow after the cutter until Jim pulled it to a stop and then drew alongside, panting and breathless.

"Doctor—Sarah's verra sick."

"Her throat?"

"Aye. Fair burnt oop wi' fever, too." Under the stress of excitement, Angus' Scots accent had broadened perceptibly. "She's bad—aye, mon, she's bad!"

In a carved mid-Victorian horror of a bed, Sarah McGavity was lying. Someone had pushed her eyes back into her head with a sooty thumb and her skin, like dirty, rose-dyed wax, was dry and ugly over her lantern jaw and high, bumpy cheekbones. She eyed Bill distrustfully while he examined her

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and gurgled crossly when he ended by taking a smear of moisture from her throat.

"Angus," Bill said at last, "would you mind taking my things out of the cutter and telling the driver to go on—not to wait? And you might send someone to Mrs. Easter's. Tell her I'll want her over at the office."

"It—it ain't the pneumonia, doctor?"

"No, Angus." Bill turned to Sarah and pulled the covers up close to her face. "Try and get some sleep, Mrs. McGavity." He said in a low voice to Angus: "Better get everybody out."

Angus turned on the anxious faces of Mickey Moriarty, Mrs. Smith, and others, framed in the door.

"Everybody oot!" he commanded and then looked sidewise, apprehensively, at Bill.

"What is it, doctor?"

Bill stared down at the swab in his hand. "I don't know. It may be contagious. Better close the store."

"Aye."

THE microscope in Dr. Billar's office was old and somewhat dim in the lens, but it could show Bill what he was afraid to see. When Alvy arrived she found him standing above the stove with the little glass slide in his fingers.

"Bill! What is it?"

The flames caressed the soot-fringed rim of the opening at the top of the stove.

"This," said Bill, nodding down at the slide. "Sarah McGavity's down with it already. Pretty bad."

He opened his fingers and the slip of glass dropped straight down into the flames. "Wish I could get rid of what's on it that easily," Bill murmured. "It's likely to spread like water on a table-top. Tricky—deadly. Kids are a *cinch* for it!"

A single stride carried him to the rickety medicine cabinet. He flung open its doors and began to rummage through the contents, slowly at first, then more and more furiously.

"All this outdated, antiquated junk!" he grated savagely. "Everything you couldn't possibly want, but no sulfanilamide! Not a chance! And in thirty-six hours that stuff would have the old woman on her feet and gossiping again!"

Alvy said suddenly: "There's a Government clinic at Moosehead—maybe they've got it."

He snapped his fingers. "Of course! Why didn't I think of that!"—and jumped to the wall telephone, cranked furiously.

Across twenty miles of snow and dark timber, through wind and cold, came crackles and snaps of sound. Then a girl's voice, distorted and faint with interference.

"Give me the Government clinic at Moosehead!"

After a moment he heard another voice, even fainter and farther away.

"Moosehead clinic . . . huh? Can't hear you. Who? What?"

"I'm Doctor Crawford, at Lost Lake," Bill shouted. "Have you any sulfanilamide? . . . Sul-fa-nil-amide! Yes, that's right. Well, can you send me some? Yes, looks like an epidemic's starting up. . . ."

At last he hung up and turned away from the telephone in relief.

"They're sending a man over right away with some. Ought to be here in a couple of hours."

Alvy's head turned toward the window. She looked out at the gray mist of falling snow. She said nothing.

During the next two hours the wind rose again. It fought against the snow, lifting it in tortured scarfs, as if trying to keep it from falling on the ground. But always the snow won. The drifts grew deeper and more tightly packed and in open places snow and wind together drove through with stinging, vicious force.

Sarah McGavity was unconscious by noon—unconscious and muttering in a feverish delirium. Bill, sitting beside her, wondered to what dark caverns that narrow mind had retreated, there to sulk and babble in disjointed phrases, like an idiot peering out of the dark.

He stood up, looked for the thousandth time at his wrist watch and walked into the living room. Angus, receiving the wordless message from Bill's eyes, went to the telephone.

In a few moments he had the Moosehead clinic.

"Ye'r mon hasna arrived here yet . . . in a car! Eh, ye're daft, mon, tae try usin' a car in this weather. Naethin' kin get through but a sled . . . aye, if he started oot three hours ago. . . ."

Clear to the ears of the others came the telephone's despairing, frantic screech and the dead silence that followed it. Angus rang and rang again, cranking the handle until his eyes popped from his head, but the instrument was dead.

He turned fearfully to Bill, his artificial leg creaking loudly in the silence. "Somethin's happened, mon, to the messenger from Moosehead. The dom' fools sent him in a car!"

"Suppose he's stalled?" Bill asked.

Angus stared at the window. Heavily, he said, "I dinna ken." But it was obvious that he did, entirely too well.

Explosively, in an effort to dispell the lethargy that seemed to grip them all, Angus and the staring group in the doorway, Bill exclaimed, "Then somebody'd better go and find out!"

Even in his anxiety, Angus did not entirely lose his Scotch wryness. "Aye," he agreed. "But who?"

Bill looked over at the group in the store. The only man there was Bert Smith, staring owlishly at him from behind his thick spectacles.

"Bert," observed Angus, "couldna see his ain hand in front o' his face in any weather—let alone this."

In the pause that followed, Bill knew they were all waiting for him to speak—unwilling to say what was in their minds, but hoping . . . for of course Angus, with his one good leg, could not go.

"All right, then," he said. "I'll go."

"Doctor . . ." Angus said in a choked voice.

Bert cleared his throat. "I'll saddle your horse, Angus," he said.

IN her own cottoge, Alvy had just finished spraying the throat of a resentful Mickey when she looked out of the window toward the Hudson's Bay Store. On the steps some people were huddled and on the ground Bert Smith was standing, holding the bridle of a horse. While she watched, Bill came out, bundled up to the eyes, and went down the steps.

One hand went to her throat. She cried something unintelligible and the next minute, without hat or coat, she had run from the house.

"Bill! *Bill!* Where are you going?" The wind tore the breath out of her.

"The car from the clinic's stalled somewhere along the trail. I've got to go and find it—get the medicine."

Clutching his coat, swinging from it with all her weight, she cried:

"No! No! Let somebody else go!"

With a jerk, Bill tore himself from her grasp and in one bound was in the saddle. Alvy pawed at the stirrup leathers, managed to get the fingers of one hand around them just as the horse lunged forward. She was pulled off her feet. The cold had taken all the strength from her hand, it slipped away. She stumbled and fell into a welter of snow. From where she lay, almost blinded, she saw Bill and the horse disappear.

Still on the ground, she looked dully up at the people on the porch—Bert Smith, Angus, Mrs. Dillon, Mrs. Smith, Miss Rhine, Miss Olcott. Their white, fixed faces were all turned toward her, as if accusingly, in long, unwinking stares.

Slowly she got to her feet, took a few deliberate steps toward them.

"Go on! Say it!" Her pale lips were drawn back over her teeth, her eyes blazed. Murmuring, the group fell backward.

"Why don't you *say* what you're thinking? Why don't you say, 'She loves him!' Go on—say it! Say it! Because it's true—I *do* love him!"

She flung the words at them like a challenge and stood there, panting, shivering with cold and anger. But when no one spoke, when they remained as if frozen in attitudes of stupid wonderment, she turned and ran back through the snow toward her own cottage.

Peering out of the McGavity windows, only a few minutes later, they saw her astride Joe Easter's horse, whipping and spurring him until his hoofs sent up miniature storms of snow. The muffled thunder of hoofs—and then she was gone, engulfed in the same white whirlwind that had taken Bill Crawford.

Mrs. Bert Smith turned and looked at the others.

"Well!" she said on a long falling note. Yet she did not sound displeased, exactly.

"Why, she's—she's gone after him!" Mrs. Dillon said.

Tight-lipped, Mrs. Smith inquired, "*After* him? Sure she ain't gone *with* him?"

It took them a moment to absorb the meaning of that. Then Angus McGavity snapped, "Ridiculous!" and "Woman—ye're daft!"

Mrs. Smith turned angrily. "Daft, am I? Then answer me a plain question—what's she gone rushin' after him for? They knew they'd have to get away today—'twas their last chance afore Joe got back!"

Angus looked from one hard-eyed face to the other in pathetic mystification. "But they wouldna go an' leave Sarah—she's sick—she's dependin' on the doctor—"

"Alvy hated her, didn't she?"

"An' you heard her say she loved him! Screamed it right out in our naked faces!"

"Aye," Angus said slowly. "She did that. She did . . ." The lines of his old face deepened and his mouth set in a straight, uncompromising line.

"Well, then . . ." Mrs. Smith said in triumph. She and Mrs. Dillon and Miss Rhine began to nod their heads, up and down, up and down, bobbing up and down.

Bert Smith blinked stupidly behind his glasses. Angus stared at them all, his face grim.

THE air is all around you; you move through it without thought or effort, it is so impalpable, so near to being nothing at all. A flake of snow—that, too, is nothing. It lights on your hand and in a moment it is gone: a feathery atom vanquished by a mere touch. And cold—why, looked at scientifically, cold is no more than the absence of heat. The body itself can nullify cold; it can be its own furnace and all it needs is plenty of closely woven coverings to keep its warmth from being dissipated.

But these three nothing—air and snow and cold—can work together to kill.

Bill had not gone a quarter of a mile from Lost Lake Landing when the entire top part of his body was crusted with snow and his exposed cheeks felt as if they were already frozen. He knew now why this country frightened Alvy. It was enough to frighten anyone. High overhead the winds of the north blew steadily, with a shrill, whistling scream; closer to earth the sounds were more confused: the sough of the tortured treetops, the crack and rustle of straining branches, the hiss of snow past his ears. The horse was ploughing through deep drifts, but so thickly was the snow falling that Bill could never be sure just how deep they were.

Going through a deep cut between two high rocks, he was almost unseated by the blast that met him in the open on the other side of the cut. Hunching his shoulders, gripping the animal harder with his knees, he went on.

He heard no sound, but suddenly Alvy was beside him, riding a horse and nudging him over to the side of the trail. For a second he thought he was dreaming, then he shouted:

"Alvy! What are you doing here?"

"Never mind that!" she cried back. "You're off the trail—'way off!"

She pointed back the way they had come and turned her horse. He followed and for a while meekly followed her lead along the narrow trail. Indeed, speech was impossible: at a distance of only a foot or two, they had had to scream to make themselves heard.

After a while the trail widened out and Bill was able to draw his horse abreast of hers. "Are we on the right road now?" he shouted.

"Yes," she answered briefly. "Hit it back there a few yards . . . *Bill!* Watch out!"

Ahead of them he saw a tall pine bow gracefully, with ineffable dignity, then gather speed and come crashing to earth, kicking up geysers of snow.

Still they went on, urging their unwilling mounts to take slow, difficult step after step, until at last they stopped in the shelter of a lightning-blasted pine. They had come to the edge of the forest; ahead was what seemed a limitless expanse of prairie where the wind raced unhindered.

In the midst of that tossing swirl of white swam a blackish-gray speck, now appearing, now disappearing again. Bill wiped the snow from his eyes and strained in an effort to see more clearly. Then he pointed.

"It's the car!"

What they had already gone through was nothing to the inferno that enveloped them a moment later. The blizzard buffeted them like a giant's clubbed fist, wrapped them in smothering blankets of snow, tore the blankets away viciously, threw them back again. Bill found himself gasping for breath like a drowning man and the wind stung his peering eyes so savagely that tears ran down his cheeks.

PHOTOPLAY'S MOVIE NOVEL

THE horses were getting weaker and weaker. Heads down, they stumbled through the drifts reluctantly, slipping now and then and almost falling, until at last Bill and Alvy dismounted and led them.

Then, at the top of a shallow rise, they saw the car just below them. Bill held his hand out to Alvy and together, each of them leading a horse, they lunged through the last few drifts.

The windows of the car were thickly frosted and snow was banked tightly around the bases of the doors. Bill tugged until one of the doors—that on the side away from the driver—came open a few inches, and poked his head inside.

A bundle of old clothes was hunched over the wheel, sagging shapelessly. On the seat beside it was a haversack, emblazoned with a bold red cross. Bill's eyes fled, horror-stricken, from the sight, and noted that the ignition key was turned on, although the motor was not running.

He reached in and plucked out the haversack and kicked the door to with his heel just as Alvy came up and tried to peer in.

"I've got it," he said.

"Where's the driver?"

He looked away from her. "Inside. . . ."

Alvy turned away. The wind set the fur edging of her hood to vibrating, and carried her words back to him, faintly: "We must hurry, Bill."

Hand in hand, they plunged the few feet back to where they had left their horses. One of them was down, a black blot in the snow, and though they tugged and pulled, it would not get up.

"It's no good," Bill said, "the poor thing's done for. We'll have to leave it. You get on the other one and we'll try to make the woods again."

He saw tears in Alvy's eyes, but she obediently mounted the remaining horse. Taking its bridle, he started back toward the woods.

But the storm fought them every step of the way. It was coming directly toward them now, a wall of moving air that opposed itself to them stubbornly and capriciously, now standing firm so Bill leaned against it, now giving way to let him and the horse stumble a few uncertain steps before they brought up against it once more.

It was growing colder, too. Bill hitched up the sleeve of his mackinaw and looked at his watch: it was four o'clock.

They could never make Lost Lake Landing before the night closed in.

He slid a glance at Alvy and as if his glance had been a word she looked at him and smiled—a smile of such dazzling beauty and courage and gallantry that he felt humble and ashamed.

He reached out a hand toward her. She clasped it. Their thick gloves cancelled any warmth, any touch of flesh, but he felt her firm grasp, gentle, brave, reassuring, trustful.

The wind howled above them. Their horse's muzzle hung so low it touched the drifts.

IT was nearly dark when Joe Easter and Les Woodbury, along with the silent Skookum, reached Lost Lake Landing.

They had had a hard trip, overland all the way. If Joe had not had the foresight, weeks before, to include snowshoes in their duffle, they could never have made it. As it was, they had had to leave canoes and tents and blankets, as well as most of their food, behind, in a cache which Joe could recover as soon as this early storm had subsided.

The dogs in Joe's pen were the first to know of their return. Minutes before they burst into Joe's cottage, the dogs had scented their coming and set up a high-pitched baying to welcome them.

Joe came first into the house, borne on a gust of wind from the wide-flung door—his hair and week-old beard white with snow, his cheeks shining, like some god out of Norse mythology.

"Maggie! Alvy! Smokey! 'Ello! 'Ello! Maggie, this is Mister Woodbury—get snow an' rub his nose quick!—I t'ink it freeze. Alvy! Where's Alvy?"

And with that he stopped talking and looked around him like a child in a strange room, filled with bewilderment and uneasiness. He looked at Maggie and her eyes moved away, going anywhere but to his face. He looked at Smokey, who stared sightlessly straight back at him.

"I dunno where she's at—but I know where she started. She started down the Moosehead trail. Her an' Doc Crawford," Smokey said.

"Down the . . . for why? They *crazy?*"

Maggie said quickly, "'Twas the medicine for Sary McGavity—she's been took down. The two of them went for it." Suddenly, her face puckered and she began to cry helplessly. "Oh, Joe, and it's meself that's been fair sick with the worry of it! Joe—ye got to go after 'em—ye got to!"

Joe swung on Skookum and barked a few words in Cree. The Indian padded out of the room.

"Maggie—get plenty of wraps—grub—hot coffee! They'll need it! Les, Skookum's hitching up dogs—mebbe you help load sled, hey? I get thawed out."

While Maggie hurried into the kitchen and Les outside, Joe turned to Smokey.

"How long they been gone?"

"A good four hours. More'n that, mebbe."

The door opening behind them brought a gust of wind into the room that whirled sparks and ashes out of the fire, over the floor. Angus McGavity and Mrs. Smith stood there, looking into the room, Angus behind the woman, as if reluctant to enter.

Joe drew them in, roaring commiserations at Angus over Sarah's illness. Stonily, Angus said, "Aye, she's sick—she's verra sick." And then there was a thick, uncomfortable silence.

"Go on—tell him, Angus!" Mrs. Smith said at last, venomously. "Go on! It's your Christian bounden duty!"

Angus shuffled his feet. "Ah," he said, "Joe's my good friend, an' whut's on my mind is nae so easy to say—"



If Joe had not had the foresight, weeks before, to pack snowshoes, Les and he would never have made it back to Lost Lake Landing

Mrs. Smith shouldered past him and stood up to Joe defiantly. "He wants to tell ye," she declared, "that Alvy an' the doctor've run off together!"

Joe's face did not change its expression. His gaze went slowly from Mrs. Smith to Angus, then to Smokey, sitting woodenly, like some ancient idol, beside the fire. Finally he managed a tight, timid little grin.

"You make joke, hey?" he whispered.

Angus answered. "Nae," he said grimly, "I wouldna make that kind of a joke."

Again Joe looked longest at Smokey.

"Alvy an' my friend," he said slowly. "No! No, I do not believe that. It is like Maggie say—they go for medicine."

"Aah! So much wool in yer eye!" Mrs. Smith snorted disgustedly. "I'll tell ye straight—the two of 'em 're in love. I watched 'em—I seen 'em! An' Sarah seen Alvy in the doctor's room till all hours o' the night! Ask her if ye don't believe me!"

"The devil blast ye for a horse-faced auld liar!" It was Maggie, charging at them from the kitchen door, her face as red as her work-worn hands.

"Quiet, Maggie," Joe said gently. "Is it true, what she say?" he asked Angus. "Is it?"

Angus ran his tongue over dry, crackled lips.

"Aye," he said. "It's true, Joe."

Joe leaped at Angus then, pinning him back against the wall with one huge hand against his throat.

"Now you say it is a lie!" he shouted. "Before I kill you!"

Smokey stood up, and stepped, stumbling a little, between Joe and the factor. "Easy, Joe, take it easy," he said mildly.

Joe's hand relaxed, fell away. He stepped backwards, shaking his head dazedly from side to side. Angus sank to the floor, clawing at the wall, gasping for air. Then he crept to his feet and sidled away. A moment later, the sparks and ashes once more spun around on the hearth, as he and Mrs. Smith left the cottage.

"I'd a killed 'em, Joe—the whole lyin', dirty pack of 'em!" Maggie said, but there was no conviction in her tone. Joe looked straight past her, at Smokey.

"Smokey—why did you not speak up? Why did you not tell Mac he is a liar? You got a tongue—hey? You 'fraid o' Mac—that what keep you quiet?"

Smokey said, "I ain't afraid o' nobody—an' dang well ye know it!" He turned and began to feel his way back to his place by the fire, but Joe followed him, took his arm and held him close so he could look down into that pale, emaciated face.

"You know something, Smokey," he said dangerously. "What you know?" He began to shake Smokey backward and forward, not violently nor fast, but steadily, punctuating his words with movement. "Is—it—true—what—Mac—say?"

Smokey held his head back, fixing Joe with his eyes as if he could see. "Yes," he said sullenly—"some of it."

"Smokey!" Maggie shrilled, "Shut yer mouth!"

JOE released the blind man, who still stood without moving. "Well," he said, "you asked me somepin' an' I told ye the truth—an' it's the truth, too, when I tell ye the blame ain't all Alvy's . . . we was a couple o' down-an'-outs, me an' Alvy both. You took us in an' you fed us an' you put the clothes on our backs . . . an' any time ye said the word I'd cut off my right arm for ye—an' so'd Alvy, gladly! But gratitude ain't love, Joe," he said quietly. "Not a *woman's* love, it ain't."

Joe seemed not to be listening. His skin was a mottled red and his deep-set eyes were fixed on some faraway thing he alone could see. With a stiff-legged walk, he went to the chair where his coats were piled and mechanically put them on; then, still with that same clumping tread, he walked to the wall and lifted down the rifle that hung there.

"No, Joe—no!" Maggie pulled at his arm, but he shook her off with a movement so carelessly violent that she stumbled against a chair. He pulled open a drawer, took from it a handful of shells and inserted one of them in the breech of the rifle.

Woodbury poked his head in at the door, shouted, "All ready, Joe!" then stopped, amazed at the sight of the rifle, at the sound of Maggie's sobbing. Joe stalked past, into the darkening blizzard.

"Joe!" Woodbury called, hurrying after. But Joe had taken his place on the apron of the sled drawn up in front of the cottage. He picked up the whip, drew back his hand and shot it forward and the long flexible strip of leather cracked sharply over the harnessed string of dogs. Animals and sled leaped forward together; in a moment they were hidden by the wild dance of the snow.

Woodbury stood halfway down the path in front of the house, his jaw hanging, staring down the trail long after there was nothing left to see.

"Well, what do you know about that!" he muttered. "Joe was crying!"

BILL and Alvy were still in the open prairie, at least a hundred yards from the shelter of the woods, when their second horse lost his footing and pitched Alvy into a deep drift. Bill helped her to scramble out and together they tugged at the bridle. But the horse was only a mass of inert, helpless flesh.

Alvy's face was a haggard oval within the frame of her parka. Shadows lay along her cheeks. Thigh-deep in snow, she leaned wearily against the wind, the lines of her body drooping downward.

"Come on!" Bill shouted in helpless anger. "Come on—we got to keep moving!"

Moving—where? It came to him, shockingly, that he did not know where they were nor where they could go. On their way to the car they had come across no gate, no stretch of barbed-wire fence, he realized a few moments later. Yet here they were, with the gate before them and the fence stretching away into the gray dusk on both sides. They laid hold of the gate with gloved hands, content to get what benefit they could from it as an anchor against the wind, but even while he held to it, Bill hated it because it was a barrier and because it was a landmark that proved they had lost their way.

Then above the wind he heard Alvy shouting.

"I remember this gate!" She pawed snow frantically from her eyes. "Of course! It's the gate to Rickards' place. Over there . . ." She waved her arm. "There's a house . . . people!"

Bill laughed defiantly at the storm. "Well, then! Let's go!"

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Hand in hand, Alvy clinging to him as she slipped and fell in the drifts, they went up a short, gentle slope.

They stopped. Set in a grove of wind-tortured pines, the Rickard place was before them. A black shell, gutted by fire. One wall gone entirely, the roof sagging under an accumulation of snow. Only the chimney still upright, like an admonitory finger. For the rest—empty. Deserted.

Alvy gave a dry, despairing sob. "Oh, Bill—I didn't know!"

"Never mind—it's shelter."

With the last remnants of their strength, they crossed the space in front of the house and fell across the ruined threshold. To lie there was good—free of effort, the wailing of the wind dying out in their ears, the false warmth of forgetfulness creeping over them—

But Alvy was pulling at him, tugging his arm, shaking him; and, suddenly frightened, he scrambled up, to totter across a short expanse of bare, charred floor and through a sagging door, half off its hinges, into another room, where there were blackened sticks of furniture standing around the cold, gaping maw of a fireplace.

It was better here, there was no doubt of that. Still bitterly cold, and a huge chunk was gone from the roof, but they had four walls about them and they managed to wedge the door into place.

"A fire!" Alvy croaked. "Gather wood!"

IN spite of their heavy mittens, their hands had long since lost all sense of feeling. They moved painfully around in the half-light, picking up charred sticks of furniture in both hands, carrying them one by one to the fireplace. When they had a sufficient pile of fuel Bill began, with infinite care, to lay the foundations of a fire—a handful of dry moss first, since they had no paper, then tiniest splinters propped up against each other over it.

"All right," Alvy whispered. "Now a match."

Bill thrust wooden fingers into one of his pockets, but he could feel nothing through the mitten. Impatiently, he stripped it off.

"Quick!" Alvy urged him. "Your hand'll freeze!"

Bill groped in his pocket again—then, more anxiously, in another.

"Haven't you got any?"

"I—I don't know."

Eyes wide with fear, they stared at each other for an instant before Bill continued his search. At last he exhaled his breath in a long sigh of relief. "Here they are—I can't get 'em out, though."

He slipped his hand once more into its mitten and beat it vigorously against his leg, oblivious of the pain as the blood forced its way through the chilled veins.

"Here, let me," Alvy said. Taking off her mitten, she put her hand into his breast pocket and pulled out a paper clip of matches, wedged awkwardly between her fingers. "There."

He seized the clip and fumbled it open. Inside were just two matches—two slender splinters of cardboard, pink-tipped, frail.

Bill bit his lips. "Want to light it?" he asked.

"No—*you*."

He took off both mittens, beat and rubbed his hands together, bent down before the fireplace. The match ignited at the first strike against its abrasive and he cradled the feeble flame in the cup of his hands for a few seconds before he held it to a shred of the moss. The tiny bit of flame flared up—flickered—went out.

Neither Bill nor Alvy moved, leaning over the dead hearth like two frozen figures. Finally Alvy said hoarsely,

"Men are no good with matches. Let me."

With her mittens off, she struck the last match. Both of them shielded it against the vagrant drafts that crisscrossed the room and she held it under the little pyre. They waited, not breathing. The flame caught, a thread of smoke rose from the moss, the blaze leaped up.

With shivering hands they added more splinters, watched the fire grow and spread, until at last they could lean back on their heels. He answered the tears in her eyes with a wan grin.

Outside, a gust of wind swept down upon the ruined cabin. It tore through the perished walls and hurled itself with shattering force against the insecurely fastened door. The hinges gave way, the door fell with a crash into the room and the wind rushed triumphantly after it, swirling snow and cold with it, blotting out and scattering the fire with one scornful puff.

Bill and Alvy looked blankly at the disaster. With a little moan, Alvy slumped forward. He caught her and for a while they lay there inertly.

In an access of tenderness he pulled her close, stroking her hair, her face, kissing her cold lips.

"Oh, Bill . . . my dearest," she murmured wearily, hopelessly, and the words drifted upwards, into the cold, into the darkness.

Night had come now. As they half-lay, half-sat, on the cold hearth, their backs against the stones of the fireplace, all they could see was the oblong of gray where the door had been, a somewhat lighter, shapeless patch above them where fire had eaten the hole in the roof. After a while these two spots of less-darkness began to sway and float, to grow and to diminish, in a rhythm like that of the wind—like that of breathing—like that of the spinning, whirling earth. Headlong into night, cold, endless night, the earth was turning—a star lost in wastes where nothing moved or existed but cold.

But it wasn't cold. Warmth was born in the core of your bones, it crept out into your flesh, comforting it, lulling it into lethargy and sleep. Warmth made you drowsy, as if you were buried in feathers—the soft, short feathers of a little bird. The snow, falling down through the hole in the roof, gave your face its light kiss, but you did not feel



His face expressionless, Joe stood, rifle in hand, over the huddled form that was Bill. "He's dead," said Alvy apathetically

it; each flake was only another feather, covering you, burying you.

"Blizzard's over," Bill murmured. "Wind's gone. . . ."

"No," Alvy said. "That's to trick us . . . get us outside . . . started back. . . ."

The brooding silence was broken by a terrific crackling explosion, as if an entire tree had been broken across a giant's knee. A tingle of life shot through Bill's slumbering body.

"What's that?"

"A tree—frost struck. It's this awful cold."

But Bill smiled to himself at that—or thought he did: his muscles no longer obeyed his mind. Cold! He would never be cold again. If only he could sleep . . . if only Alvy would stop shaking him, jabbering in his ear! Couldn't a man get his rest?

"Bill—no No! Wake up! If you go to sleep you'll freeze to death! That's how it'll get you—in your sleep. You'll freeze! Bill! Bill!"

It didn't make sense. How could you freeze when you were so warm and comfortable? And anyway, he couldn't get up. He was too sleepy; slumber drugged every bone and muscle, buried him under a ton of—a ton of—of feathers. . . .

"'M all ri'," he mumbled and soon the shaking. the buzzing in his ear, ceased.

Alvy lay face down, unconscious, across his legs. Another tree cracked outside, with a loud report, but neither of them heard it.

JOE would have missed the horse if it hadn't been for the dogs. They circled a drift and stopped, barking furiously, refusing flatly to go on until Joe had left the sled and reconnoitered. The horse was almost drifted over, but it was still alive. Joe stood over it for a minute, shaking his head, before he went back to the sled and took out his rifle.

This had been a good horse, he remembered. Once he and Alvy had gone riding together, he on a horse he had borrowed from McGavity, she on this one that now lay so still.

Fury and pity fought together in him. Fury against Bill, pity for Alvy. Alvy didn't know—she couldn't help herself. She liked fun and companionship and she was thoughtless, but she was good. But Bill! The man whose life he had saved, the friend he had trusted, the friend he had loved—and now nothing was left of that trust and love but the acrid taste of hatred.

The muscles of his great arms pulled and knotted as his hands clenched, clubbed into fists. He plowed back to the sled and was about to crack the whip over the quivering backs of his dogs, when he stopped, halted by some woodsman's instinct he could not lay hold of in his mind. Hesitant, he felt himself being pulled toward the left, down a slope, and he took out his powerful electric torch and played it in that direction. Those irregular dimples in the white surface, dimly seen—they might be the tracks of two people, all but drifted over, or they might be nothing at all.

He stood upright, looking around him. If they were tracks, they led, roughly, toward the old Rickard place, burned and abandoned since July, but shelter of a sort. It wasn't far. And they couldn't have gone far, either, with only one horse, or perhaps not even that. He could look, anyway.

A FEW minutes later he was standing in the empty doorway of the cabin, the circle of light from his flash wanly picking out the still forms of Bill and Alvy. His face expressionless, Joe looked at them a moment and as he looked he clicked back the safety catch of his rifle before he laid it and the flash aside.

He went to Alvy first. When he lifted her head and shook her, her eyes fluttered open. For a while she seemed not to know him; then, slowly, consciousness and recognition returned and he put her aside, to yank Bill upright.

Alvy watched him, watched Bill's sagging head and closed eyelids.

"He's dead," she said apathetically.

Joe made a quick examination. "No—but blizzard almost make pretty good job!"

In one movement he heaved Bill to his feet and slammed him against the wall of the cabin as if he had been a sawdust dummy. Shaking him brutally, he shouted, "Hey—wake up! This is Joe—you hear? *Joe!*" With one hand he propped Bill up, while with the other he slapped him viciously across the mouth and cheeks, again and again, so that his head rocked from side to side.

Behind him, Alvy whimpered in muddled terror, "Joe . . . Joe . . . what are you doing to him? Joe . . ." Crawling forward, she tried to get between the two men, but her legs would not support her.

He looked down at her. Grimly, he said, "When he wake up you see what I—"

Hand upraised, ready for another slap, he broke off. On the floor beside Alvy, its red cross showing plainly, was the haversack containing Sarah's medicine.

The hand descended slowly; with his other hand he eased Bill to the floor and picked up the package.

"What's this?"

"It was for Sarah," Alvy sighed wearily. "Medicine. She's sick."

"From Moosehead, hey?"

She nodded.

"Then doc really go for it?"

"Of course."

Her mind was too turgid, her body too cold, for her to see the softening of his face. All she could do was to answer his questions, mechanically and unthinkingly. He knew this, knew that she had not the energy for lies.

"Alvy—why *you* go with him?"

"I wanted to stop him . . . I tried . . . but he wouldn't listen."

"You were comin' back—hey?"

She nodded indifferently. To her the question had no significance.

He started forward, his face alight, as if to take her in his arms. But he checked himself and, instead, snatched up his rifle and broke it at the

breech. Quickly extracting the shell, he wedged its steel nose into the breech and with one tremendous convulsion of his body snapped the shell open. It took only a second to spill the powder out on the hearth, lay some twigs over it and touch a match to the whole thing. With a hiss the powder flared up and soon a bright fire was burning.

There was no time to talk while Joe bustled about, bringing in food and blankets from the sled, propping the broken door up again, and more securely this time, removing the outer garments from Bill and Alvy and chafing their legs and arms with his hands, until they squirmed and grimaced with the pain of leaving death behind.

All this activity gave him a chance to be the old, hearty Joe, to crack little jokes in the excess of his relief and happiness. And yet—there was one little pricking fear in the back of his mind; it went on nagging, elusive and persistent. Something not quite right—something in the atmosphere, or in the attitude of the two still bodies when he came into the room.

He tried to ignore it; he spoke in a loud voice, and laughed, and pretended to think getting lost was a very great joke on Bill and Alvy. But all the time. . . .

"Feeling good now, hey?" he asked when Bill and Alvy had finished the soup he had heated for them and set down their cups.

"Good enough to start back," Bill said and Joe turned to Alvy.

"How 'bout you, Angel?"

"Any time."

Joe flashed them both a quick, searching look. What was it—what had warned him? A glance? An intonation in Alvy's voice? Whatever the message, it was as intangible as the feel in the air when a storm was on its way. He began to roll up the blankets and put away food. Bill helped him and Alvy stood up, fastening her coat.

Joe paused in his work and whirled around. "My friend," he said directly to Bill, "back home I believe a very stupid lie." No! His instinct told him—let it be, don't start it again, don't run into danger. But he couldn't stop, he must go on: "I believe you and Alvy run away together."

Their thunderstruck silence was all the answer he should have needed. Such blank faces—ah, no, they were not such good actors, this was real, the thought of running away together had never been in their minds. But still the nagging doubt was not quieted.

"You crazy, Joe?" Bill asked sharply.

"Mebbe I was," he answered in humility. "When I walk in here it was to kill you. See." He picked up the rifle, held it out to Bill, then tucked it into the blanket roll. "Then I find—this." He pointed to the Red Cross haversack. "So I know they lie to me. I know I am big fool to believe such lies 'bout you an' Alvy." He waited, but they did not speak. "Mebbe you forgive me?"

"Well—I don't blame you, Joe," Bill said at last. "Whoever told you must have made it pretty convincing." He added curtly, "Let's go."

Joe stood up and tossed the blanket roll over his shoulder. A last look around the room, to be sure they had left nothing behind. Bill was carrying the haversack. He led the way outside, and the dogs leaped up in their traces, whining eagerly, wagging their tails. Joe threw the roll on the sled.

He must know!

He whirled on Bill so suddenly that the latter fell back a step in amazement, into the shelter of the doorway. "Those women also say that Alvy is crazy about you! *That* is also a lie—hey?"

Bill's mouth fell open.

"No, Joe," Alvy said before he could speak. "That's the truth."

Too late, she realized what she had done. Joe cringed as if from some terrific impact. His mittened hands went up, clumsily, to his chest, came together in a prayerful gesture. He was stricken beyond anger and he looked at Alvy pleadingly, licking his dry, quivering lips.

"Alvy . . . Angel . . . why you do this to me?" The broken words were like lost children, crying for a home. "Have I been mean an' hurt you?"

She did not answer.

"Alvy. . . ."

She tried to answer: she opened her mouth, half-formed words with her lips. But there were, after all, no words for what she had to say and seeing Joe's utter misery, she gave up. Sobbing, she clung to him, her face buried in the fur of his collar, her fingers digging into his chest. His arm went about her and he stroked her hair, soothingly.

"Long time ago I find Alvy like sick little bird," he said quietly to Bill. "I bring her home—I try to make her happy, make her well . . . now she is well, mebbe she want to go away. Mebbe Le Bon Dieu mean for me to keep her only a little while. . . ."

"Marriage is meant for a lifetime, Joe!" Bill burst out, almost angrily. "Look—don't pay any attention to what she just said. Alvy's a city girl—nervous, high-strung. She's been here too long—lonely, terrified of the winters. What she said just now is nonsense! It's sheer hysteria!"

Joe smiled wistfully. "You say that just to make me feel good, hey?"

"I say it because it's true!" Bill snapped.

Alvy had raised her head; now, still in Joe's arms, she turned it and looked full at Bill. It was a look of farewell.

"If you don't believe me," Bill said desperately, "ask Alvy."

JOE pulled the girl around to face him once more. "Alvy—you hear that?" he asked eagerly. "Is that mebbe why you say that thing just now—'cause you're tired, scared?"

Alvy, chin up, eyes full on his, answered clearly, "Yes, Joe."

"If you've got any sense at all," Bill chattered, "you'll get her away from here—out of this place! A trip somewhere! And six months from now she'll be glad to come back."

"By golly!" Joe said ecstatically. "By golly! You tell me this as a doctor?"

"Yes—as a doctor!" Bill's voice rose to a savage, nerve-shattered shout. "Now let's get out of here!"

He shouldered past Joe and began lashing the haversack to the sled, clumsily, with his mittened hands. The storm had not abated; and in the darkness it had an even greater terror. Over his shoulder he shouted at the others:

"Alvy better ride in the sled!"

But Joe shook his head and shouted back: "No! Too cold! Stay on her feet or she freeze!"

Now they were ready to set out, with Joe on one side of the sled, Bill and Alvy on the other. Joe's whip exploded over the dogs. The sled lunged forward, the three muffled-up figures slogging along beside it. After a few seconds Bill glanced back. The cabin was gone, erased by the million slanting arrows of the snow.

They went along well enough for a while, with only one mishap. As they came out through the ruined gate and turned to the right, the sled sideswiped the gatepost with a terrific impact and though the sled itself remained upright the shock jerked the dogs back into a snarling, snapping tangle of animals and harness.

Yelling and cursing, Joe waded in with his whip and in a few minutes, with Bill's help, got the dogs back into line and the harness once more straightened out.

Plunge through drifts, keep putting one foot ahead of the other, hold your head down, narrow your eyes to avoid as much as you can the cutting, flying snow . . . Bill was losing track of time. Was it only for hours they had been battling their way through storm and blizzard—or for years, for an eternity? Tree after tree after tree, all alike, stretching away to the horizon and beyond, never-ending, walling in a path that led nowhere.

Beside him, though she did not speak, he was conscious always of Alvy; and he wondered what thoughts she carried with her. Was she, too, thinking that this weary, rough path must have its end in nothingness, in a life that could only be empty because they must not live it together?

He stumbled, he shook his head to clear it of fancies. For a moment he had thought he might understand everything—why he had wanted to stay in Lost Lake Landing, why he had hated to go back to New York and resume his practice there. But now it was gone. No matter. No matter.

"Hey!" he heard Joe shout. "Hey! Skookum!"

Out of the snow ahead of them materialized a plodding, stocky figure on snowshoes—a figure Joe had identified even before the others had seen it. Almost before he reached the sled, Skookum began to speak in husky, excited Cree, shaken for once out of his ineffable calm.

"It's Mickey!" Joe exclaimed. "Skookum says he take sick with throat! And Sarah—she's dead already!"

Skookum was unlashing another pair of snowshoes from his back, holding them out to Bill.

"You go with Skookum," Joe ordered. "Make better time!"

BILL nodded, slipped his feet into the leather thongs of the big webbed contrivances, like clumsy tennis rackets, and after a moment of fumbling succeeded in adjusting the straps over his boots. Then he turned to the sled to get the haversack. His body stiffened in horror. The sack was gone. Only the dangling ends of its canvas sling, looped over the back crosspiece of the sled, remained.

Joe was beside him, fingering the torn ends of the sling. "Gone!" he said stupidly. "It must—yes! It tear off when we hit that gate!"

The three of them—Bill, Joe, Alvy—stood by the sled, looking at each other, overwhelmed by a terrible feeling of helplessness. At last, in a dull voice, Bill said, "You take Alvy—I'm going back."

Joe shook his head decisively. "They need you, at Lost Lake. I go." He raised his whip, tugged at the harness to turn the sled.

Alvy broke at that. She threw herself upon him, trying with all her little strength to push him away from the sled. "No, Joe—not you! Let Skookum go!"

He bent his head, and one huge mittened hand touched her cheek softly. "Dogs not run for that Indian," he said gently. "You go back with Bill, Angel." Then, curtly to Bill: "Do not waste time—maybe others sick, too."

He cracked the whip and the sled began to move in a wide circle, turning back over the way it had come. For a few steps Alvy tried to keep pace with him, calling shrilly, "Joe! Joe! Come back!" But Joe was whipping the dogs up to top speed now and she couldn't keep up; while she still held her arms out to him, he disappeared.

Bill took her hand and turned her around and she came without resistance.

They did not make very good time, after all, because there were only two pairs of snowshoes between the three of them. Bill gave his to Alvy and thus they managed to get along; nevertheless, although it was still pitch-dark, it was near morning when they came to Lost Lake Landing.

Mickey was on the couch in Alvy's living room, with Maggie sitting beside him, holding his hand, and Les Woodbury hovering in the background. Maggie jumped up, crying with relief, when Bill and Alvy entered.

Yet there was little enough he could do for the boy. He sent Woodbury to the doctor's office for adrenalin and a hypodermic needle and made an injection to stimulate Mickey's heart, but after that he could only wait.

"Will he be all right, doctor?" Maggie asked pitifully, begging for reassurance.

He answered evasively. "Youngsters have amazing vitality."

He stood up. The interior of his head felt dry and woolly and his face burned as if with acid from the wind and cold. Weariness lay leadenly in his arms and legs and he seemed to himself not to be a part of the living world, but to move about disembodied and remote. He realized with a dull sort of amazement that he had not slept for forty-eight hours; yet he thought he would never be able to sleep again. When he went to the window it was as if he drifted there. Outside he could see nothing except that infernal, mocking bacchanale of the snow, a dance that had been going on for centuries and would continue for centuries more.

He heard Alvy, low-voiced, say, "Bill, isn't there *anything* we can do?"

"Only wait," he answered. "It's up to Joe now."

He thought she had gone, so silent she was, until she said:

"Bill—you remember what you said to Joe, about me needing to go away?" He nodded. "Well—I'm going. But not with Joe. I'm going alone. For good."

Bill turned slowly, and opened his mouth to speak, but she held up her hand. "No, wait. I've thought about it and I know. You're going to stay here, because this is your place. It may kill you—it may make you old—but it's your place. I know that now."

"But—" His brow wrinkled in his effort to comprehend. "But what about Joe?"

"That's why I'm going," she said. "I couldn't go on pretending to him. He wouldn't want me to. I know that." She paused, but he didn't speak, and she asked timidly, "You *will* stay, won't you?"

"If—" But she was right, of course. "If that's the way you want it," he said.

"Yes, Bill. That's the way I want it."

She went softly back to stand beside Mickey's couch.

Thin, watery light crept into the room. It had

fought its way through too much cold and snow; now it was devitalized and cold. All it could do was to pick out the ash-dusted hearth, the jumbled bedclothes that covered Mickey, the gray skins and pale lips of the watchers. It brought with it no hope, no warmth.

Bill sat on the edge of the couch, his fingers on Mickey's pulse, feeling its feeble and uncertain beat, the faint signal that life stubbornly remained. Alvy and Maggie stood near by. Woodbury was slumped in a chair near the fireplace. In his corner Smokey sat with idle hands holding a half-finished bit of carving.

Breaking the long silence, the blind man lifted his head and called, "Joe's comin'! He's comin' —I kin hear him!"

ALVY and Woodbury moved together toward the door and flung it open. Down the trail was nothing but the driving storm. They looked at each other, shook their heads in disappointment.

"Come in," Woodbury said. "You'll freeze."

But as they turned Maggie pushed past them and stood there, head thrust forward, body rigid, searching the trail with her bloodshot, tired eyes. She screamed, pointing.

"Look—look! There he is! There's Joe!"

At first they thought it was a mirage her weary brain had conjured up; then, as the veils of snow parted for an instant and fell together again, they had a glimpse of the dark sled and its straining dogs. Faltering, slowly, blotted out and revealed again, it came on toward the house until they could see the lolling tongues of the dogs, see Joe sitting erect on the sled.

Alvy shook off Woodbury's restraining hand and ran down to the gate to meet it as the dogs drew it up and stopped.

"Joe! Joe, did you get the—"

She screamed and covered her face with her hands. Woodbury ran after her and took her in his arms, looking past her at the man in the sled —the man who sat stiffly upright, his eyes wide open, staring, his face a solid mask of ice.

Beside him, lashed to the sled, was the Red Cross haversack.

Woodbury led Alvy back to Maggie, then returned and quickly undid the straps of the haversack. Before he took it into the house he stood by the sled a few seconds, feeling the cold sting his body, looking quietly at the frozen icy figure. Then he ran up the walk and into the house with the haversack.

For a little while Joe was left alone, to the wind and the snow, before Skookum came out and unharnessed the dogs and led them around back to their pen. A realist, he attended first to those that were still living. Ordinarily, the dogs would have snarled at him, but now they plodded after him, heads down, dejected.

THE storm blew itself out while Mickey recovered. On the first day he was able to sit up the sky was as clear as the water of Lost Lake and the sunlight came down through the cold to strike a silver blaze from every rounded, blue-white surface. The snow was crisp and powdery underneath the runners of the buckboard sleigh drawn up in front of Joe Easter's cabin and the air stung in one's nostrils with a pleasant tingle.

Les Woodbury was taking Alvy back to New York with him. It had been decided quite easily. She wanted to go; the thought of remaining in the north throughout the winter seemed the only thing that could stir her from the apathy into which Joe's death had plunged her: it drained the blood from her face and widened her eyes with terror. She seemed to think that the winter lay in wait for her, to take her as it had taken her husband. Always before her there hung the picture of Joe's face, staring, ice and snow rimming its beard and eyebrows.

Joe had left the house and some insurance, enough to take care of her in New York even if the letters Bill had written to several of his doctor friends did not procure a job as office nurse for her. And besides, Bill would live in the house, here in Lost Lake Landing, and pay her rent. She wanted to refuse this, but he insisted.

"Take good care of her, Les," he told Woodbury. "Maybe in New York she can get this—this awful thing out of her system."

Woodbury eyed him. "Then what?" he inquired meaningly.

Bill evaded his glance. "Well," he said thoughtfully, "We'll . . . see."

"Sure you won't change your mind and come along?"

There was no indecision in Bill's voice when he answered, "No, Les. If you'll just send up the things I need—and hurry, because there's no telling when there'll be another storm and maybe then the roads would be closed for good, so we couldn't get them in. And—oh, yes, cancel the lease on my office, won't you?"

"Sure. Any messages?"

Bill smiled a little. Who was there in New York for him to send any message to—who, until Alvy got there?

"No, thanks."

There wasn't much for Alvy to take with her—only what would go into one small bag that could be tossed into the back of the buckboard. Other things she needed she could buy in New York.

Their farewells were prosaic and exchanged in front of Maggie and Woodbury. Alvy looked strange to him, in her fur coat, standing beside the buckboard, as if she had already gone part of the distance that would soon separate them. She held out her hand hesitantly.

"Good-by, Bill."

"Good-by, Alvy."

He tried to take into his mind every detail of that face looking up into his, so he could keep it with him through every minute of the long months that were coming—the delicate curve from cheek to point of chin, the spacing of eyes and eyebrows, the coloring, the texture of her skin—all the things that somehow combined to make the beauty and the loveliness that was Alvy.

Then she had turned, she was in the sleigh, he was tucking a robe around her feet, she and Les



Woodbury took Alverna in his arms, looking past her at the man in the sled—the man who sat stiffly upright, eyes staring

were calling good-by to Maggie and Smokey on the porch and waving to Mickey, dimly seen peering from one of the windows of the house.

The sleigh moved away, its bells jangling. He watched it go, feeling lost and empty. Alvy turned in her seat, looked back until the road entered the forest; and then Bill walked down the street and across it to his office.

There was a great deal to be done before the combined office and surgery was fixed to his liking. First soap and water, then paint, then the equipment he had ordered from New York arrived—only the lightest part of it, on sleds; the rest would have to wait for spring.

Every day he was kept busy, either in the office or out somewhere in the country, and this was a good thing. Once or twice he went to bed at night insufficiently tired, to lie awake through hours of darkness, wishing that there were some way of stopping the operation of the human brain. After that, he saw to it that he got enough exercise to make him drowsy as soon as dinner was over.

He tried not to wonder if Alvy would ever return. She hated this country, hated its loneliness and the apparent narrowness of its life; she loved the city, with its crowds and gaiety and infinite variety. Did she love him? He didn't know. Perhaps she had only thought she loved him; perhaps now she knew better.

Her letters, infrequent and brief, told him little. She was busy, she had a job, she had been to the theater with Les Woodbury, she liked to walk along Fifth Avenue and look in the windows, she sent her love to him and to everyone.

Of course, he could return to New York. But he knew that he would not. Certainly not for a while, perhaps never. Here he had found salvation, in the gratitude of a mother when her child was brought back from death, in the trust of a man whose wife was about to have a baby, even in the dumb confidence of Indians to whom all medicine was magic. Back in New York life was slick and shiny; here it was as rough as the bark of some tree, but it was real: it sprang tough and vital out of the earth, nourished by the rains and winds of nature.

No—he shook his head in an involuntary gesture of negation—he wouldn't go back, couldn't go back. Not even for Alvy. Perhaps most of all not for Alvy. For it might be dangerous to see Alvy in New York. They might meet as strangers and rather than that should happen he would keep her image forever in his heart, protected there from all harm.

THE months went past and winter slowly relaxed its grip on the north. The air was murmurous with the sound of running water and the ground was soft underfoot. The snow retreated to tiny patches in the shadows of the forests, then these, too, were gone and it was summer.

Summer—and Alvy did not come. He knew then that he had believed all along that she would and disappointment lodged itself in a hard lump somewhere in the region of his heart. Through the long days of sunshine, lasting into a twilight that lingered until eleven o'clock at night, he went about the business of being the Landing's doctor; but now he did not tire himself out in order to sleep. Nagging hope was dead; at least he could rest.

Toward the end of summer Les Woodbury wrote that he would be up again for some shooting—maybe Bill would like to go with him?

Not a word about Alvy.

But, of course, if she ever came at all, it would not be so near the end of summer.

He wrote back to Woodbury that he'd be delighted to take a few days off and look for bear.

Les unexpectedly poked his head into the office late one afternoon a few minutes after Bill had performed the major operation of extracting a dime from the throat of young Timmy O'Keefe, aged two. Mrs. O'Keefe and Timmy had left and Bill was resting from his labors with a cigarette at the desk.

"Les!" he cried, jumping up. "I didn't expect to see you until next week! You old son-of-a-gun!" And they pummeled each other jovially on the backs. Then Bill, settling back, asked the question he couldn't hold back any longer:

"How is she, Les—how's Alvy?"

Oh, yes, he'd thought he had forgotten her; he'd thought he had made up his mind she would never return; he'd thought all sorts of foolish things. But none of them prevented him from watching Les Woodbury's face as he waited for the answer, and none of them prevented him from turning cold with apprehension when it came.

"Oh, *her*," Les said uncomfortably. "Why—didn't she write? Didn't she *tell* you?"

"Tell me what?"

"Uh—she's going to get married. Some fella—some fella she met. She left New York same day I did."

Bill turned away, dazedly, and stubbed out his cigarette with elaborate care. Married!

Behind him he heard Woodbury say, "She sent you a message, though." He turned, and Woodbury continued, "She said, 'Say hello to Bill for me!'"

SEEING Bill's abjectly miserable face, he burst into a shout of laughter. Bill reddened angrily, he took a step toward Woodbury—and stopped.

"Why, you—" he muttered, beginning to smile.

He threw one glance out of the window and leaped upon Woodbury, pulling his hat down over his eyes, spinning him around and around and landing a kick squarely in the middle of his broad bottom. Then he ran out of the office.

Standing in front of her cottage was Alvy, surrounded by the people of Lost Lake Landing—Angus, Smokey, Maggie, Miss Olcott and all the rest. Her lips were talking to them, but her eyes were on him.

He took the porch steps in one leap. He ran up the dusty road toward the cottage and as he came the group of people separated, leaving a little lane for him—a lane that led straight to Alvy's open arms.



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